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Poetry.

SUFFICIENT REASON.

I know a very pretty girl—
A little witch—her name is Milly,
With red, ripe lips and golden curl,
And fresh and sweet as any lily.

Blue are her eyes, alive with fun,
That lends itself to each observer!
Her smiles more sunny than the sun,
And laugh so merry you've heard never.

She's twenty just, and her papa
Dotes on her, and is wealthy, very—
He is the richest man by far
In all the town of Dusenbury.

She loves me, too; just think of that?
And I'm well up in papa's favor,
And I love her, no doubt of that,
For I'd do aught from pain to save her.

Kiss and caress her oft do I,
Until she cries: "Will you desist, sir?"
And yet I would not wed her—why?
Because, you see, she is my sister!

THE SQUIRREL'S HIGHWAY.

LEW VANDERPOEL.

The corn field joins the shady grove,
The mill stands in the valley;
The miller lived were daily sounds
The catbird's spiteful sally;
Along the fence, across the stream,
There is a mossy byway,
That leads up to the sloping eaves,
And forms a squirrel's highway.

All summer long we daily hear
A merry, ringing chatter;
The whisking squirrels storing spoils,
With quaint, defiant clatter.
From early dawn to silent night,
Their antics never ending,
A happy life the gay things live,
Brisk toil and frolic blending.

But still they doubtless have their care
Mayhap their share of sorrow;
And, like us, hope for better things
Upon the coming morrow.
There is an undertide to life,
Although it may seem like play,
That makes thraldom even felt
Along the squirrel's highway.

A PERFECT JUNE.

ABBIE F. JUDD.

Once in a lifetime comes a perfect June,
When all the land is one sweet, flowery maze,
O'er which the shimmering, mellow, amber haze
Of sunlight lingers till the rising moon
Kisses the world to cooling rest full soon,
And then, in place of exquisite, rare days
Come nights more perfect than the fairest noon.

Year after year, the same rare, rosy weather,
The same sun shinning over fields a-gleam,
With clover red as when we walked together,
Ere youth departed like a summer dream—
Yet do I miss from all this brave display
The June-tide glory of a by-gone day.
—*Westboro, Mass.*

Our Story Teller.

A LITTLE BROWN WITCH

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

She was an indescribably lean, little brown creature, with elf locks hanging around her preternaturally old face, where the eyes, all "live and awake, looked out of their places," bright as those of Browning's gypsy witch:

As if she could double and quadruple
At pleasure the play of either pupil.

The tan of all the sun in the sky and all the sheen of the sea was on her skin, and a melancholy like that of the Sphinx seemed to have turned the face to stone. She sat in a little hut by the shore, whose door was open; and she had a little dead child across her knee.

Of course we looked in and then we went in.

"You poor child!" I said. "Tell me, what is this? What does it mean? How terrible for you to be here all alone. Is there nobody——"

"That's just it," she said, in a low, hollow tone, as if talking to herself, "nobody."

I knelt down beside her and looked at the little dead 3 year old baby—just our Effie's age—putting my arm around the elder one as I did so.

"You can kiss her if you want to," said the child, with a sort of gasp. "She was so sweet."

I didn't want to, but I kissed her, and then I kissed the little mother holding the dead baby on her knee. She looked at me again a moment with those fevered eyes, and then she leaned forward and rested her head on my shoulder.

"There's nobody to kiss me," she said, faintly, "since the day the wave tumbled over father and he never came up. And the baby had fever, and he'd gone up to town for some medicine, and I was looking out for him, and I saw him and the wave. It's stormed a week since. Of course its stormed. The sun couldn't shine if it would. There's nobody here. And there's been nothing to eat. And—"

"And what are you going to do?" I interrupted.

"I'm sitting here till I die, too. 'Twon't be long, you see," she said, faintly, looking up and leaning back in her chair again. "I'm so little it won't take so long to starve as it does sometimes. I don't feel so bad, you know, because I shall see them so soon now."

"Starve!" I cried. "My dear child! What do you think of such a thing for?"

"There's nothing to eat," she replied in a dull tone. "There hasn't been this two days. What else shall I do? And I'm—I'm glad of it. It's the only way I can have my dear people again!" she said, with a little dry sob. "And of course God meant that I should, or he would have sent something. I couldn't leave the baby."

"He has sent something," I said, crying myself. "He has sent my husband and me. You shall go home with us." And I took the poor baby and laid it on the bed, while the other child looked at me with half bewildered eyes. I proceeded to unpack our lunch basket and light the spirit lamp, for Ralph and I had strolled down the beach for an old time picnic by ourselves, and to heat some milk and water, which I made her drink. "It's too late for the baby," she said, holding it off a moment. I sat beside her, and in a little while made her drink some more. And then, as she seemed falling asleep, I went to the door, where Ralph waited, for a whispered consultation about the baby.

"No, no," she said quickly, all alert again, "baby can be buried where her father was, in the middle of a wave. We can row out there in a boat—the boat came ashore, you know. Baby would like that best." She said then, quickly: "She might, you know, she might sink and find her father's arms—he loved her so." How wizened and old and paternatural she looked as she was saying this in her thin and feeble voice! But of course we could not think of any burial as she proposed, and the baby had a little funeral that outraged none of the proprieties. And as no one in the region roundabout knew anything more about the children and their father than that they had come there and lived some months in that lonesome hut, out of sight of any but the sea gulls, when we went away, which was in a couple of days, we took the little lean, brown creature home with us.

"For what else is there to do?" said I.

"I don't know as there is anything," said Ralph, dubiously. "And the little wretch relies on us so that I don't suppose we can put her off into any institution, as Aunt Juliet suggests."

"No; it would not do. Don't you see the child is full of a certain sort of refinement and of strange idealities? Didn't you see her rocking Effie in the twilight? Effie takes the place in some fashion of that baby of hers. She sings the sweet old English ballads that I can't imagine where she picked up. And did you notice how careful she was to make up the little parcel to take with her? What do you suppose there was in it? Something she called her mother's wedding lines. And a little bundle of letters, and an old photograph of her father, and a ring, just a plain gold one, that his father gave him when he was a boy, and that he used for her mother's wedding ring and the mother died, poor young thing—and they were so poor he sold everything else, but he wouldn't sell that. She said all this as she was putting up the parcel. I haven't ask to see anything in it."

"That is right. Respect her reserve. And by and by she may forget the thing. I hope so if we keep her. And it looks as though it were meant we should."

"Well, if ever there were two young fools who ought to have guardians appointed," cried Aunt Juliet, coming over later. "Of course you can always find a leading of Providence where you want it. But I hope you are going to keep her in the kitchen and make her of some use?"

"You don't mean to send me away!" cried a voice from behind us, and Nina—that was the name her father called her, her mother's pet name—stood there, tiptoeing, her great eyes glowing and darkening, her hands wringing one another. "You can't mean to send me away when you've brought me here, when I've got nobody else but you, when I love you so!" And the tears that her great despair and neighborhood to death had not called forth plashed over now in large drops. "You know," she said, "that I will take care of Effie and run Rose's errands and sew with Jane all day long, and I will teach Effie her letters, and I can wipe dishes and pick over berries, and I can dust and feet the cats, and put ice on your headaches and air the newspaper——"

"For goodness sake, hold your tongue, child," cried Aunt Juliet. "I should think she went by machinery. Of course you'll make yourself useful and stay in the kitchen and earn your living." And I expect," she said warningly, "that she'll eat you out of house and home. The idea of taking in every beggar's brat you come across!"

But Nina had no idea of staying in the kitchen. On the contrary, wherever I was she was, and I soon found that she considered herself on the footing of an elder daughter.

For a while now Nina was very quiet; sometimes she cried a little by herself, but quite gently, over a doll she played with; sometimes she came and stood by me, hanging an arm around my neck, silent for a long while; sometimes she sat in the big window and crooned her old ballads to Ralph, for whom she had developed an extravagant devotion. "He is lovely, isn't he?" said she. "Oh, if I could only do something for him! If it would do him any good to walk right over me I would lie down under his feet—indeed I would."

"That is very strong language," said I. "I can't see how that would do him any good, and it would hurt you."

"I should want it to hurt me!" she exclaimed passionately. "I can't do anything for him except to be hurt!"

But after a season this feeling seemed to abate somewhat; for Nina went to school, and the new interest and excitement there diverted her, till she began to hate her lessons and defy her teacher, and presently to beg to stay at home. And when Ralph told her she was his little girl, she declared she was nothing of the sort, but was his little servant. Aunt Juliet had said so, and she needed and would have no education at all.

Of course this phase ended by the teacher giving her a reprimand before the other children, and with that she became, as you may say, uproarious. She after that was more likely to be found wading in the river up to her neck when the school bell rang, or swinging in the topmost branch of a tree, or walking around the eaves of the house with her arms balancing her steps than picking up her hat and books. Once, indeed, having her school luncheon strapped over her shoulders, she stayed up in the tree all day and all night in spite of my efforts. Ralph happened to be absent, and I felt that she might not have come down at all if she had not seen the doctor call for little Effie—of whom she was passionately fond and into whom she had confidentially told me she was sure the soul of the little dead baby had gone—which sight brought her down so incontinently as to bring a multitude of bruises and scratches with her. Neither entreaty nor force could bring her to leave the room after that till Effie was pronounced to be out of danger.

It was of no use to tell her that she pained us by her conduct—it was we who pained her. It was no use to tell her that she was disgracing the name that we had given her; she said we could take back our name and she would take another. And she could be brought to see no use in book learning or in demure behavior or in any obedience that she did not see fit to render. The years were soon a long struggle for her. I don't know how she managed to learn anything during this course, unless she absorbed it at the pores, although she listened, to be sure, pretty intelligently in the corner of the hearth, when Ralph road aloud evenings.

"It's just at I said," declared Aunt Juliet, who, being the person of means in the connection, took the liberty of saying what she liked. "You have taken a little hussy that you don't know anything about into your hearts to break them."

Nina was still, at fifteen years, a little, lean, brown thing with owl's eyes, and as farouche and shy as anything of the woods, when Lance came home. Lance was Ralph's brother, and had been away at the naval school and then sailed round the world, and had not been at our home these six years. "Well," he said, "what imp of darkness is this?" And she heard him. And nothing could bring her into the same room with him during the whole time of his stay. But by and by she hung over the balustrade to listen to his voice, or she hung over the balcony to see him on the lawn—all as if she were not looking—or she flashed like a fire-fly from window to window to watch him if he strolled around the river path and behind the fringe of birch and beech with Flora Denny, our pretty neighbor. "I always did hate a white girl!" she muttered. "I like dark people," she said, "like you and me. We are alive."

Once or twice, during Lance's stay Nina went into the kitchen, and with a strong hand compelled old Rose, the cook, to show her how to prepare certain dishes, and then she watched outside the kitchen door of the luncheon room to learn of their reception, which was tolerably favorable. "I always knew I could it if I wanted to," she said. And then she might have been observed bent over work in hidden corners till she had finished a little purse of steel beads. "Here," she cried over the banisters, the morning Lance was going away. "You take this. There's a lucky penny in it." He looked up and saw her bending there, the strangest lady, so serious and dark and witchlike, that ever sent knight on his devoir.

"I will take it," he said, "if you will come down and give it to me."

And step by step she came down, as if he drew her forward and some unwilling power held her back, and laid the little brown leaf of a hand in his. And then Lance drew her a little nearer, and, bending from his lordly height to kiss me good-by, turned and bent and gravely kissed her, too.

In another instant she had broken away and had raced out into the orchard and hidden herself in the long grass; and when she came in, some hours afterwards, she announced that she was never going to wash the spot upon her face that Lance had kissed.

"That girl is a fool," said Aunt Juliet, who had dropped in. I don't know whether the fact that her foot caught in a croquet wicket and threw her down on her way to the gate afterward had anything to do with the remark or not.

Shortly after this Nina said: "You know I always said anybody could do anything if they only wanted to. I wanted to cook those things; and you know what he said about them. I wanted to make him a purse, and there wasn't a knot in the silk. Now I want to learn French and music, and all that white thing Flora Denny knows. And you'll see." And she did.

Not all at once, of course, did we see the desired proficiency, but she had a natural aptitude for music and for art, and presently a strange quietude seemed to have fallen on the house, and now, instead of a little brown imp, there was a slender, dark young girl, whose angles were turning into curves, on whose olive cheek a ruddy tint was blossoming, whose lips were a bow knot of scarlet, and whose eyes—there never were such eyes out of a gypsy's head! The swift capriciousness of movement had become a sort of flashing grace, indifference to dress had changed to a wondrous taste for the picturesque, and carelessness for the feelings of others had vanished before her old intense tenderness for one and all of us.

"She has been going through the chrysalis stage," said Ralph. "And what a gorgeous butterfly she is going to be!"

"She is not going to be a gorgeous butterfly at all," said I. "All this has resulted from some dream of Lance. And Lance will marry her white enemy then, of course, and she will sadden into a little brown moth of some sort."

"Nonsense," said Ralph. "Lance only opened her eyes. Every girl, every boy, has to have a half dozen chances before the real one comes along. Don't you remember 'Romeo's Rosalind?' Yes, Lance will marry Flora, and much joy go with them. But our Nina shall do better!"

Ralph was right. One day Flora came in quietly with a letter in her hand, and told us in her gentle-voiced way of an an engagement to Lance; and if Nina had had a dream the dream was over. But I was not at all myself; Nina did not sadden to any extent nor for any length of time, and before we could account for it ourselves she was brighter and sweeter and even gayer about the house than any household fairy. "You had better call me you Brownie," she said, when I began to perceive from how many little tasks she saved me, how much she looked out for Ralph's comfort, how absorbed she was in Effie, how she beautified the house with her pencils and her flowers, what a bit of vital hearth-fire she had become.

But while this peacefulness was developing at home there was trouble brooding abroad. Ralph's business was in a sad way, and creditors were cruel, and disaster was impending. And one day it came. The great operation on which, outside of his legal business, Ralph had been engaged so long fell with a crash, and all our hopes of the future and all our certainty of the present fell with it. Everything was to be given up, and with all the rest our home, that had been such a nest of happiness for all of our married years.

Of course I did what I could to hold up my poor Ralph's hands, and it was settled that we were to go into lodgings and live in the smallest way possible while he was picking up some practice again, taking a desk in an office that was open to him.

"Now," said Aunt Juliet, "you see what it is to have burdened yourself with another mouth to feed and back to clothe!"

"Nina is no burden," said I. "She is a blessing. She is an angel we entertained unawares."

"Oh, yes; she's all your fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine. But she's got to live!" said Aunt Juliet. "And you've got to find her the means. And I don't see how you're going to do it without starving and stripping yourselves. Surely you can't afford to keep a cook now; and I'll take Rose off you're hands. I've always wanted her."

Of course I gave Rose the option of going to Aunt Juliet. "No, I thank you, ma'am," said Rose. "I wouldn't live with your Aunt Juliet, ma'am, not if she had the only mansion there was in heaven!"

"I always told you I was your little servant maid," said Nina. "And now I will either go out to work some way or stay and do your work here. I can't do too much for you. I can't do too much for him! Do you know, once I thought, for just a little while, that Lance was the only man in the world! Lance isn't a shadow beside him! There isn't such a soul alive as his, and you were made for him! Oh, if I only were good for something now!"

"We will all work together," I said, thinking it best to disregard her enthusiasism lest it became hysterical. "The laundress and the second girl have gone, and it's just as well; for we shouldn't have room for them in our new lodgings"—and then it was I who was hysterical, for I broke down crying, the thought of leaving my dear home being more, just then, than I could bear. The appraisers had been there that day going over everything, and it had all seemed such an intrusion and profanation that it had been too much for me; and I wondered, when an apparently accidental bucketful of water was dashed from an upper story widow as they were going away, giving them a thorough wetting, if it had not been too much for somebody else and the old spirit might not be again taking possession.

"It made something flash fire inside of me like sparks," said Nina, to "see those men turning over our dear things. Oh, why can't I do something to earn some money in a lump? If there were only a millionaire for me to marry, I might marry him, you know—I'm very pretty."

"Oh, Nina," I exclaimed. "Is this the end of all my teachings?" But I had to laugh in the midst of my troubles. But Nina did not look at it as I did, the affair, anyway, being in the nature of a myth.

"I'd marry him, you know in a minute if I could," she said, "and give his money all to you. If I had Aunt Juliet's money do you suppose I'd take your cook? Do you suppose I'd let them take your house? No! If I had a quarter of the bonds she has packed away in that safety deposit box of hers I'd make life so gay for you all that you'd think you'd died and gone to heaven! And he should never have a care again! And have Effie grow up without an education—heavens! I'm so glad I learned something at last—she can have all that now! She couldn't have anything, the darling, if I had it, and you and he should have the rest! I lie awake nights and picture how I'd spend a fortune if I had it, and spend it all on you."

"Well, I felt such love more than repaid me for all the trouble I had with her from the hour when I found her in the little fishing hut on the shore; and I told her so, and we had a very enjoyable cry together.

I was sitting that night rocking myself discontentedly by the low firelight, for we had already begun to economize in the matter of lamps, when Ralph came in from out doors and sat down opposite. Nina was on a sofa behind the screen, with Effie lying back in her arms, telling stories in a low voice to the child who had not yet outgrown them, and I marveled a little to hear her and think it was my bit of wild fire tamed.

Ralph sat looking in the fire, and occasionally throwing on a handful of cones and watching the swift, fragrant blaze they made. "I suppose we shall have to go next week," he said. "I've been over to look at that little flat. I suppose it will do. It isn't the place for you—"

"Oh, anywhere is the place for me," I said, "that you can manage to put me in."

"Four rooms in the heart of the town," he said, bitterly; "no views from my window but one of squalid back yards; no river, no great hemlock trees, no pine cones to burn on open fires—just the barest getting along until we can do better—if we ever can."

"Well," I said, "it might be worse We can be very happy if we are only well and have each other."

"Yes," he said, "yes. But it is hard to leave all we have worked for these dozen years, all that is dear to us; hard, too, to have slipped by so nearly as I have done to a vast forture—as that would have been but for—if it had not been—if I had only seen—but there, there, the more one thinks the worse it grows. The world is all alike. Somebody else is slipping tolerably near a fortune with less likelihood of getting it, by what I heard in the office to-day. One of those English fortunes falling due to some unfindable heir."

"I thought the things were all frauds," said I. "The great fortunes in the Bank of England belonging to the people here."

"Oh, they are, very likely," said Ralph, absently. "This wasn't one of that sort. This is the case of an absent heir—the son of a man named Strachan—Reginald Strachan—a man of great wealth in London, an old East India merchant, whose son married some young singer or other and ran away with her—one Rowena—Rowena Dysart. They have been traced to this country, and it is known that a child was born and named for her mother, who died presently. And all further trace of him is lost. The case has just been sent to our office by the English solicitors. If he is dead there is a fortune of some hundreds of thousands of pounds belonging to that child, Rowena Strachan—"

Suddenly there seemed to be an earthquake in the room, the screen went over with a thud, and Nina, still grasping Effie, had sprung forward and stood between us, her eyes ablaze, the color flushing her dark cheek, her lips parted. "Rowena Dysart!" said she. "That is my mother's name! It is inside the ring—she said my father had it put there with his own—it is in her marriage lines. And Reginald was her husband. It's all about them and the father, the cruel, cruel father in the letters. Oh, you can prove it! It's isn't called Strachan, as you said; it's called Strawn. and Nina was her pet name. And that child is the mistress of of hundred thousands of pounds, and they're yours! All yours! Why, that's just as plain as day!" she said, without regard to grammar. "That's me!"

What They Did When Young.

Senator Vance was a hotel clerk.

Judge Kelley, father of the House, was a jeweler.

Tom Reed, of Maine, was a paymaster in the Navy.

Leland Stanford was a country lawyer in Wisconsin.

Senator Dawes was a school teacher and a country editor.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, kept a country grocery store.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, mined with a pick and shovel in California.

Senator Cullom was famous as a cornhusker in early days in Illinois.

Justice Bradley taught a district school every winter from his 16th to his 21st year.

President Cleveland compiled the "American Herd Book," and received $60 for the service.

IT DINES OFF WOOL AND FUR.

An Old Housekeeper's Advice on Battling With Moths.

"Well," said the careless young person, resignedly, as she looked yesterday at her sealskin jacket and her otter-trimmed suit, "I suppose the moths will play the mischief with all my winter things before next season."

"What makes you think that?" demanded the good housekeeper.

"They always do," replied the careless young person, in tones that indicated that she felt a certain sad pride in being singled out by fate as a victim.

"That is nonsense, perfect nonsense," said the good housekeeper in most sympathetic tones. "If you lived in a properly regulated house you wouldn't know what a moth looks like. I never have them in my house. How do I keep them out? By simply not giving them anything to live in or on. I don't make nests of woolen rags around on purpose for their accommodation. I don't have anything woolen around in summer except things in daily use. I take up the carpets of the rooms not in use or sometimes I put down matting all over the house and put away the carpets, or if they are down I keep some good moth powder and put it around in the less frequented quarters.

"How do I keep them out of the carpets after they are taken up?

"I don't know how I'd get them in unless I took particular pains to. There is no sense in the world in any one having anything moth-eaten. There are forty ways of preventing it, each easier than the last. To begin with, you can have a cedar chest or a cedar-lined closet if you live in your own house. It costs something in the beginning, but nothing so oppressive as people generally imagine, and there it is for the accommodation of your children's children."

"I'm afraid they'll never arrive to get the good of my cedar chest," interrupted the young person pertly.

"If you haven't a chest," went on the good housekeeper, ignoring this side issue, "you can put them in an ordinary trunk and put in ten cents' worth of camphor and defy all the moths in Christendom."

"I don't like my things smelling of camphor," objected the young person.

"I like my things smelling of camphor better than having no things to smell of anything," was the satirical response, "but you don't need to have camphor. If you'll just do up your furs and winter woolens in cotton cloth, wrap them all up in one big sheet, you'll be perfectly safe—or you would be if you had some one with a grain of common sense to do up the bundle for you. It won't do to roll a sheet around the middle and leave it open at both ends. The sheet must thoroughly enwrap your things, with no loose corners or cracks. Moths won't go through cotton, and if they have no other way to get at your sealskin they'll go without it."

"I haven't any sheet," objected the young person, mischievously. She wanted to exhaust the resources as well as the patience of the good housekeeper, but that lady was equal to the occasion.

"Well," said she, "paper will do just as well. If you'll save the big sheets of wrapping paper that your new spring things are now coming home in you can do up all your winter ones in a way that will baffle the most enterprising moth that ever wiggled."

"But I think they have already gotten in this jacket."

"They haven't gone far if they have; all you need to do is to shake and beat it out well and then sprinkle well with powder before you put it away. The moth powders are generally good things."

"But they are poisonous, aren't they?"

"As harmless as arrow root. They don't poison the mouth, they suffocate them."

And the young person saw no way out of being obliged to take care of her things for once.

COSTLY BAKED BEANS.

What a Capitalist Involuntarily Paid for Boston's Favorite Dish.

One day not long since a well known citizen of one of the busiest towns in Sagadahock county returned from a drive into the country, late in the afternoon, with $800, the proceeds of his day's collection, in his inside pocket. He was too late to deposit the money in the village bank, for the bank had closed. He went to his house and began to cudgel his brain for a safe place to put the cash during the night. He had a great horror of burglars and felt a little nervous about his $800. The gentleman roamed over the house, and finally dropped into the kitchen. The fire in the kitchen stove was out. His wife was away and wouldn't return till late in the evening, and of course wouldn't think of building a fire in the stove till the following morning. He opened the oven door and laid the greenbacks in the farthest corner of the bottom of the oven.

The capitalist went to bed, and at about 10 o'clock in the evening his wife awoke him to ask if he wouldn't go down cellar and bring up another hod of coal. She said: "I've just built up a hot fire and put the beans in, but I don't believe there's enough coal on the fire to keep it all night."

"Have you built a fire in the kitchen stove?" shouted the Sagadahoc husband.

"Why, yes; isn't that all right?" said his wife.

"All right! That pot of beans has cost me $800," shouted the capitalist, and he leaped from the room and down into the back kitchen, where the savory odor of baked beans and brown bread and a roaring fire in the kitchen stove greeted him. He pulled open the oven door regardless of burnt fingers, but he was too late. The bank notes had been cremated, and only a handful of grim, crisp ashes remained of the fat $800 roll of fives and tens and twenties.—*Boston Herald.*

Journey of a Cactus Thorn.

George W. Mitchell, the foreman of the Palatka (Fla.) *Daily News*, was thrown into a contemplative mood the other day by a strange occurrence. About seven years ago he was traveling in Mexico, and while out walking one day he saw something on the ground to excite his curiosity, and stooped down to pick it up. While thus stooping, or sitting on one knee, he lost his balance and fell over against a cactus, running one of the thorns into the calf of his leg. He tried to pull it out but did not succeed, and, when he got up, as it had stuck into a muscle, it had a firm hold, and was drawn in through the skin and disappeared. For a week after that the only inconvenience was a little soreness at the wound, and two or three years after, Mr. Mitchell said, he felt as if he had rheumatism in that leg. Last Saturday a sore place was felt on his chin—something like a boil, though not quite so painful. Still it was enough to annoy him, and he kept working at the place, as one will, until he felt a sharp point protruding. He tried several ways of ascertaining what it was, and finally resorted to the old-fashioned way of squeezing the place until the point came out, and about three-quarters of an inch of the old cactus thorn. After seven years of travel over his body, entering the calf of his leg, it finally finished its journey on the end of his chin.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Phenomena of Soap-Bubbles.

At a recent meeting of the Physical Society, Mr. C. V. Boys described and performed some experiments on soap-bubbles, and by their aid demonstrated in a remarkable manner the phenomena of surface tension, diffusion and the magnetic properties of gases. By blowing one bubble inside another, he showed that there is no electrical force inside a closed conductor. A peculiar property of soap-bubbles is their refusal to come into contact when knocked against each other; they may receive violent shocks and still remain separate. If, however, an electrical body be brought in the vicinity, they immediately coalesce. So sensitive are they to electrical attraction, that a potential difference due to one Leclanche cell between the two bubbles causes them to unite. They may thus serve as a very delicate electroscope.—*England Mechanic.*

Land Values in Ireland.

The ruinous price of land in Ireland was illustrated last week at the auction mart in a most striking manner. The estate in the Island of Achill, owned by the late Lord Cavan, which was referred to the other day, was sold by order of his trustees, consisting of 2,068 acres of freehold land—in fact, the whole island—with house and entrance lodges, both furnished. The auctioneer described the property as one of the finest sporting estates in Ireland, though he admitted that the tenants were three years in arrears with their rent. The property was sold practically without reserve, and after slight competition was purchased by a lady at the modest figure of £360, or about six shillings an acre!—*London Figaro.*

BILL NYE AND A BOOK AGENT.

The Fellow Actually Tried to Sell William One of His Own Books.

New York World.

Yesterday I had a personal conflict of a bitter and acrimonious nature with an unknown person on my grounds at Staten Island. I desire to speak of it myself rather than have the matter get into the papers in a garbled state.

I live in a quiet portion of the Island, just within sight of the Produce Exchange tower, but beyond the reach of the night air of New York. Here we have civilization on the one hand, and the wild whoop of Buffalo Bill's savages on the other. Just near enough to make it exciting.

I did not think I would be annoyed here by peddlers, beggars and fakirs. Yesterday a plain, sad man rung the door-bell. He told my representative that he desired very much to meet me, and presented his card. The name was not familiar to me, but I put on my other coat and invited him into the cold, cold parlor to which I invite people who do not come highly indorsed.

He was rather quiet and sad in spots. I sympathized with him, for I know what it is to be sad.

He had a letter of introduction, he said, from a well known litterateur and confrere of mine, which he begged leave to present. I read it. It introduced the bearer in the usual form and begged me to treat him kindly, and stated that any favor shown to him would be gladly reciprocated. I then told the stranger that we had a pleasanter room than that, and I would be glad to have him come in and sample it.

"Now," said I, touching an electric bell and ordering a large watermelon, "what can I do for you? Would you like to visit the woman's exchange, or would you rather give yourself up to an afternoon with me at Vanderbilt's tomb?"

He said that he did not wish to take up my time. He had only called on a matter of business, and would not detain me but a moment. He then drew from its concealment somewhere about his person the prospectus for a subscription book, and before I could stop him, had said: "We purpose in this work to treat of everything that people want to know about. It has statistics in it, but they are so presented that you like them. You read along down the long columns with the keenest enjoyment. There is a thread of interest running through these tabulated statements which makes you sit up till long after 9 o'clock reading them. All the book is socked full of interest and thrill, and yet it would not harm any one to read it. That is not all. It is reliable. Every remark in it is backed up by statements. It comes just at a time when every one is doubting the authorship of other books and gives to one and all a feeling of confidence and assurance when faith is wavering and the reader is grouping and clutching for something tangible and staple. This is essentially a staple book. It tells how to break colts, how to treat cribbers, botts and army worms, how to bring up children and put down huckleberries, how treat a setting hen during convalesence, how to make a cook stove or a cistern pump draw, how to write for the papers, how to keep ants out of the pantry, how to make parents self-supporting, how to put up a lambrequin or put down a carpet, how to purify politics or make floating island, how to modify the tariff or make a good, durable style of pork brine that will not smell like a delayed autopsy in dog days; how to make molasses candy or speak a piece, how to tell by a pig's melt in the fall whether we are going to have an open winter or not, how to bank up a house, how to win the affections of the opposite sex, how to meet an emergency, how to make ink at home which will speak for itself, how to dye a dress black, how to remove lavender pantaloons from fruit stains, how to sew up a man who has tried to run a colored german, hints on hen culture, hints on voice culture, hints on marriage, farming, revivals, etiquette; how to make a good, palatable poultice; what to do in case of drowning, how to make one dandelion root serve as the foundation for a gallon of bitters every spring for ten years, how to amass wealth and dodge the grand jury, how to snare a grizzly bear. In fact, everything you want to know told in a pleasant style for $3.50."

It was at this time that the personal encounter took place. I am not a muscular man, but my arms and legs extend in every direction when I am excited. They are longer and more lithe than those of the average man. An artist from Munich once told me that he thought I was the nimblest man he ever saw, and he had seen a great many men.

I did not permanently disfigure this person, but I jolted him severely and contused and confused him in three or four places, after which he went away. After he had gone I became more calm. I retired to my dressing-room, where my valet turned my cuffs for me. I then returned to the parlor. On the floor I found the prospectus. It had been left by mistake. I was cooler now. I took it up and read the name of the author on the title-page. It was as follows: BILL NYE.

She Was Excused.

A teacher in one of our public schools has been much annoyed by truancy, and has recently enforced the rule that her scholars, on their return to school after any absence, must bring her note stating in full the cause of such absence, and the exact length of its duration, said note to be in the handwriting of parent or guardian.

The following is a note brought by one of her pupils after a two week's absence:

"Louisa was absent monday, please excuse her.

"Louisa was absent toosday, she had a sore throte.

"Louisa was absent wensday, she had a sore throte.

Louisa was absent thursday, she had a sore throte.

"Louisa was absent friday, she had a sore throte.

"Read this over again for the next week."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

President Cleveland's Joke.

The Baptist brethren who are holding a convention in this city are enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of one of their number, Mr. Isaac Waters, the piano manufacturer of New York.

The President yesterday gave an audience which lasted for several hours, to such of the delegates as chose to call at the White House and pay their respects. When Mr. Waters stepped forward to grasp the President's hand he remarked:

"Mr. President, my name is Waters. I am the worst prohibition crank in New York city."

"Well," said the President, solemnly and with marked emphasis, "you look it, and I may add that your name fully bears it out."
— *Washington Special N. Y. Herald.*

Recognizing a Good Article.

A story is told of a certain ex-member of Congress from a Western state, which comes under the classification of interesting if true.

A number of his colleagues who had undertaken to entertain him shortly after he took his seat in the national capital took him down to one of the leading hotels of Washington, where elaborate arrangements had been made for a dinner. The courses were served, but nothing seemed to strike him with especial force until a bottle of champagne was brought in. He emptied the glass, handed it back for more, and as he set it down again remarked:

"By gosh! boys, that is, without doubt, the best ginger ale I ever sampled."

Suicide Rebuked.

A peculiar feature of discipline in the French army is shown by this regimental order issued by the colonel of the Seventieth after the suicide of a private: "Private Richter, who was admitted to the class for the band musicians, after having tried to poison himself this morning, shot himself, because he was jealous of a woman of loose character. The colonel feels it a duty to condemn this act, which, if it did not arise from madness, would prove cowardice. A man, and especially a man who has the honor to belong to the French army, should know better how to support with resignation the ills of life, and to spare his blood for the service of his country. The colonel, therefore, orders that no soldier is to attend private Richter's funeral."

A Misunderstanding.

"Why, John," said his wife impatiently, as she opened the door and found him still in bed, "you promised faithfully last night, that you would get up in time to go to church with me!"

"I meant in time for evening service," explained John, turning over luxuriously.
—*Epoch.*

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER IV.

Need I say that Henry Brooks was disappointed when he reached San Francisco? Whoever went to that city of magnificent promises and small performances on the oft-repeated invitation of a friend in business, who was not? How many men have been written to by gushing friends in California and Oregon, in which the advantages of the coast, the certainty of doing well, the absolute impossibility of failure, were all set forth in such streams of gush, as to make the out-going man feel that in leaving the East he has broken his shackles and that henceforth and forever there is nothing for him but prosperity! All the out-going passengers on the Union Pacific are light-hearted—the returning ones are not so unanimous in that direction.

Henry Brook's uncle had never told him directly that there was a place for him, in his mammoth wholesale grocery establishment on Blank street, but the tenor of his letters would have led a much less sanguine young man to have expected it. And so when he presented himself one morning he was delighted with the open-hearted effusiveness with which he was greeted, and the whole-souled manner in which he was invited out to Martini's for a luxurious lunch, which he saw, when the bill was brought, cost more than would have sufficed for Margaret and Eunice for a week, and more than he would have spent in college for a fortnight.

He felt sincerely afflicted when his uncle told him that he was terribly provoked that he could not take him home with him, and have him make his home there, for the present at least, but the fact was, his family—your aunt and cousins, you know—were all out of town, and would be for a month or more, and he was boarding at the Occidental. But good rooms could be had for eight or ten dollars a week, and rather good rooms, too, and living was cheap in San Francisco.

Henry felt sorry that his uncle's family were not at home, more because his uncle seemed so disappointed about it, than on his own account, though having but a few dollars left. It would have been very pleasant for him to have found a harbor till he had got fairly to work, and in a condition to pay his way.

While this pleasant converse was progressing, the clock struck two. "Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the uncle, "is it so late! I must go back. Come and see me every day. Make my room your headquarters. Write your letters there—we are not in any way formal out here! Make yourself perfectly at home at my place. By the way, what hotel are you at?"

Harry gave him the name of the very modest hotel he was at, and before he could turn he saw his uncle disappearing around the corner.

A little misgiving came over him, and he felt a strange sinking of heart. "Make myself at home at his store!" he said to himself. "Well I hoped to. It can't be that this is all he intends to do for me! He can't be so cruel as to have brought me out here, to leave me in such a fix. I, who need something to do so much." He refused to believe it, and felt some comfort in his disbelief.

He spent the forenoon in finding a suitable room, one that suited his financial condition, and getting the range of a small and very cheap restaurant. The next morning he went to his uncle's store, and was a little disturbed, at the look of petulance that crossed his uncle's face as he entered.

But there was nothing petulant or of impatience in that worthy man's tone.

"Smith, see to those goods for San Juan, and send Thompson, unless you can find time to look up that Los Angeles matter. Good morning, Harry! How did you sleep last night? Soundly I hope—a ten days' ride in sleeping cars is calculated to make one's first night in a bed rather comfortable. Are you well fixed? Thompson, the case of cigars for Abbot, of Summit, ought to have gone yesterday. Be sure they are shipped to-day, and—. Peters, why in—didn't you see that man in the camp at Red Gulch about his supplies? As I was saying—excuse me—Peters before you give him his goods, see him. We lose too much by these fellows As I was saying, one sleeps well after so long a trip, but bless you it is nothing coming over now to what it was when I came over in '49. Six months on the plains, traveling by day and watching by night, with nothing but salt pork to eat It was hard lines then. But what do you intend to do? Are you here for a pleasure trip?"—"a pleasure trip!" thought Henry, poor pinched Eunice and Margaret rising in his mind—"or do you come to stay? I hope to stay, for there is no country in the world where a young man who has the right stuff in him can do so well."

"I came to stay, uncle, and I hoped—that is—from your letters, I took the idea that you might—"

"Sorry—mighty sorry—but there ain't a vacancy in my place. Can't discharge good, tried men you know, and men who know their business. In a concern like this—Peters you ought to know what to do with that man without coming to me every five minutes—cash on delivery, and if he don't like the terms, let him go somewhere else—in a concern like this, as I was saying, men who got the experience to fit them for positions are indispensable. Every one here comes up from the bottom, and works up as he learns the business. Peters has been with me ten years."

But isn't there some place I can fill?" asked Henry, rather anxiously, at the turn things were taking. "I have nothing, as you know, the people at home are not well off, and I must do something for them as well as myself. Any place—"

"I am very sorry, but there isn't a vacancy here of any kind. Trade is dull, and I would dismiss two men to-morrow, only I should have to learn two more when business got better. What you want to do is to look around. You may refer to me—I think it is safe—I will keep an eye out, and if anything turns up I will let you know. Drop in once or twice a week,—it was every day the first time they met—"but no, that would take too much of your time. Leave me your address, and if anything turns up I will let you know. By the way, Thompson—excuse me, Harry, this is my busiest time of day."

And so saying, he turned to Thompson, and then to Peters, and then to a customer that one of his men brought in, till poor Henry saw that he was to get no further opportunity of speaking to him, and moreover that he had made a serious blunder in acknowledging that he was in distress. In short, the great truth dawned upon him that of all people in the world, a rich, prosperous men does not want to see, a poor relation heads the list, and he walked out in a very sad frame of mind, to "look around."

Walked out, a mere speck of sand on the shores of an ocean, to find some place in which he could be fitted. Walked out, an ignorant, inexperienced young man, and among eighty thousand sharp, eager, knowing men, every one bent on his own business, with no time to waste on any one else. Walked out with a few dollars in his pocket, two thousand miles from any one he knew, and with a pinched mother and sister in their little Wisconsin home, depending upon him. A sense of utter misery, such as comes to a man but once in a lifetime, came over him, and it is nothing derogatory to him, to say he cried.

If California was, as his uncle had said, "the best place in the world, for a young man with stuff in him," there must have been a great many young men in San Francisco, who lacked the requisite stuff, for, go where he would for work, he was met with the one answer, "we have nothing for any one to do," and the information was generally vouchsafed that he was the twentieth that had made application that day. He began by applying for a clerkship, but before the day was over he had lowered his pretensions to the level of a salesman, and before two days had passed, he did not think of asking for anything higher than a porter's position But in this he met with no better success, for as brain is scarcer than muscle, so applicants for places where muscle alone was used, were more common than for the purely mental work. In short, the labor market was glutted, and there were forty applicants for every place that was empty.

Four days passed, and his little stock of money was gone, and another week's rent was due. For the rules of the cheap house he was living at were, "to prevent mistakes, cash in advance." Every night that he came home, weary and foot-sore from his long walk in search of something to do, he expected to find some note from his uncle, that would give him some hope at least, but none came. He went to his bed and passed a sleepless night, and went out in the morning, with not so much as the price of the merest breakfast in his pocket. He had made up his mind what to do. He did not propose to starve, for his life was too valuable to those at home, and determined to find something to do to sustain life, if it were nothing more than to be an assistant in a Chinese laundry.

He had been down to the docks, and had seen men rolling barrels into and out of vessels. Surely he might find something to do at that—enough to sustain life, at least, until something better should turn up Could he hang on, by however small a chance, he would make friends, and make his way, in spite of the glut of men, and the scarcity of labor.

He was on the ground early, and fortunately a ship was lying at the dock just arrived, to be unloaded. To his greater delight, the work needed to be done quickly, and there was a day's work or more, for more men than could be had. He was a broad-shouldered fellow, and, despite his decent dress, he was engaged.

"You don't look like a man used to this kind of work," was the remark of the boss longshoreman.

"I am not, but I can lift and carry with the best of them. Never you fear, I will do as much as any man."

He was put into the gang, and despite his hunger, was doing good service, much to the dislike of his fellows, who knew he was new at the business, for he did not shirk or dodge.

Who should come to the dock that day, to see the arrival of a steamer with a cargo of Chinese, but the Hegemans and Miss Winter? The party were passing just as Henry, with two others, were easing off from the ropes of the derrick, an immense load of hides. The odor was anything but agreeable to a sensitive young lady, and the portly Hegeman sheered off as far as possible. The young lady, however, came directly up, even within range of the odor, and spoke, in an astonished tone, "Mr. Brooks!"

Henry stood his ground. He would not blush, nor was he in the least confused.

"Miss Winter," he replied, "I am glad to see you again."

"I am glad to see you," she said, "but—"

"But you did not expect to see me here," Henry answered. "Well, I did not expect to be seen here, myself. It is not the most pleasant position in the world, but what could I do? I may as well tell you that I came to San Francisco looking for a position in a line that I am certainly more fitted for than this, and that I expected to be employed at once, but was disappointed. I tried to find something to do, and failed. I got down to my last dollar—"

Miss Winter's hand involuntarily went to her pocket, but Henry put out his hand.

"Thank you all the same, but none of that."

"You are right," was the answer, "I am almost as poor as you."

"I came down here and turned stevedore or 'longshoreman, or whatever you please to call it. The only part of my education that's of any use to me here is the muscle I got at base ball and rowing matches. Something better will turn up, I dare say; anyhow I can earn three meals a day, and the boss seems pleased with me."

"But, Mr. Brooks, you have an uncle here, have you not?"

"Oh, certainly, a good, kind uncle. He gave me a lunch at Martini's, and was very glad to see me—for about ten minutes one day. But as for a place with him—bless you, he had a lot of people who are not his nephews, they never can ask anything of him, and he's man enough of the world to prefer them. Besides, they know what I shall have to learn. There is no hope from him."

"It's a shame! Where do you live?"

Without a blush at the meanness of the place, Henry told her.

"We are at the Lick House, and shall be for a week. My cousin wants me to stay there with her, until they get ready to go to the Yosemite, when I shall go to earning my own living. I want you to come and see us before they go—to-night, any time. You may come with perfect freedom."

"Brooks!" shouted the foreman, who thought that enough time had been wanted.

The girl turned away, saying, "Remember I shall expect you," and rejoined her party.

Henry resumed his work with a lighter heart. Hunger was gnawing viciously at his vitals, but he felt that he was not entirely friendless in the world, and that there was one sympathizing creature in the great city.

As the Hegeman party walked on, the girl was silent for a long way. The idea of a young fellow like Brooks, who, the week before, had been with them like a friend, rolling barrels and lifting hides on the docks, with a herd of low hands, shocked her. Was it for that he had made the passage across the plains, and risked his all?

"Cousie, do you know the firm of Brooks & Co., wholesale grocers, in this city?"

"Very well, Marion. We have sold them a great many goods, and do a great deal of business with them. They consign a great deal of California fruit to us, and we send them a large amount of grocers' supplies. Brooks is one of our best customers."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Brooks? The best fellow in the world. Liberal to a fault, and the kindest man living. Why he gave me a supper, the second night we were here, at the Poodle Dog—a splendid restaurant—"

"He didn't take poor Harry there," thought Marion.

"It was a sort of trade dinner, and the bill was over $500. He is the very soul of liberality."

"Have you any influence with him?"

"I should say so. Brooks would do anything under heaven that I should ask of him. We are of more use to him than he is to us."

"Cousin, do you remember young Brooks—the young man who brought us lunch on the train, and who was with us so much coming over?"

"Yes—what of him?"

"He is a nephew of Brooks, and came out expecting a place, which if not promised him, he had been led to expect, in his uncle's store. His uncle not only does not give it to him, but does not seem disposed to help at all. He has no means—"

"Dear me! How distressing! It must be inconvenient not to have money."

"It is," replied Marion, quietly. "And, after spending what little he had, he was obliged to take a place on the dock, rolling barrels and handling all sorts of filthy freight, at I suppose, a shilling an hour, and he is a college bred man, and a gentleman. It was he I was talking with, when I was away from you a moment."

Well, what can I do for him?"

"Can't you make Mr. Brooks give him a place? Can't you make him take the young man in, and give him as much of a chance as he has done a hundred young men who had no claim upon him?"

"Now, my dear girl, don't go to talking that way. You don't understand business. You see all of Brooks's people are trained, each man to his place, and he cannot discharge one of them and take a perfectly raw man instead. It would throw his business into chaos. It ain't to be thought of."

"But they all had to be trained some time. Why can't he be put him in a very low place, and let him come up as the rest did?"

"My child, we don't like to have our relatives about us—"

"I have found that out," said Marion to erself.

"In business. The other people would be jealous of him, and if he was promoted, there would be the devil to pay. And, besides, relatives are always asking something, or expecting something on the score of relationship, when in business, the only thing to be thought of, is business."

"It is a very bad thing then to be the relative of a man who has places at his disposal," said Marion.

"Very. I wouldn't have one about."

"Well, as the poor fellow hasn't any chance with his relatives, suppose we try others. You do business with other people in San Francisco besides this man Brooks, don't you?"

"Oh yes, any quantity. Know most all the wholesale grocers."

"Cousin, I never asked you a favor before, but can't you see that young Mr. Brooks has a place with some of these people? It is too bad, for an educated, refined, nice young man like that, to drudge among the rough workmen on a dock, when there are so many stupid fellows better off, whose places he could fill to better advantage. He must be of a good sort, or he wouldn't go to work unloading hides rather than loaf and sponge as most men would. Can't you do something for him?"

Mr. Hegeman was a good-natured selfish man—the two qualities do not contradict each other, as people seem to think—and exceedingly lazy in anything outside his own immediate affairs.

"What do you take such an interest in this young fellow for? What is he to you, and why should we go to all this trouble for a boy we never saw till a week ago, and never expect to see again?"

"Because he needs it," said Marion in her simplicity. "I don't see what better reason there could be."

"My dear girl, so there are twenty dozen other men needing help in San Francisco, this minute, but you don't suppose we can help the whole of them," said Hegeman, feeling that he he had propounded a settler to all questions of benevolence.

It was on Marion's tongue to say, "that need not hinder his helping the one he could reach," but she saw it was no use to urge. People who are comfortable themselves, are very apt to feel as if everbody must be so too, and the world coming out right anyhow, there is no need of distributing their particular comfort by putting a finger to the work.

"But, Mr. Hegeman," put in his wife, "I thought we were going to the seal rocks this afternoon. Won't you go and see about the carriage? I don't want to wait till the fog comes up, and ruin my shawl."

The obedient husband was obliged to stir when Mrs. Hegeman's wishes were in question. He came puffing into his wife's rooms a few minutes later, to find the ladies with their wraps on, Marion in her seal jacket, which is always tolerable on a coast drive.

"Found some company for you, Lord, of New York. Met him in Chicago two or three times, and he was on the train with us coming out, he says, though I didn't meet him. Splendid company for you, Maria," addressing his wife, who always liked to be amused.

Jervis Lord was not at the ladies' entrance as they came down, but Hegeman brought him round from the front porch, gloved and wearing the light overcoat and soft hat which are the driving dress of every gentleman in the California dust.

"You didn't tell me you were going with ladies, or I should not have kept you waiting," he said, after his first bow to Mrs. Hegeman, with the politest intonation, for Jervis Lord was the soul of deference to women; but as Mr. Hegeman added, "my cousin, Miss Winter," and he turned to see the well-known face unveiling itself, the coldest change came over his demeanor. His bow and the touch of his hat were within the limits of good breeding, but his face was grave and his eyes averted as he made his salute. He even tried, ineffectually, to escape the drive, making excuse that he would have to be back too soon to allow the ladies to enjoy the ride, but Mr. Hegeman made a point of his going, and reflecting that he wanted an introduction, which that gentleman could secure the next day, he sprang in. But his resolve was taken. If that Winter woman thought she was going to try her arts with him, he would show her she had other metal to work on than that poor Brooks from the country. His attentions were all for Mrs. Hegeman; he had no eyes for the pale girl wrapped in furs, with her gloved hands laying across her lap, to show off the slender shape of her hands, he thought. She supposed he would open on her when he had paid duty attentions to the dowager, perhaps. She made one remark to him, but he answered with such brevity that she did not attempt it again.

"Went down to see the City of Tokio, this morning," said Hegeman, speaking of the steamer just in. "Those custom officers make short work, going through the coolie's chests. Every man-jack of them had six tooth-brushes in the bottom of the box. You wouldn't find that in a load of steerage passengers from the old country."

"No, and they wouldn't have the letters of a new language learned next day, as the Chinese will," said Jervis. "They are a cute lot of barbarians, they all look like students from abroad."

"Too smart," groaned Hegeman. "What's the use of bringing more men to crowd out the white ones? Why, there was a young fellow, who came out with us; nice, gentlemanly young man, as I ever saw, well-dressed, behaved like a gentleman, played cards with my wife most all the way over," said Hegeman, who was given to exaggerating, because, like most lazy people, he found it too much trouble to stick closely to the truth. "We found him to-day, carrying hides down at the dock, because he couldn't get anything else to do. You may have noticed him on the train; tall, dark-eyed, boyish-looking, and had a quick smile."

"It couldn't be Brooks you meant. He was going out to his uncle, he told me."

"Uncle didn't take to the nephew to the extent of providing for him, which the fellow expected he would do. Uncles have enough to do for their own, as well as other men."

"This uncle had invited this particular nephew," said Marion's clear tones, which had no little in them of the scorn she felt. "Mr. Brooks said his uncle had often written to him to come out, and that it was the only place in the world for a young man to start in, but he wouldn't give him a place in his store, till he could look about him."

"Marion thinks I ought to spend my holidays running around to give this young beggar a chance," said Hegeman, laughing.

Lord did not approve the heartless way in which this was said, but he liked still less, the way in which Miss Winter, as he thought, thrust herself forward in this young man's interests. Like the Hegemans, his first question was, "What is Mr. Brooks to her?" He was very properly, incredulous when young ladies played Good Samaritan to a nice young gentleman about their own age.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Great New Chimera.

And yet, outside the patent office there are no monopolies in this country, and there never can be. Ah, but what is that I see on the far horizon's edge, with tongue of flame and eye of fire, serpent-headed and griffin-clawed? Surely it must be the great new chimera "Trust." Quick, cries every masked member of the ways and means. Quick, let us lower the tariff Let us call in the British. Let them save our devastated homes. Courage, dear brethren. Be not too much disturbed. The Lord will reign even if the mayor and board of aldermen should adjourn.

Call in the British! When the day comes that this republic cannot save itself from a dozen of its own citizens without aid from over the sea, I hope to be buried a thousand leagues under some respectable and permanent mountain range. What unreasonable talk this is. A dozen men fix the prices for sixty million freemen! They can never do it. There is no power on earth that can raise the price of any necessity of life above a just price and keep it there. More than that, if the price is raised and maintained even for a short while, it means ruin for the combination and still lower prices for consumers. That is one of the laws of God working for his children. Compared with one of your laws of Congress, it is a Leviathan to a clam.—
Hon. T. B. Reed.

A Boy Again.

"Henry, you were talking in your sleep," said Mrs. Jones to her husband.

"What did I talk about?" inquired Jones, anxiously.

"You spoke of 'raking in the chips.'"

"Ah, yes," said Jones, with a relieved look, "early associations, my dear. I dreamed I was a boy again. I was always the one to rake in the chips."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Recent Literature.

SOME OF THE SUMMER LITERATURE

Our Forces and How to Use Them—Poems of Rose Terry Cooke—Hints from a Lawyer—The Heart of the Creeds—Tilting at Windmills — The Senses and the Will—Several Pamphlets—Literary Notes.

There are books and books. Some simply afford amusement for the moment while reading their pages. Others again give instruction, scientific or historical, adding to the general intelligence of the readers, while yet a third arouses to thought, and thought of a higher kind, uplifting, inspiring, leading to better living, to an earnest desire to realize some of the finer possibilities of life than belong to material things alone.

Such a book as this is one entitled "Your Forces and How to Use Them," by Prentice Mulford. It is made up of essays which have been published monthly during the past year in what is known as the White Cross Library, each one of which is pregnant with the deepest meaning. The following are some of the subjects treated of, and their mention is suggestive: "Some Laws of Health and Beauty;" "Mental Intemperance;" "The God in Yourself;" "Force, and How to Get It;" "The Doctor Within;" "The Religion of Dress;" "Use Your Riches," and others.

Among so many good things it is difficult to select passages, but the following pithy paragraph is from "Some Laws of Health and Beauty:"

Persistency in thinking health, in imagining or idealizing yourself as healthy, vigorous, and symmetrical, is the corner-stone of health and beauty. Of that which you think most, that you will be, and that you will have most of. You say, "No." But your bed-ridden patient is not thinking, "I am strong;" he or she is thinking, "I am so weak." Your dyspeptic man or woman is not thinking, "I will have a strong stomach." They are ever saying, "I can't digest anything; and they can't, for that very reason.

We are apt to nurse our maladies rather than nurse ourselves. We want our maladies petted and sympathized with, rather than ourselves. When we have a bad cold, our very cough sometimes says to others unconsciously, "I am this morning an object for your sympathy. I am so afflicted!" It is the cold, then, that is calling out for sympathy. Were the body treated rightly, your own mind and all the minds about you would say to that weak element in you, "Get out of that body!" and the silent force of a few minds so directed would drive that weakness out. It would leave as Satan did when the man of Nazareth imperiously ordered him. Colds and all other forms of disease are only forms of Satan, and thrive also by nursing. Vigor and health are catching also as well as the measles.

Here is another full of truth from "Mental Intemperance:"

Every impatient act, no matter how trivial, costs an unprofitable outlay of force or thought. Every impatient act is an act without a plan. You do plan a blow with a hammer before you make it: if you did not, the hammer would strike wide of its mark. You plan the proper intonation or accent of a word before you speak it. You plan the graceful movement before you make it. These things may be planned with the quickness of lightning or thought, but planned they are; and those acts bring pleasure to you and others from being well done. That is the reward of mental temperance, and there are much greater rewards, also; for the habit of so doing all acts brings you more and more power and health and strength.

When you tug impatiently at the knob of the door that won't open easily, or pull impatiently at the knot that won't untie, you are sending force or thought into that knob or knot with little or no plan as to its use or direction. You are sending, also, a great deal more force or thought into that knob or knot than is needed to open or untie. This is an intemperate use of force. This is the wildest extravagance, because it is expending force you cannot recall, in effecting nothing. It is expending far more power than if it had been deliberately planned, not only uselessly so far as this effort is concerned, but you are strengthening the habit of so uselessly expending or wasting force in the doing of all things. You are training your mind to this habit of extravagance, and this habit will bring you weakness and loss in every direction.

So we might go on indefinitely, but enough has been given to show that the little volume is well worth reading. It is published by F. J. Needham, 22 Tremont Row, Boston.

The poems of Rose Terry Cooke' which have just been published in a thick volume of over four hundred pages, will be warmly welcomed by the many admirers of that author. For more than thirty years Mrs. Cooke has been a contributor to the newspaper and magazine press, and we can recall nothing of hers in prose or poetry which it was not a pleasure and profit to read. Many of her pieces of verse rank in poetic quality with anything written by an American poet, and there is not a scrap book in the land in which she is not represented. "The Two Villages," "New Moon," "An Answer," "The Fishing Song," and a score of others whose familiar titles appear as the leaves are rapidly turned, have made a place for themselves in the memory of every lover of true poetry. The volume includes all that the author has written in verse which she desires to preserve. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York.

"Hints From a Lawyer; or, Legal Advice to Men and Women," is further described as a Law Book for Everybody, with reference to property, family and commercial affairs, and is adapted to all of the states. The author is Edgar A. Spencer, a member of the New York bar, who declares his object to be to present in simple and concise form the present laws and methods relating to the care of property and the transaction of business generally. The matter appears to be given in a straightforward, simple way, that anyone can understand. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Heart of the Creeds," by Arthur Wentworth Eaton, is also published by the Putnams. The author has endeavored to put before his readers the meaning of the rites and symbols of the early church in such a way as will enable them to discriminate fairly between what is necessary and what is accidental in religion. His object is to explain to the large class of young thinkers what seem to be contradictions and to thus prevent a liability to consequent confusion of thought.

From the same publishers comes a biography of "Abraham Lincoln" for young people, by Noah Brooks, author of "The Boy Emigrants," etc. The object of the book is to present to the young an inspiring view of the man who will always be remembered as one of the purest as well as one of the greatest of American statesmen. It is illustrated, and the story is told in a way that cannot fail to interest not only the young folks, but older people as well. The book is a good one to be placed in the family library.

"Tilting at Windmills" is a story of the Blue Grass country in Kentucky, by Emma M. Connelly. It touches upon the same subjects as Judge Tourgee's famous book about the reconstruction period, and they are dealt with in a very intelligent manner. The story itself is extremely well told and interesting. The character of the heroine Portia, is well developed, as is that of the hero, an energetic young Northerner who is full of theories which are proven to be less practicable than he believed possible. Miss Connelly's work in this, her first novel, will make readers anxious to hear from her again and it will certainly create, both in her own and other states, a strong desire to see her next forthcoming work announced by the same publishers in one of their new series—her "Story of the state of Kentucky." Published by D. Lothrop company, Boston.

From the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, comes "Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of the Temple Adath Israel, in Boston. The author is distinguished for his erudition, and now gives to the public, in book form, the series of popular and profound lectures delivered at the Temple Adath Israel, the past season. The lectures are very learned, and are an application of the law of evolution to the history of Judaism. They have been prepared with much care, and each epoch, and each personage is ushered before the reader with skill, in language easily grasped and understood, yet forceful in import, and graceful in expression. The student of the history of mankind of every creed will find in this volume the presentation of facts from the Jewish standpoint, which will command his earnest attention and meditation.

"Noble Deeds of our Fathers, as Told by Soldiers of the Revolution, Gathered Around the Old Bell of Independence," is the name of an interesting book, revised and adapted for supplementary reading in schools, and for school libraries everywhere, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. In the pages of this bood,—which are well illustrated—will be found stories of the chief men of the revolution, so connected by the manner in which they are narrated, as to give a general interest to all; the "Old Bell of Independence" being the rallying point of the veteran story-tellers.

In the International Educational series, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York comes "The Senses and the Will," a book containing observations concerning the mental development of the human being in the first years of life. The work is by a German, W. Preyer, and was translated into the English by H. W. Brown. One of the most valuable as well as most interesting features of the book is the author's comparisons between the steps of progress in the child and the same in other animals. The work is divided into three parts: The development of the senses; the will; and the intellect. The first two are contained in this volume, and the third with three appendices will form a second.

The Appletons issue in pamphlet form "Ignorant Essays" by Richard Dowling which is made up of talks upon eight different subjects, all of them interesting and all treated in a very fascinating manner. Another pamphlet from the same house is a novel entitled "A Nymph of the West," by Howard Seely, an interesting story of western life. Price, 50 cents.

In Cassell's Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction, is "Orion, the Gold Beater," by Sylvanus Cobb, jr., author of "The Gunmaker of Moscow," "The Storm Secret," etc., and "The Veiled Beyond," by Sigmund B. Alexander, author of "Ten of Us." These pamphlet novels are issued weekly by Cassell & Co., New York.

Literary Notes.

Marcus Aurelius was Matthew Arnold's favorite author.

Gen. Horace Porter will have an article in the June *Century* on "The Philosophy of Courage."

An account of Mrs. Browning's youth is to be given in Robert Browning's promised reminiscences.

Dr. Westland Marston's book, "Fifty Years' Recollections of English Actors and Acting," will be published in the autumn.

An autograph letter of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in London a few weeks ago for $315. The purchaser was Trinity College, Cambridge.

Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," according to a recent statement of its London publishers, Trübner & Co., has run through forty-five editions.

Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram," the papers say, lies undisturbed in the London book shops. One dealer tells the *Morning Post* that he has not sold a single copy.

Edward Everett Hale has engaged to write for *Wide Awake* a series called "The Story of Boston Common," the first part of which will appear in the June number.

The third volume of the "Irving Shakspeare," containing Richard III., King John, Merchant of Venice, and Henry IV., is promised by Scribner & Welford at an early date.

Judge Tourgee is devoting himself at present almost entirely to newspaper work, and has now a regular department in a prominent paper, which he calls "A Bystander's Notes."

Margaret Kent's "Sons and Daughters" and Edwin L. Bynner's "Agnes Surriage" will be the June volumes of Ticknor's "Paper Series." Ticknor issues to-day a volume of verse by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, entitled "Along the Shore," and "Olivia Delaplaine," a novel of New York society, by Edgar Fawcett.

"Garden and Forest" for May 23 tells the amateur horticulturist, among other things, how to prepare his rose-bed and how to choose plants for his rock-garden; and it will note for his benefit many new or little-known shrubs which are now in bloom in the Arnold Arboretum.

Mr. George Kennan, in the *Century*, gives a good idea of the enormous size of Siberia by stating that its territory would contain the United States, including Alaska, with all of the states of Europe, except Russia, and there would still be 300,000 square miles to spare.

The June *Harper* appeals to a large constituency, since it must include the admirers of Aldrich, Warner, James, Black and Howells. Mr. Bowker's second paper on "London as a Literary Centre" treats of novelists and gives portraits of Besant, Haggard, Stevenson, Mrs. Craik, and several others.

At a library sale in Paris, a short time since, $1,400 was paid for a copy of "Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloe," which formerly belonged to Mme. de Pompadour, having her arms and monogram engraved on the cover. Another copy of the same work, which was formerly in the library of the Chateau de Giron, was sold for $1,350.

Mrs. Mackenzie, a sister of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, is the owner of a portrait of Dickens which is believed to be the earliest in existence. It is a miniature on ivory and represents him at the age of 18, when a shorthand writer. It is described as showing the full face, with a slight smile on the mouth, to which Carlyle's later description of "a large, protrusive, rather loose mouth," could be applied.

Youth's Companion of May 24 has an interesting budget of "Recollections of My Chikhood," by the late Miss Alcott. "One of my earliest memories," she says, "is of playing with books in my father's study. Building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, and scribbling on blank pages wherever pen or pencil could be found. Many of these first attempts at authorship still exist and I often wonder if these childish plays did not influence my after life, since books have been my greatest comfort, castle-building a never-failing delight, and scribbling a profitable amusement."

The Shifting Sands.

A late Charleston letter speaks of the neglected condition of the graves of the Confederate dead who are buried on Morris island, near that city. For the past 23 years the wind has been steadily sweeping away the sand in which the soldiers were buried, so that now in many cases their bones are exposed and bleaching in the sun. Sometimes only two or three of these graves are uncovered at a time, and again as many as 25 or 30 will be exposed. The spot where these remains are upturned is near Vinegar Hill, in full view of one of the bloodiest battle-grounds of the war.

Better Than a Hero.

"What a coward that Major Smith is," said Jones to Robinson, "why the very sight of gun-powder would make him ill. How did he ever manage to become an officer in the army?" "Don't say anything against Smith," answered Robinson, "he once saved my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impossible! What do you mean?" "I mean that I was in the first stages of consumption; I was losing strength and vitality every day with the terrible disease, when Smith advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had tried all kinds of medicines without success, and my physician had given me no hope; yet here I am, as well as ever a man was, and I owe my life to Smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended."

Not a Good 'Splainer.

Mrs. Burnett says that most of the scenes in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" are real, for instance that in which Cedric undertakes to teach his grandfather baseball. "One day," she says, "the original thought it necessary to instruct me in the great national game. After a great deal of explaining I was obliged to admit that I was rather stupid. 'Oh, no you're not, dearest,' protested the little boy, 'you're not at all stupid; but I'm afraid I'm not a good 'splainer, and then, as you're a lady, of course baseball is not very easy to you.'"—*Boston Traveller.*

Polly's Little Ride.

A little five-year-old, living up in the First ward was left alone for a few minutes the other day with only the dog and parrot for company. Evidently he thought that the parrot needed a little outdoor air, for he took the cage out on the sidewalk and tied it to the dog's tail. The good mother appeared upon the scene just in time to near the little fellow say: "Now, Fido, 'oo tate Polly out for a nice 'itty ride, an' tum back soon." Before the mother could find her tongue the dog was a block away, jerking the frightened parrot over car tracks and cobble stones, while the bird was swearing at the top of his voice. Neither have been seen since, and it is thought that they had a dog and a parrot of a time of it.—*Peck's Sun.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

The world has become so accustomed to new and startling ventures that enterprises which would have been considered wild flights of fancy a few years ago, are, as a general thing, given a fair chance of development without opposition or ridicule. When William Murdoch made his discovery of combustible air or gas, the wise, great and good laughed at the idea. "How could there be light without a wick" one member of the English Parliament said when the matter was brought before the House. Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting London by gas, and asked one of the proprietors if he intended taking the dome of St. Paul for a gas meter. Sir Walter Scott was as sceptical as the rest, and made himself merry over the idea of lighting any place by smoke. When the House of Commons was lighted by gas, the architect, imagining the gas ran on fire through the pipes, insisted upon their being placed several inches from the wall, for fear of the building taking fire. The members were as fearful, and were observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved hands and wondering why they did not feel warm. The first London shop was illuminated by gas in 1840, and one lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the lamp upon the counter that she asked to be allowed to take it home in her carriage. Truly, "times are changed" since the sober-minded days when the pros and cons were sternly weighed in the balance before a new venture was made.

Two kinds of people it is impossible to calculate upon, and those are the deaf, and the absent-minded. It never fails that when you are saying something which you do not want the first to hear, and you calculate on their infirmity, *that* is the time when they have a sudden sharpening of their sense, and not a word is lost of what they were not expected to know. Then if advantage is taken of a pre-occupied faraway look in some *de trop* individual to do or say something that might be objectionable or ridiculous in his sight, he is sure to come out of preoccupation, just at the inopportune moment, to his own anger or enjoyment as the case may be, and to the confusion of those who were reckoning upon his being absent in spirit. Both of these kinds of people are snares and delusions if you attempt any little deception, however harmless it may be.

It is related of Charles Dickens that he usually wore a rapt, far off look that led a stranger to believe that he was not hearing or noticing aught that was going on. On the contrary, at such times, nothing escaped him; he was quietly taking notes of everything that was passing about him, and frequently when those present supposed "he was away in a land of his own peopling, suddenly up would go the curtain from his veiled vision, and he would break forth into most merciless criticisms of all of the conversation." It would not take long, of course, to get used to that sort of thing, but the process would be rather embarrassing. Moral—Never trust entirely to appearances.

Everyone is familiar with the "Chestnut bell." If not with its sound, certainly with its use and abuse, as it is a favorite toy with the slang fiend and small boy. The "poison bell" has lately been brought into notice and figures in drug stores as a fitting companion to the death's head labels which are pasted upon bottles whose contents are dangerous. It is necessary that a drug clerk should be thoroughly posted in his business, knowing the exact position, size and shape of every bottle and pill box which goes to make up the pharmacentist's stock in trade. If a clerk happens to take the wrong bottle from the shelf and replaces it to get the right one, immediately the customer's face expresses distrust and a fear of meeting with sudden death from an accidental dose of "cold poison." In order to avoid any such catastrophe an ingenious inventor constructed a patent shelf upon which was placed all bottles containing poison. It was made of two metallic plates held apart by a spring and so evenly balanced that upon the removal of a bottle the equilibrium was destroyed and the two plates came together creating a current which caused an alarm bell to be rung. It was an ingenious contrivance and was introduced into drug stores all over the country but without meeting with great success. The average man or woman is prone to be shy of poisons and when once the meaning of this bell was known, customers were exceedingly chary of taking the prescriptions upon which the warning note had been sounded.

Baking day in France is a monthly operation as is washing day in Germany and Ireland. The loaves resemble cart wheels in size and mill-stones in weight, and like the hard bread of war times, must be split with an ax or cut with a saw. The family baking, as a general thing, is done by the masculine portion of a French peasant family, and a small room is set apart for that special purpose. When bread day comes around, the master of ceremonies, together with his assistant or assistants, retire to the field of labor and the tug of war commences. Into a laage trough is shoveled quantities of flour, then water is poured upon it, and after a thorough stirring of the mixture with huge wooden spades, the yeast is left to rise. When the mass has assumed a dark color and leathery consistency, it it considered "riz," and then the serious pars of the business begins. The operators put on wooden sabots over their shoes, jump in upon the dough and begin the kneading. They prance and kick like war horses, hop and pirouette like an opera dancer, exerting themselves until no strength is left and the perspiration pours off them in streams. After this process, the head is put in six quart pans and baked in huge brick ovens.

Bread kneading is a profession in many of the Norman towns, and is left entirely to the sterner sex. One French woman upon being told that in America bread making was woman's work, exclaimed: "Mon Dieu! How cruel your men are! I would rather shoe horses!"

There is always springing into existence the latest, "latest Fad." Amateur photography has been well canvassed and written up but inventive genius is affording an opportunity for more to be said. A "Detective Camera" has lately been put upon the market. The box is so small it can be carried anywhere, and its mechanical parts so perfect that any one can operate it. The camera is so contrived that six photographs can be taken in quick succession and so sharply defined that they can be enlarged tenfold. It is said that the most prominent artists carry this detective camera with them at all times. This they do from a strictly professional point of view, as it enables them to fix a fine subject by a simple twist of the wrist and the pull of a string. The "smart young man" carries one for the purpose of obtaining pictures of his acquaintances without their knowledge. No one is safe from being photographed at any moment. Detective cameras may be pointed at you from all directions, and it is to be feared that the legitimate business of the photographer may be injured, as any mania or desire for photographs may be gratified at small expense and after a short term of practice by means of this invention.

The Free Trade Folly.

And you are asked to give up such a market for the markets of the world! Why the history of such a transaction was told twenty-four hundred years ago. It is a classic. You will find it in the works of Æsop, the fabulist.

Once there was a dog. He was a nice little dog. Nothing the matter with him except a few foolish free trade ideas in his head. He was trotting along, happy as the day, for he had in his mouth a nice shoulder of succulent mutton. By and by he came to a stream bridged by a plank. He trotted along, and looking over the side of the plank, he saw the markets of the world and dived for them. A minute later he was crawling up the bank the wettest, the sickest, the nastiest, the most muttonless dog that ever swam ashore!—*Hon. Thos. B. Reed.*

English Capital Going Into Steamships.

Just at present English capital is again seeking investment in steamships, which for a year or two it seemed inclined to shun. There are now building in British shipyards 302 steamers, with a tonnage of 539,000 tons, against 247 and 374,000 tons at the same time last year. In the first three months of this year, 142,000 tons was added to the steamer tonnage of the United Kingdom, against 15,000 tons in the first quarter of 1887. Fast as England builds steamships the United States builds locomotives. Herein is the difference between the two countries, and it is a difference due to no accident, but to the differing economical conditions and methods of the countries. As long as ploughing the prairies pays better than ploughing the waves, Americans will prefer the former.—*Boston Transcript.*

FOR TIRED BRAIN

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphates.

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit and ultimate recovery followed."

THE ANNUAL RECORD.

Its Enormous Total and Wide Distribution—Caprices of Fortune.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by the Louisiana State Lottery Company during the year ending May, 1888, together with the names and addresses given to the company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

DRAWING OF JUNE 14, 1887.

F. V. Wasserman, Omaha, Neb.	$30,000
Jas. H. Raymond & Co., Austin, Tex.	30,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Theo. Flugmacher and William Wendel, N. Y. City, through Southern Express Co.	15,000
L. M. Reinack, through Klaus & Bros., through First National Bank of Meridian, Miss	15,000
William Kempler, New York City	15,000
A. J. Treft's, n. w. cor 6th and L Strs., San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Annie Chandler, Cliftonville, Miss., through First Nat'l Bank of Meridian	15,000
National Exchange Bank of Dallas, Tex	15,000
City National Bank of Dallas, Tex	15,000
Charles E. Dennis, Exposition, Boulevard and Preston Sts., New Orleans, La	15,000
P. J. Mooney, 420 Ursuline Street, New Orleans, La	15,000
W. L. Wilson, Willows, Cal	5,000
Turner & Richardson, Cleburne, Tex	5,000
Insley, Shire & Co., Leavenworth, Kas	5,000
Frank Armstrong, Afton, Iowa	5,000
Casco National Bank, Portland, Me	5,000
John G. Liebel, 1919 Peach St., Erie, Pa	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	5,000
Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans	5,000
Geo. Miller, 1324 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal	5,000
S. Levy, 140 E. 16th St., Chicago, Ill	5,000
J. B. Boyd, San Diego, Cal	5,000
Snyder, Wells & Co., Gates, Tenn	5,000
John Kyle, Buffalo, N. Y	5,000
J. C. Curry, Memphis, Tenn	5,000
New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La	3,750
A. B. Clark, Boston, Mass	1,250
R. J. Tuffin, Boston, Mass	1,250
John McRedmond and John McKenna, Stanford, Conn	1,250
First National Bank, San Jose, Cal	1,250
John L. Steelman, 62 South St., New York	1,250
R. G. Hefferman, Louisville, Ky	1,250
G. R. Goldbeck, Manor, Tex	1,250
Frank Matthews, Texarkana, Ark	1,250
J. C. Lowe, Chester, Neb	1,250
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	1,250
H. F. Hutchins, Portland, Me	1,250
Jas. Sinclair, 6 Thomas St., N. Y. City	1,250

DRAWING OF JULY 12, 1887.

Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	30,000
John Murphy, Glenmary, Tenn., through First Nat'l Bank of Chattanooga, Tenn	15,000
Henry Downs, Swiftwater Plantation, near Greenville, Miss	15,000
Darius R. Burr, 179 Forsyth St., New York	15,000
Chris. Sintes, 408 Dryades St., New Orleans, La	15,000
Archie L. Allen, Buffalo, N. Y	15,000
J. P. Coleman, Petersburg, Va., through City Bank of Richmond, Richmond, Va	15,000
Albert Schroder, Burlington, Iowa	15,000
W. S. Locke, McMillan, Mich., through First National Bank, Marquette, Mich	15,000
First National Bank, Terre Haute, Ind	10,000
London and San Francisco Bank (Limited,) San Francisco, Cal	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	5,000
John L. Bett, Portland, Me	5,000
John Cash, " "	5,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco	4,000
Robert Joseph Leigh, 39 Willett St., N. Y	2,000
City National Bank, Cairo, Ills	2,000
Isaac Vaughn, New York City	2,000
D. C. Jackson and M. G. Cook, Cairo, Ills	2,000

DRAWING OF AUGUST 9, 1887.

C. W. Moorman, Cloverport, Ky., through Kentucky National Bank, Louisville	30,000
Kentucky National Bank, Louisville, Ky	15,000
J. B. Fontaine, Caliente, Cal	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	15,000
Alexander Co., National Bank, Cairo, Ills	15,000
Geo. H. Zapp, Houston, Tex	15,000
W. H. Antnony, Houston, Tex	15,000
National Park Bank, New York City	15,000
Roger, Campbell & Ray Bayne, Deming, New Mexico	5,000
H. T. Woods, Portland, Me	5,000
T. J. Baker, Chicago, Ills	5,000
Samuel Barrett, Toronto, Ontario, Can	5,000
Thos. D. Crump, Jonesburg, Mo	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	5,000
W. A. Barnhill, Jackson, Tenn., collected through First National Bank, Jackson	5,000
S. P. Hill, New Orleans, La	5,000
J. P. Shulze, 213 W. Markham St., Little Rock, Ark	5,000
Wm. Higgins Adams, Boston, Mass	5,000
Robt. McNaughton, Governor St., Richmond, Va	2,000
W. H. Scott, Camp Point, Ills	2,000
Geo. Over, Ladonia, Tex	2,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco	2,000
James Stevenson, 38 Hanover St., Providence, R. I	2,000
H. M. Eddins, Glencoe, Minn	2,000
Oscar Groshell, with Richardson Drug Co., Omaha, Neb	2,000
W. Dowling, San Francisco, Cal	2,000
Misses M. & A. Meyer, New York City	2,000
Robt. J. Young, 403 Custom-House St., New Orleans, La	2,000

DRAWING OF SEPT. 13, 1887.

Paul Baier, 156 Hudson ave., Chicago, Ill	5,000
F. Epstein, Roodhouse, Ill	5,000
Frank H. Gillett, Norfolk, Neb	5,000
Paid Paul Kinler, Runner, Union National Bank, New Orleans, for a depositor	5,000
E. Steiner, Temple, Tex	5,000
Chris. F. Netz, 127 West North ave., Chicago, Ills	5,000
Wm. Duncan, Sioux Falls, Dak	5,000
Paid, People's Bank, New York City	5,000
J. H. Mount, Tawas City, Mich	5,000
Albert Evans, through First National Bank, Pueblo, Col	5,000
Mrs. Francis W. Siddall, Canton, Ohio	4,000
Robt. Worthington, Lexington, Ky	4,000
B. Nathan, 838 Broadway, New York City	2,000
Godhilf Wizeman, New York City	2,000
Chas. Johnson, Mobile, Ala	2,000
National Commercial Bank, Mobile, Ala	2,000

DRAWING OF OCTOBER 11, 1887.

Paid Fourth National Bank, N. Y. City	15,000
L. Ginsburg, 57 Salem st., Boston, Mass	15,000
Mrs. Chas. A. Scott, Springfield, Minn	15,000
Chas. A. Johnson, 375 W. Ohio street, Chicago, Ill	15,000
Paid P. Kinler, Runner, Union National Bank, New Orleans, for a depositor	15,000
L. Faget, 181 Common St., New Orleans	15,000
Henry Ecker, New York City	5,000
Jno. W. Richards, Hopkinsville, Ky	5,000
John D. Meeks, Fayetteville, Tenn	5,000
I. P. Gunter, Augusta, Ga	5,000
Herbert R. Cole, Portland, Me	5,000
Thos. Neal, New Iberia, La	5,000
Mrs. T. Runkel, Fredonia, N. Y	5,000
David Israel, Donaldsville, La	4,000
V. Tujague, 213 Decatur st., New Orleans	4,000
F. A. Buttrick, 95 Milk st., Boston, Mass	2,000
Frank Kubetz, 185 Dearborn st., Chicago	2,000
W. O. Van Dyke, care of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill	2,000
John F. Sullivan, 50 Fleet st., Boston	2,000

DRAWING OF NOVEMBER 8, 1887.

Morris Franklin, Vancover, B. C., Canada	15,000
Gay & Groff, Orleans, Nebraska	15,000
W. H. Landon, Newport News, Va., through Burruss, Son & Co., Norfolk, Va	15,000
Edgar Burnett, agent Adams Express Co., Jackson, Mich	15,000
Joe Morrison, Newport, Ark., through E. L. Watson, Newport, Ark	15,000
Michael Slutzki and Solomon Pinkofski, Boston, Mass	15,000
Mrs. Margaret Clarke, 12 St. Andrew St., New Orleans, La	15,000
Wm. Poad, Anaconda, Mont	15,000
Mrs. H. Benard, Sioux Falls, Dak	15,000
Jas. A. Baker, Missoula, Mont	15,000
E. H. Kaercross, Philadelphia, Pa	10,000
Chas. H. Walker, Edinburgh, Ill., through Geo. P. Harrington, Banker, Edinburgh	5,000
Thos. B. Miller, 1213 Lawrence st., Denver, Col	5,000
Wm. Leslie, San Francisco, Cal	5,000
Mount Vernon Banking Co., Mount Vernon, Ind	5,000
F. Wohlhurter, Oldham, Dak	5,000
W. H. Arison, Monongahela City, Pa	5,000
D. C. Macon, Elwood, Ind	5,000
C. O. Lofstrom, Burlington, Iowa	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	5,000
First National Bank, Nashville, Tenn	4,000
C. B. Mills and J. F. Brady, through Union Nat'l Bank, Kansas City, Mo	2,000
J. G. Hedrich, Las Vegas, N. Mex	2,000
H. Adams, Las Vegas, N. Mex	2,000
L. S. Anderson, Omaha, Neb	2,000
Felix Emrich, Kansas City, Mo	2,000
John C. Ketcheson, Leavenworth, Kas	2,000
H. B. Smoot, Colorado, Tex	2,000

DRAWING OF DECEMBER 15, 1887.

Harrison W. Vickers, Chestertown, Md	75,000
F. Poppendick, Omaha, Neb	12,500
S. W. Graybill, Lancaster, Pa., through First National Bank of Columbia, Pa	10,000
James Thompson, 36 and 37 Union Market, St. Louis, Mo	10,000
Wm. Gassom, St. Andrew near White St., New Orleans, La	5,000
D. G. Baldwin, for New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La., on acct. of a depositor	5,000
L. C. Atwood, Benicia, Cal	5,000
C. Fredericks Morse, Boston, Mass	5,000
Merchants' National Bank of Vicksburg, Miss	5,000
John McDermott, Vicksburg, Miss	5,000
Wm. Norris, Kansas City	5,000
Peter Thompson, Biloxi River, Miss	5,000
Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn	5,000
German Bank of Memphis, Tenn	5,000
H. Sheffreen, 2 Russell Place, Boston, Mass	5,000
E. B. Walker, Youngstown, O	2,500
Second National Bank of New Haven, Conn	2,500
Peter Weiler, 93 W. Randolph street, Chicago	1,250
D. J. Able, Albuquerque, N. M	1,250
Enos Blackman, Pottsville, Pa	1,250
Geo. P. Taylor, Burnside, Ky	1,250
H. M. Neiman, Chariton, Ia	1,250
Miss H. Lamb, 161 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass	1,250
W. B. Meeks, through Bank of Winchester, Winchester, Tenn	1,250
A. W. Carter, Aberdeen, Miss	1,250
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	1,250
John Rizzie, 4806 Frazier St., Chicago	1,250
L. H. Mead, Shell Lake, Wis	1,250
Elmer Langin, Butmon, Mich	1,250
Wilkinson & Irvin, Gates, Tenn	1,250
Kountze Bros., bankers, New York	1,250
M. Josephson, Carbondale, Pa	1,250

DRAWING OF JANUARY 10, 1888.

Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	25,000
State National Bank of Memphis, Memphis, Tenn	15,000
Fred Jarvis, Empire City, Oregon	15,000
Memphis National Bank, Memphis, Tenn	15,000
V. Schmidt, Petaluma, Cal	15,000
J. F. Stevenson, Bay Horse, Idaho	15,000
N. W. Nichols, through Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	15,000
Anglo-Californian Bank (Ltd.), San Francisco, Cal	15,000
Miss Augusta Filene, 2,037 Archer Ave., Chicago, Ills	5,000
W. W. Culbertson, Ashland, Ky	5,000
John Trimble, 315 S. Water St., Aurora, Ills	5,000
August Hunzelmann, 126 Chartes St., New Orleans, La	5,000
Miss Kitty Dillon, 105 Bienville St., New Orleans, La	5,000
Metropolitan National Bank, Cincinnati	5,000
Ed. Miller, Guadalajara Jalisco, Mex	5,000
Chas. A. Treanor, San Diego, Cal	5,000
N. Tostevin, Union Stock Yards, Chicago	2,000
A. McLeish, Jersey City, N. J	2,000
Fort Worth National Bank, Fort Worth, Tex	2,000
T. C. Tucker, Pearl, Tex	2,000
Jacob C. Shafer, Indianapolis, Ind	2,000
State National bank, Lincoln, Neb	2,000
Ira F. Ebert, Muchachinock, Iowa	2,000

DRAWING OF FEBRUARY 7, 1888.

A Correspondent at San Francisco, through Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La	45,000
John C. Pohl, Michigan City, Ind., through First National Bank of Michigan City, Ind	15,000
Robt. Poutz, Frankfort, Mich., through First National Bank of Manistee, Mich	15,000
Mrs. V. Gilly, 206 St. Philip St., New Orleans	15,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited, of San Francisco, Cal	15,000
M. Simoni, Camerons, Cal., through Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco	15,000
Geo. J. Johnson, Baraga, Mich., through Wm. Coach, Baraga, Mich	15,000
Matthew Steffens, Harrison St. Police Station, Chicago, Ill	15,000
Peter W. Harrison, 740 Carondelet St. New Orleans, La	5,000
E. L. Cammack, Lulu, Miss	2,000
Southwestern National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa	2,000
C. H. Soudley, Abbeville C. H., S. C	2,000
Joe Declue, Bonne Terre, Mo	2,000
L. F. Cooper, Cleveland, O	2,000
A. G. Drobish, Lincoln, Ill., through German-American National Bank of Lincoln	2,000
John B. Truitt, Winchester, Ill	2,000
L. Carter, Santa Clara, Cal	2,000
D. Meier, Denison, Ia., through Crawford County State Bank of Denison, Ia	2,000

DRAWING OF MARCH 13, 1888.

A depositor, through Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	15,000
L. D. Morelock, 111 Olive St., Adams Exp. Office, Evansville, Ind	15,000
M. F. Mock and Frank B. Godard, 413 Genesee St., East Saginaw, Mich	15,000
Eli Newman, through First National Bank of Helena, Ark	15,000
E. H. Woodson, 1525 Main St., Lynchburg, Va., through Lynchburg National Bank	15,000
I. N. Woodcock, Sidney, O., through Citizens' Bank of Sidney, O	15,000
John Murphy, Seneca, Ill	15,000
R. A. Lord, Emporium, Pa	15,000
W. T. Ridgway, 142 Sixth Ave., New York	15,000
Parties at Petersburg, Va., collected through Southern Express Co	15,000
Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, Mo	15,000
Fred. Bressler, 3,423 Locust St., St. Louis	15,000
Fred. Hofer, Taylor Ridge, Ill., through Citizens' Nat'l Bank of Davenport, Iowa	15,000
American Exchange Nat'l Bank of N. Y	15,000
Capt. James Williamson, Greenville, Quebec, Canada	15,000
Mrs. Elizo Hughes, Brooklyn, N. Y	15,000
B. Kirk, Seneca Falls, N. Y	10,000
C. T. O. Smith, Manitou Springs, El Paso Co., Col	10,000
A depositor, through Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	10,000
Charles E. Miller, care of Albert Kelly & Co., 37 Wall street, New York	10,000
A depositor, through Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La	10,000
A depositor, through New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La	5,000
A depositor, through National Exchange Bank of Dallas, Tex	5,000
Max Haefner, 176 Greenwich street, New York	5,000
J. P. Peterson, Ellsworth, Minn., through Lyon Co. Bank of Rock Rapids, Ia	2,500
A depositor, through Traders National Bank of San Antonia, Tex	2,500
C. W. Johnston, Lowell, Mass	2,500
H. Gluck, Tuscaloosa, Ala., through First National Bank, of Tuscaloosa, Ala	2,500
Frank Hall, 268 Magazine St., New Orleans, La	2,500
Alf Libert, Lake Charles, La	2,500
A depositor, through Germania Bank of New York City	2,500
Chas. Stratton, Mexico, Ind., through First National Bank, of Peru, Ind	2,500
A depositor, through the Defiance Nat'l Bank, of Defiance, O	2,500
A depositor, through Arkansas Nat'l Bank, of Hot Springs, Ark	2,500
Miss Clara Wisdom, care of Haymarket Theater, Chicago, Ill	2,500
Ernest Thiemer, 35 Oliver St., Cleveland, O	2,500
P. A. Joyce, New York	2,500
Ignatz Isakowitsch, 86 Willett St., New York City, New York	2,500
Matt Hang, Houghton, Mich	1,250
Frank Mayer, Leavenworth, Kas	1,250
E. R. Darrow, Cleveland, O	1,250
Chas. A. Davenport, 69 Congress St., Newark, N. J	1,250
N. Netter, San Luis Obispo, Cal	1,250
G. R. Heisler, Philadelphia, Pa	1,250
W. A. Taylor, Washington, Ia	1,250
H. C. Jones, Indianapolis, Ind	1,250
E. O. Hurd, Chattanooga, Tenn	1,250
James E. Somes, Terre Haute, Ind., through Evans & Somes, Terre Haute	1,250
Antonio Ranbadus, 76 Exchange Alley, New Orleans, La	1,250
Max Shamberg, Pittsburg, Pa	1,250
Chas. Nelson, 281 Hanover St., Boston	1,250
Mary A. Davis, Niantic, Ct	1,250

DRAWING OF APRIL 10, 1888.

Geo. Gregg, 2,938 Alter St., Philadelphia	$75,000
W. H. Barclay, Pittsburg, Pa	75,000
Chas. F. Morse, 880 Harrison Ave., Boston	5,000
A depositor, through Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	5,000
Wm. Severance, Lebanon, Ky., through the National Bank of Lebanon, Ky	5,000
W. A. Francis, Salem, Va., through Farmers National Bank of Salem, Va	5,000
Thos. Fair, Philadelphia, Pa	5,000
J. P. Weiss, Detroit, Mich., through Detroit Saving Bank, Detroit, Mich	5,000
A. L. Carson, San Francisco, Cal	5,000
J. Hall, through R. L. Hall, Richmond, Va	5,000
National Bank of the Republic, Washington, D. C	5,000
Party at Santa Rosa, Cal., through Pacific Bank of San Francisco, Cal	5,000
Raoul Deavernine, 52 Beaver, New York	2,000
Nashville Saving Co. Banking House, Nashville, Tenn	2,000

DRAWING OF MAY 8th, 1888.

M. A. Kelly, Pittston, Pa	$30,000
Mrs. G. E. Coleman, St. Louis, Mo	15,000
J. W. Yates, 612 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C	15,000
A depositor, Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La	15,000
The City National Bank, Dallas, Tex	15,000
Dr. R. Quinney, Anderson, Grimes Co., Tex	15,000
George H. Ashe, Galveston, Tex	15,000
American National Bank of Kansas City, Mo	15,000
A. Phillips through T. W. House, Houston, Tex	15,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal	10,000
Mrs. P. T. Robinson, 428 Dryades St., New Orleans, La	5,000
Col. R. H. Porter, Birmingham, Ala	5,000
J. B. Bliner, Dennison, O., through Farmers & Merchants Bank, Uhrichsville, O	5,000
Mrs. Frances A. Hoke, Emmitsburg, Md	5,000
H. Bunning, Mowequa, Ill., through V. Snyder & Co., Moweaqua, Ill	5,000
John Harrington, Houghton, Mich	5,000
City National Bank of Cairo, Ill	4,000
M. Waligurski, New York	4,000
S. Morganstern, San Francisco, Cal., through Anglo-Californian Bank, L't'd., San Francisco, Cal	2,500
A correspondent, through Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal	2,500
Collected through Merchants' & Planters' Bank of Pine Bluff, Ark	2,000
C. T. Stanley, 512 Montgomery st., San Francisco, Cal	2,000

For full particulars of the Grand Quarterly Drawing of June 12, see scheme in another column of this paper to-day.

The Prince of Wales is suffering from insomnia.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A NOBLE ORGANIZATION.

The Old Soldiers will Stand Together Though Political Parties Fall—A Word to the Calumniators of the G. A. R.

Editor Camp Fire:—There has been for some time, a manifest disposition on the part of a certain class of newspapers to defame, belittle or otherwise traduce the Grand Army of the Republic. It is also a fact, that these same papers have, in the past few years at particular times, under particular circumstances professed great love and esteem for the ex-soldiers who compose the organization of the G. A. R., and they have at stated times, as policy would seem to dictate, published column after column of praise, interlarded with fulsome flattery, of these same old soldiers, whom they now covertly deride and sneer at. These same papers have told us at other times that they loved the old soldier better than the Republican party did, and that they would do more for him; and they have frequently been trying to show how many more pension claims have been allowed in the same period of time under a Democratic administration than a Republican, and thus attempt to point out the great advantage it would be to the ex-soldier to have a continuation of this kind of an administration. The question naturally arises, why this portion of the public press should be at times so loving to the soldier, and then again so bitter and malignant? I apprehend the reason is that those who control it have no appreciation of the soldier as an individual or of the G. A. R. as an organization. Their narrow and contracted minds are unable to fathom or comprehend the patriotism of the soldier any more than they can his social and fraternal characteristics. And when they cannot influence him by baseless promises, nor cajole him by fulsome flattery, they let loose their vials of wrath, and heap their wicked slanders and abuse upon him. This particular class of newspapers have, of late, rolled off quite an amount of stuff in reference to the St. Louis reunion affair, sneering at and abusing the late Commander-in-Chief Fairchild; and have also attacked Gov. Foraker in regard to the rebel flag episode and the Wheeling difficulty, as well as attempted to show that the Grand Army has been to blame for all these troubles and dissensions. They seem to forget the fact that President Cleveland has gone out of his way, time after time, to insult, abuse, malign and sneer at the old veterans of the nation. They seem to forget that these same old soldiers have feelings, that they are human, and that when insulted and spit upon, they would be apt to resent the indignity, and not altogether passively submit to the outrage. They seem to forget that the old soldier, while he has been and is now, true to his country and his flag, is generally apt to be true to himself. And, that, while he recognizes and respects the exalted position of the chief ruler of the nation, he would not stultify himself by giving public glorification to a man that has insulted and defamed him, and especially if that man had prostituted his high office to pander to the principles, tastes and whims of that class of people whose principles and acts brought on the war against the government which these soldiers fought to defend. These same papers have a good deal to say about keeping up the "animosities of the war," and "waving the bloody shirt," but they take good care never to censure the South for anything of this kind. What has been the language of no small portion of the Southern press?

For example, following the election of Cleveland, they gave us plenty of expressions of this kind: "The lost cause is not lost." "Thank God, what the South lost by the war has been regained by the ballot!" "Cleveland is elected, and constitutional liberty, for which our forefathers fought, and which has been overthrown and trampled upon by the Republican party for nearly a quarter of a century, is about to be re-established!" "The tyranny of Northern demagogues is about to be broken, and the principles for which the chivalry of the South fought for four long years will be revived!" Jefferson Davis, the grand old hero, and exponent of Southern ideas, has agreed to be present at the Atlanta exposition!" And hundreds of like expressions that from time to time, eminate from the Southern press, meet no condemnation from this particular class of journals.

But if the members of the G. A. R. take exception, or speak of maintaining the principles for which they fought, why, why, then, they are denounced as disturbers of the public peace and wavers of the "bloody shirt."

One reads in these papers no condemnation of the tender-hearted Southerners who are so shocked by being called rebels, or those who feel so hurt because the flags that the hated Yankees captured from them in their unholy crusade against the Union yet remain in the keeping of the loyal states, or are held by the general government as trophies of the prowess and endurance of the Union armies. Oh, no; no condemnation for the demand for their return! But if the old boys oppose, when the men whose hands, at the peril of their lives, wrested these flags from the legions of treason, object, and say that they shall not be returned, why, then they are condemned, and accused of keeping up the animosities and feelings of the war. Thus it is shown that the professed love of this particular class for the old soldier, is all a sham, a trick, a lie, an attempt at seduction, a snare by which they hope to use the ex-soldier for their own base purpose. But when they find out that their pretended love and admiration for the soldier is seen through and understood, their animosity is aroused, and the howl of "partisan organization" is raised, and predictions are made that the G. A. R is going to pieces through dissensions in its ranks, &c. It is time that this class of newspapers and their manipulators should be made to understand, if they have comprehension enough to be made to understand, that the soldier is composed of different material from what they suppose him to be. But it is doubtful whether they can be taught anything in this direction, because they are but the outshoot of the same class who, during the war, were heaping curses and anathemas on the heads of the gallant boys in blue, as well as every one else who was in favor of defending the government. They then spoke of the President as the "tyrant Lincoln," or the "ape Lincoln," The soldiers were disignated as "Lincoln's hirelings" or Lincoln's dogs." They thought it no sin, no crime then, to abuse, defame or slander the President, nor did they profess any love for the soldier; and doubtless the defenders of the flag and the suppressors of the rebellion are not anxious to learn their duty from this class of public educators.

The Grand Army of the Republic is made up of a great portion of the survivors of the Union army, and within their organization are men of all political and religious shades of opinion. Men who, for honor, patriotic devotion to country, and all the qualifications that go to make up a good citizen, morally, intellectually and socially, would not only compare favorably with, but are the peers of any other organization of men in this or any other country. Here are men who have tented and bunked together; men who have stood shoulder to shoulder through three or four years of peril and war; men who have watched together on the lonely and dangerous picket line; who stood side by side where cannon thundered and where volleys of musketry poured forth their deadly storm of leaden hail; men who have helped each other from the bloody field; who have bandaged each other's wounds; who have divided with a comrade their last cracker or shared with him their last cup of black coffee; men who, without bitterness or animosity, fought for the right, their country and their flag; men who, when the fight was over, were willing to shake hands with the brave men who stood before them in the battle, and if they would admit their error and ask forgiveness, could and would have forgiven them, as truly and sincerely as they had fought against them. The Grand Army is composed of brave men, brave as any that ever, drawing sword or shouldering musket, marched forth at beat of drum to do or dare, and if need be to give their lives that their country might live. And as bravery always begets magnanimity and generosity, it can be shown that no conquering army was ever more generous or magnanimous to a conquered foe than was the Union army in its struggle for the preservation of the Union.

Do any think that these men can be used by political tricksters and demagogues and prostituted so that vaulting ambition may ride to honor to glory and fame, over their prostrate forms? If any do so think, they make a grand mistake. Talk not to these "old boys" of dissensions and disruptions in their ranks! They have heard talk like this even when the guns of rebeldom were thundering at the life of the nation. Did they disintegrate then and break up their organization? Did they not, rather, close up their ranks, and with more determined energy, hurl themselves against those who were trying to disintegrate and break up the government and destroy the Union.

Although the Democratic party may die, though the Republican party may fall to pieces, and all other parties break into fragments, so long as there is enough of the old soldiers left to form a post, so long will the Grand Army live. And if spirits live in the great beyond when the last bugle's blast that has bid the sleeping dust arise shall echo along the blazing hill tops in the final conflagration these brave and noble spirits shall meet in joyous affinity in one grand parade upon the other shore.—H. C. Olds, of the 66th Reg. O. V. I., and late major 145th G. V. I., Vernon, Ind.

WHO CAN WE TRUST?

Old Soldiers, You Have One More Duty to Perform—How Shall It be Done.

Editor Camp Fire:—Seeing that so much and so many good things are said in the Camp Fire, and having seen nothing from any of my old regiment, I take the liberty to throw on something for the Camp Fire, in hopes that it may be kept burning; and may it burn brighter than ever in 1888. Excuse the rail, for we Kansas people have to put up with cottonwood rails, but here goes, all the same. I enlisted in Co. B, 11th Mo. Inftry. Vols., July, 1851, when only 13 years of age. We were all Illinois men, except part of one company. Illinois thought at that time she had enough men, so, in order to get into Uncle Sam's service, we were taken to St. Louis, Mo., and mustered in as Missouri troops. Very many and interesting things could be said of our regiment, but this is not my object at present. I may come again at some future time and speak of its many trials and hardships, but fellow comrades, this can be done almost any time. There are other things of more importance at present, that we should look well to. How are you going to fight the battle of 1888? I am sorry to say we are almost where we were in 1861. Who are you going to vote for? Who shall be our leader? I am for the man who has proved himself brave and honest and who has stood up boldly and bravely for his country and for those who saved this country by battling for it. Show me a man who will not honor the honest soldier who fought for his country and I will show you a rebel, and a man who has treason in his heart; but show me a man who stands by the country's defenders, in words, deeds and action, and I will show you a man who is loyal, and true to his country, one who can safely be trusted. We certainly have both of these classes of men before us today. Which do you choose? I am aware we have some of as good men as are to be found among us who are voting and doing all they can to further the Democratic party. What party did I say? Listen. There is no Democratic party now, neither has there been since 1861. It seems a little hard to say this, but look back over the past history and see for yourselves. Mystery, O mystery, why is it we look all around us, and see so many our good citizens and old soldiers feeding the so-called Democratic (rebel sentiments) party? Is it not plain to be seen, has not the head of that so-called Democratic party shown his colors? How you ask? In many ways. They have cried bloody shirt and many other things, but can we sit still and see them go on in their devilish work? Enough has already been done by them to disgrace our nation. Take away the trophies of any heathen tribe and you insult them at once; try to keep from the heathen what belongs to him rightly, and you insult him at once, yes heathens, people of no education, people who are not civilized can see this much. I ask then, why do they do this? It is a shame and disgrace to a nation who will not protect and take care of its men who have, through exposure and dangers, gone forth to fight for their country. You may say there are many receiving pensions who are not needy, while that may be true, does this justify us in the least for not helping those who are really in want? Nay, we have laws to govern this, but it may be possible to find black sheep wherever we go. I for one am receiving no pension, but I want to see every soldier who is in want, helped, as it is right, it is honest, it is just. And it is right and just that every soldier get all that is due him; that he get full value for his services. But, comrades, who will do this? Who is safe to trust to do this? I'll tell you. The man or men who have and are standing up and trying with all his might to defend you and their country. These are the men to be trusted and none other. A man who is perfectly honest in his acts (though he be wrong) is deserving of some honor, while I have no sympathy for Jeff Davis or any of his followers in the least, yet I would feel safer to vote for him for President than for the one who is in now. Why? Because I would know what to expect from Jeff, but do you from Grover? Yes, I am willing to forget the past, when I can see and hear that heartfelt spirit say "We will do so no more." But must we wait until the horse is stolen before we lock the stable door? Comrades, think of these things, and let us be up and doing our duty in the future as in the past. I do not believe there will be any trouble if we will all turn out and work, but if we carelessly let go and remain idle. We are certain to get left again. Who then shall be the man, or men? We have many, possibly, who could fill the bill. How does Sherman and Foraker, or Sherman and Lincoln, suit you. It is to be hoped when our convention meets they will good, honest, loyal men, and comrades and all loyal people who want to see this nation prosper, turn out to the man and support our nominee. Look at our nation, if you please, and see what it has done in the last twenty or more years of Republican rule. The like has never been known. I would love to see something from some of the old bloody 11th Missouri.—S. S. Turley, Belle Plaine, Sumner Co., Kansas.

"Look at My Brains."

Editor Camp Fire:—In the fall of '61, when Jim Lane had command of Ft. Scott, Kan., S. P. Jackman, with 300 men, went to a place 25 miles northeast of Ft. Scott, took possession of McNeal's mill, and built a fort of saw logs. Lane dispatched Col. Williams, 3d Kan., with 140 men and a piece of artillery to dislodge Jackman, who found his men in a corn field about two miles above the mill, on the Little Osage river. Col. Moonlight threw a shell over the field of corn, which was then just in the milk. It exploded in the center of the field, and one piece struck a roasting-ear near the head of a Johnny. The milk flew in his right eye and ear. Throwing his right hand up to his eye, he rubbed the milk out and exclaimed: "My God, look at my brains!"—T. S. Barcafter, Grigsley, Kan.

Gossip Among the Boys.

Jessie B. Crommett, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As a soldier's wife, I am pretty proud of the old veterans, and when I think how rapidly such true and loyal men as my husband was, are falling from the ranks in life's battle, it seems to me that they deserve more than a passing notice. To have been a true soldier in every sense of the word, and to leave a clear record, is heritage that money cannot reward or time efface".

M. W., of Liberty Mills, Ind., writes a caustic letter to the Camp Fire, using Grover Cleveland as her subject. She also calls attention to the injustice of the present pension laws.

—The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

"Fudge."

New York Sun (Dem).

The *Courier-Journal* makes its prophetic information more distinct, as, for instance:

"Of the New England states, Mr. Cleveland will carry Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

"Of the Western states, he will carry Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, and perhaps Illinois.

"Of the Pacific coast states, California and Oregon.

"This is a period of revolution."

On which the only sensible and level-headed comment is, fudge! Of all these states the only one in the East that any practical politician can expect the Democrats to carry is Connecticut, and the only one in the West is Indiana, and the only one on the Pacific is Oregon.

Never call your neighbor a skinflint before the children unless you wish him to know your opinion of him. If he demands satisfaction for your words, give the child who acted as an intermediate a sound thrashing.

THE MEDICO-ELECTRIC JAR,

Nature's Great Pain Killer,

Cures Headache Instantly,

And has restored Hearing and Eyesight.

The Only Remedy that Will Cure Catarrh.

Price, $1. Send 25 cts. for a sample Jar. You will find it the finest you ever saw. WE WANT AGENTS. Address NOW

W. E. McCHRISTIE,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. Sanford, Kent, Ohio.

Strengthen the System

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. Thompson, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. Barrington, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

BUFFALO ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO., 9 West Eagle St., Buffalo, N. Y. ARTIFICIAL LEGS, ARMS, and apparatus for disabilities and deformities. Established 30 years. Send for illustrated catalogue, free.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, With all the latest known improvements, at greatly reduced prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. B. MATTHEWS, Cor. 4th Ave. & Market St., Louisville, Ky.

A LITTLE LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

What to Say Instead of What Is Not to be Said.

Boston Transcript.

Careless habits of speech are among the prominent faults of our young people, even those young people who have advantages of schools and intelligent home surroundings. Recognizing this, the professor of English literature at Wellesley college has prepared a list of "words, phrases and expressions to be avoided," from which the young (and old) readers will receive many serviceable hints:

Guess, for suppose or think.

Fix, for arrange or prepare.

Ride and drive, interchangeably. [Americanism.]

Real, as an adverb, in expressions real good, for really or very good, etc.

Some or any, in an adverbial sense: e. g. "I have studied some," for somewhat. "I have not studied any," for at all.

Some ten days, for about ten days.

Not as I know, for not that I know.

Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.

Try an experiment, for make an experiment.

Singular subject with contracted plural verb: e. g., "She don't skate well."

Plural pronoun with singular antecedent: "Every man or woman should do their duty;" or, "If you will look any one straight in the face, they will flinch."

Expect, for suspect.

First-rate, as an adverb.

Nice, indiscriminately. (Real nice may be doubly faulty.)

Had rather, for would rather.

Had better, for would better.

Right away, for immediately.

Party, for person.

Promise, for assure.

Posted, for informed.

Post-graduate, for graduate.

Depot, for station.

Stopping, for staying.

Try and do, for try to do.

Try and go, for try to go.

Cunning, for small, dainty.

Cute, for acute.

Funny, for odd or unusual.

Above, for foregoing, more than, or beyond.

Does it look good enough, for well enough.

Somebody else's, for somebody's else.

Like I do, for as I do.

Not as good as, for not so good as.

Feel badly, for feel bad.

Feel good, for feel well.

Between seven, for among seven.

Seldom or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.

Taste and smell of, when used transitively. Illustration: We taste a dish which tastes of pepper.

More than you think for, for more than you think.

These kind, for this kind.

Nicely in response to an inquiry for health.

Healthy, for wholesome.

Just as soon, for just as lief.

Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.

The matter of, for the matter with.

Hopeless, But Not Lost.

It is folly for any physician to declare that he covets hopeless cases, or patients who have been "given up" by other practitioners. Sensible men, with pride in their art and reputations that they prize, do not seek to imperil their noble profession or their own fame. Insurance companies avoid taking risks on threatened lives. Of course every practitioner whose heart is not stone does take cases that imperil his success. He does so because he loves his fellow man. At the same time disease is most effectively grappled with in its earlier stages. Neglect of apparently trifling disorders lead to the many complicated cases which baffle the highest skill, when any one of the maladies existing alone could be handled by the physician with certainty. When the system has become the slave of some over-mastering physical complications, a complete regeneration alone suffices to restore health. The blood, the nerves, and the digestive and urinary machinery must be thoroughly overhauled. For this nothing has ever been found that equals the Compound Oxygen Treatment. The New York Tribune recently declared that the successful application of oxygen gas to medicine has stimulated the most urgent search for new methods of making it unattended with the long and expensive process that has so long been used. Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., have met with unprecedented success in apparently hopeless cases of lung and heart diseases in the administration of their Compound Oxygen, and this encourages them to urge its merits. They have many imitators, some of whom, even with imperfect appliances, effect a few cures. But the best is not only the cheapest but the safest. Drs. Starkey and Palen have a large office practice that employs themselves and several assistants during the day. They have introduced a system of Home Treatment, by which they send the Compound Oxygen to all parts of the country for a very low price. It should not be understood that they prefer to treat patients at long range. On the contrary their large and magnificently appointed offices 1529 Arch street, are crowded daily. One visit, at least, is always desirable, but when that can not be had the next best thing must be done. The sufferer should write a full description of his or her condition to Drs. Starkey and Palen. They will give an honest opinion of the case, and their advice will cost nothing.

MORSELS OF GASTRONOMY.

"Hot Weather Dishes" is the seasonable title of a new volume for bon-vivants.

An importing house advertises a new kind of sardines which are to be broiled.

A man who has to eat a cold mutton sandwich may be excused for kicking the cat.

An exchange asks if it is proper to eat the stalks of asparagus. It depends on the appetite.

In the interest of health a long walk should follow the eating of India-rubber clam fritters.

It is to be hoped that the next cyclone in the South will blow out of every kitchen the frying pan.

Spring chickens are supposed to be of last November hatching, but this is "ignorance and bliss."

Lettuce, they tell us, is "best eaten at breakfast," but the law against it for dinner never passed.

People who are not fastidious about what they eat invariably call for a second plate of chowder.

The wedding guest who gets more than the regulation share of the cake always condemns the baker.

Do Figures Lie?

Let us see:

Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens 2 for a dollar, getting for her 30 chickens $15.

The other sold hers 3 for a dollar, getting for her 30 chickens $10.

This made $25 realized for the 60 chickens.

The merchant called on to divide the money, said:

"You sold your 30 chickens 2 for a dollar, and you sold your 30 chickens 3 for a dollar. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of 5 for $2. Well, 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes $24 your chickens have brought."

But, as shown above, the women really had $25 in pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right!

Do figures lie?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Putnam's Ride.

M. S., South Whitley, Ind.:
Please tell a reader about Putnam's ride in '79.

One day in March, 1779, Gen. Putnam, who had his headquarters at Horse Neck, was shaving before his mirror. Suddenly there appeared in the glass before him the reflection of a body of British soldiers coming up the road. Dropping his razor and grasping his sword, he rushed out of the house, sprang on his horse, and hurriedly brought his men together on a hill near by to resist the advance of the enemy. The British force was so large, however, that he could not hold out against it with his little handful of men, and, ordering his soldiers to scatter into a neighboring swamp, he spurred his own horse over a precipice and descended a zig-zag path, where the British dragoons did not dare to follow. The British general, Tryon, who was in command of the English, plundered the people in the vicinity and then went back to King's Bridge. But by this time Putnam had got his men together again and was in hot pursuit, and on the way succeeded in recapturing nearly all of the booty.

The Phrase "O. K."

H. F. L., Bloomfield, Ind.:
Where or how did the phrase "O. K." originate? If you have not already explained in past numbers, will you please explain?

There are many explanations for the use of these letters. The story of President Jackson marking state papers with these cabalistic characters as a signification of his indorsement, according to Seba Smith, is well known. By some punster they were used as initials of the phonetic spelling indicated in the pronunciation of these words (oll korrect). The first use of these words was by Old Keokuk, the pacific chief of the Sacs and Foxes. When he sold Iowa to the government he signed the deed with the initials O. K. His co-chief, the fiery Black Hawk, refused to sell or sign away the rights of his people to the beautiful land, and hence the Black Hawk war. Old Keokuk passed years ago to the happy hunting ground, but his O. K. continues to supply a long felt want in the English language. It is also stated that they were used by John Jacob Astor as initials of a supposed correct spelling. Another explanation of "O. K." may be offered. This is: That in early colonial days a brand of tobacco of peculiar excellence came from the French town of Aux Cayes, in Santa Domingo. In course of time any good tobacco came to be known as Aux Cayes' tobacco, and finally the word was corrupted into the two letters, whose sound it resembles, to denote anything of superior quality.

The Kossuth Fund.

M. J. M., Rich Hill, Mo.:
What became of the fund collected by Kossuth some 30 years ago?

Kossuth was the leader of the Hungarian revolution of 1848, and when that proved a failure he was obliged to flee for his life. He sought refuge in Turkey, where he was seized and imprisoned, and he probably would have been given over to the Austrian authorities but for the intervention of England and the United States, which secured his liberty. Our government, in accordance with a resolution of the Senate, sent a war steamer to convey him to the United States as the Nation's guest. He arrived here in December, 1851, and was everywhere treated with the utmost distinction. He had high hopes of inducing the United State and England to jointly interfere in behalf of Hungarian liberty. He also desired to secure money and war material to aid the revolutionists. Our government, however, declined to give him any aid, and he was obliged to appeal for private contributions. He received some assistance in this way, though probably not a very large sum. Kossuth returned to Europe in July, 1852, going to Italy, as he could not safely go back to Hungary. From there he aided a projected rising in Hungary in the spring of 1853, in behalf of which all the funds raised in the United States were expended, but it ended in a most ignominious failure. Kossuth now went to England to live. During the war of Austria with France and Italy in 1859, Kossuth went again to the continent, and made active preparation for a rising, but the war was so soon ended that he accomplished nothing. In like manner, when the Austro-Prussian war broke out in 1866, his hopes of a Hungarian revolution were again roused, only to be in the same way frustrated by a speedy peace. Since that time Kossuth has remained in voluntary exile in London. Since 1867 Hungary has had her own legislature, chosen by her people, and the wrongs which provoked the revolution of 1849 have been generally righted. Kossuth has been entirely free to return to his country, but not approving of the terms on which the Austro-Hungarian Empire was organized, he has preferred to remain abroad.

Chicago Fire—Barbara Heck.

R. S., Bath, Mich.:
1. Please give the dates of the Chicago fires. 2. Give a sketch of Barbara Heck.

1. The first great fire in Chicago was in October, 1871, when destruction was carried over 2,100 acres, on which there were nearly 18,000 buildings, of which 2,400 were factories or stores, and nearly 100,000 people were rendered homeless. The extreme length of the burnt district was 3½ miles, and its greatest width a little over a mile. The loss of property amounted to $192,000,000, after allowing $4,000,000 for salvage on foundations of buildings. One estimate of the loss made it $290,000,000. A later account gives the area of the fire as, West division, 194 acres; South division, 460 acres; North division, 1,470 acres; total, 2,194 acres; The total number of buildings destroyed, 17,450, and 98,000 people rendered homeless, while 250 persons lost their lives. Another fire visited Chicago in July, 1874, which originated on South Clark street, between Taylor and Twelfth, and spread northeast to Michigan avenue. It was estimated that this fire burned over about 50 acres and destroyed many of the new buildings which had been erected after the fire of 1871. 2. Barbara Heck is known in church history as "the foundress of American Methodism." She was born in Ireland of German parents, who belonged to a settlement of German emigrants from the Rhine Palatinate to the Emerald Isle. These people soon came under the influence of Wesley and his preachers, and formed one of the strongest Methodist societies in Ireland. In 1760 Philip Embury, a Methodist preacher, with a number of these Germans, including Paul Heck and his wife Barbara, sailed for New York. Settling there, for some reason they gave up their Wesleyan meetings, but in 1766 Mrs. Heck had become so impressed with the wickedness of this falling off that she felt called upon to arouse her friends from their lethergy. Her earnest words so impressed Embury that he again undertook his work as a preacher. She rested not until she had gathered a little congregation to meet at his house, and by their joint exertions the famous "Old John Street Chapel," the first Methodist church in America was built. When Wesley's preachers came to take charge of the John street church Mrs. Heck removed with her family and that of Embury to Northern New York, where they founded Methodist societies. They finally settled in Upper Canada, and became the founders of their denomination in that locality. Barbara Heck died there, at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, near Augusta, in 1804, at the age of 70 years.

Ker—Tabinet.

Tolono, Ill.:
1. Give a history of the noble family of Ker, Duke of Roxbury. 2. What is tabinet?

1. There was more than one branch of the family of Ker, that which received the honor of the Roxburghe title being the most notable. The Kers of Cessford came into note in the time of the border troubles in the sixteenth century. In 1600 Sir Robert Ker was raised to the peerage of Scotland as Lord Roxburghe, and a few years later became Earl of Roxburghe. The fifth earl of the line was further honored with the title of Marquis of Bowmont and Duke of Roxburghe. The most noted member of the family was John, the third duke, who was born in 1740, and who became a great friend of George III. The Duke was of handsome figure and fine mental accomplishments, and was an especial social favorite. He had his residence in London, but traveled extensively on the continent, and in his visits to Germany met and fell in love with Christina Sophia, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenberg-Strelitz. There was no real objection to the match, but George III of England had just married Charlotte, the intended bride's young sister, and the etiquette of royal families at that time forbade that an older daughter should take a husband inferior in rank to a younger sister. Such an objection would not be insisted upon in these later days, but then the punctilio of etiquette was inexorable, and the young people could only yield to their unhappy fate. They proved the sincerity of their attachment by the fact that neither of them ever married. The duke became a great collector of old and rare books, and many are the incidents told by his biographers concerning the ardor with which he pursued his hobby. He had his collection in a mansion in St. James Square, London, and upon his death in 1804, his collection was sold at auction, some of the volumes and manuscripts bringing enormous sums. In honor of him, the Roxburghe club was instituted, for the purpose of printing copies of rare manuscripts. As this duke left no children the direct line of succession was broken, the British honors lapsed, and the Scottish honors reverted to a distant cousin. A generation later, there was a contest for a dukedom which was settled in favor of Sir James Innis Northclipp, who was but remotely connected with the old Ker family. His descendants now hold the family honors and bear the surname of Innis-Ker. 2. Tabinet is a rich kind of cloth, chiefly used for window curtains. It consists of a warp of silk and a weft of wool yarn, of the same kind that is used in making poplins.

Thomas A. Edison.

Sarah E. Hood, Foxville, Ills.:
1. Is chief justice of the United States elected for life?
2. Who is Thomas A. Edison?

1. He is not elected; he is appointed by the President and he holds office for life for this reason, that the constitution says he "shall hold office during good behavior."

2. Thomas A. Edison, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, was born at Milan, Erie county, Ohio. He came of a hardy stock, but his parents being poor he received a poor education. He only attended school two months in his life, and was indebted to his father for his knowledge of reading and writing. But with his lack of knowledge he learned rapidly. His father helped this along by paying him a small sum of money for each good book that he perused thoroughly. Before he was 12 years old he became train boy on the Grand Trunk railroad between Detroit and Port Huron, and managed to save money enough to buy a small farm in Michigan. His ingenuity and enterprise were shown and he published the first paper ever printed on a railroad train, which he got up and issued from an old font of type and a small hand-press. The paper was called the *Herald* but afterwards the *Paul Pry*, and was noticed by American and foreign papers. Following his ingenious bent he bought a lot of chemicals and set up a small labratory in one corner of the baggage car, but a bottle of phosphorus capsized one day, and this put an end to his railroading and experimenting for some time, as it set fire to the car. About this time an incident occurred which gave a coloring to his whole life. While standing on the depot platform he noticed the child of the station agent on the track in front of the approaching train. At the risk of his own life he jumped down and rescued the little one from its unheeded fate and had barely stepped off the track when the train thundered past. The grateful father offered to reward him pecuniarily on the spot, but young Edison had done a deed that money could not repay and he refused to take it. This only increased the station agent's admiration for him, and he, presuming the lad had no set work in life, proposed to teach him telegraphy. He learned rapidly the mysteries of telegraphy and improved in his writing so quickly that he could almost write down a man as fast as he could talk. He traveled from town to town, working here and there, and showed ability seemingly far beyond one of his years. He soon became an expert in his art and an authority on many things connected with it. Many funny stories are told of him. Telegraph operators who had been years in the service would take him for a "greeny" and try to joke him, always with the result that he turned it on them. Happening in the Gold room, Wall street, New York, one day, he found the gold indicator out of order and everything in the greatest confusion. The superintendent had vainly tried to fix it. Edison asked permission to look at the machine, and in less time than it takes to tell it he had it in working order again. He soon found plenty of work repairing delicate electrical machines, and collected a small sum of money, which aided him in buying material to experiment with. His genius turned to advantage, and he invented and had patented a "ticker," which received and printed the stock quotations on a slip of paper. This was his first invention and he made money enough out of it to establish a laboratory at Newark, N. J., which he afterward moved to Menlo Park, N. Y. His genius may be better understood when it is known that he is only about 40 years old, and has got valuable patents on over 300 inventions. The telephone and the electric light are the greatest of his inventions; but many a comfort in this advanced stage of progress are due to the genius and perseverance of the boy who started out in this world with little or no education.

Hoosac Tunnel—Ryehouse Plot.

R. S., Abilene, Kan.:
1. Will you please give a description of the Hoosac Mountains?
2. What was, and when the "Ryehouse Plot?"

1. The Hoosac Mountain stretches across the western part of Massachusetts, and forms a natural barrier between that state and New York. How to make a direct line of communication between these neighboring states was a problem that it took half a century to solve. At the point chosen for the excavation of the tunnel the top of the ridge is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is approached on the east by the valley of the Deerfield river, and on the west by the Hoosac river, a tributary of the Hudson. These valleys begin not more than five miles apart, and thus allow railways to reach the tunnel by easy grades. As early as 1825, commissioners of the Legislature reported in favor of tunneling the Hoosac mountain for a canal, but nothing was done about it, and in 1841 a railroad going over the mountain was completed, and the tunnel project was abandoned. The building of a tunnel, however, was embraced in the plan of the Troy & Greenfield railroad, which was incorporated in 1848, but no work was done on it for some years, owing to the difficulty of obtaining assistance from the state. In 1854 the state legislature passed an act providing for a loan of credit to the amount of $2,000,000 for the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel, but the gift was hampered by conditions which made it not directly available by the company, and thus the work was greatly hindered. Several contracts were made for the excavation of the tunnel, but all fell through by failure of the company to meet payments when due, and the work was not begun with vigor until 1857. It was then carried on until July, 1861, up to which time the state had advanced nearly $800,000 for the work, but as the state officials then refused to longer certify the bills of the contractors, work was suspended, and the project was entirely abandoned by the railroad company. In 1862 the state assumed control of the work, and appointed commissioners to supervise it; these found serious defects in the tunnel plan, and recommended important changes. Work was begun again in December, 1863, but so slowly did it proceed that the Hoosac Tunnel became to the people of Massachusetts a symbol of all impossible and unattainable results. But the second veritable epoch in the history of the enterprise may be said to date from 1868, when the state decided, after much discussion, to have the work completed immediately. The contract was then awarded to the Messrs. Shanly, of Canada, who vigorously prosecuted the work day and night, and on Thanksgiving day, November 27, 1873, the laborers advancing from both sides met and light was admitted through the tunnel. It was completed in March, 1874, and trains were running through it by the following September. The length of the tunnel is 25,031 feet, or 4¾ miles. It is 26 feet wide, and varies in height from 23 to 26 feet. The grade allowed is 26 to the mile during the entire distance from each portal to the central shaft, making the interior summit more than 60 feet higher than the ends. There is a central shaft in the tunnel which occasions sufficient draught to ventilate it quite effectually. The entire cost of the tunnel is estimated at $10,000,000. The longest tunnels the world are those through the Alps. Of these the Arlberg is six and one-half miles long, the Mont Cenis seven and three-quarter miles, the St. Gothard nine miles and a quarter, while the Simplon tunnel, now in process of construction, is to be twelve and a half miles long. 2. In 1683, at the same time that a scheme was formed in England among the leading Whigs to raise the nation in arms against Charles II., a subordinate scheme was planned by a few fiercer spirits of the party, including Col. Rumsey and Lieut. Col. Walcot, two military adventurers; Goodenough, under-sheriff of London; Ferguson, an Independent minister, and several attorneys, merchants and tradesmen of London—the object of which was to waylay and assassinate the king on his return from Newmarket. The deed was to be perpetrated at a farm belonging to Rumbolt, one of the conspirators, called the Ryehouse farm, hence the plot got its name; it was defeated.

Miscellaneous.

E. J. H., Clarkston, Md.: *Judge* is published in New York.

Mrs. S. H.: The niecrology of the past year has been printed but recently in the BLADE.

A. H. G., Topsy, Mo.: The temperance and tariff questions are receiving editorial attention each week.

I. J. Valentine, Mt. Nernon, Ill.
Would Gen. Sheridan be eligible to office if elected.
Yes. He was born at Somerset, Ohio.

J. P. D., Tevis, Kas.:
Can you tell us through the BLADE where old coins can be sold?
We can not advertise firms selling or buying goods, in the Bureau.

E. P. B., Swainsboro, Ga.:
Will you please reproduce Hon. S. S. Cox's description of a sunset, by which he acquired the name of "Sunset" Cox.
We have not it at hand.

John Brown, jr., Birch River, W. Va. We can not answer questions of firms selling goods, you will have to consult the advertising column of the paper. The National banking system has been fully explained.

John Biddle, Axtell, Kan.:
Does the Rev. Dr. Talmage deliver his sermons by reading them to his audience?
He does not read them; back numbers of the BLADE can be had at the counting room.

J. H. M., Rye, Colorado:
Will you please state in the Bureau, where, when and in what manner Jas. H. Lane, of Kansas, committed suicide? Also give a short history of his life.
It was in 1866, and we have no date at hand on the subject.

W. H. Griffin, Parkersburg, Ill.:
Will the BLADE please tell what is the salary of Vice-President, and what is the salary of Senators of the U. S?
The Vice-President gets $8,000 a year, and U. S. Senators $5,000.

A. H., Richmond, O.:
Please answer through the Question Bureau why the members of the House are only chosen for two years and those of the Senate for six years.
The constitution of the United States provides for the election to such terms.

Rhodo Crosby, Morton, Ill.:
What is meant by the expression "Reading between the lines?"
Very frequently a phrase is written in such a manner as to have two meanings; that is, it says one thing and may be interpreted to mean another. This second interpretation is called reading between the lines.

W. E. F., Letonia, O.:
What was the "Ordinance of 1787," and why do the people of Ohio point to it with so much pride?
In 1787 an ordinance was granted ceding "all that territory Northwest of the Ohio river," and Ohions and all loyal men point to it with pride, for the fact that human slavery was for ever prohibited in the ordinance.

Carrie M. Smith:
Does every man's vote count one in voting for the President or is the President elected just by electorial votes?
Each man's vote counts one for the elector; the electors' vote chooses the President; a person may be elected President and not have a majority of the popular vote, although he may have a majority of the electoral vote.

R. R. Florence:
1. Who appoints the standing committees in the U. S. Senate? 2. When the speaker of the House of Representative discharges his duty as presiding officer of the House who represents his district?
1. The presiding officer. 2. He represents his own district; he can call any member of the House to the chair while he takes the floor.

Wm. McCaffrey, White Oaks:
Will you please settle a question of difference. I urged that there is no railroad of importance in or out of Ohio or in the United States which was not subsidized either by national, state or local government. Am I right?
It would be pretty hard to say whether you are right or not; most all railroads receive grants of some kind, if nothing more than local donations.

Emma, Woodbine, Ia.:
Please answer the following: Give a description of the Custar massacre.
Custar was born in Ohio in 1840 and performed many daring feats during the civil war. After the close of the war he was sent to the West to do frontier service and with only a handful of men was ambushed and he and his little band of noble massacred. Many people have blamed the war departed under Grant for sending Custar into that country with insufficient forces to cope with the savages.

I. H. A., Circleville, (no state):
Will the BLADE be kind enough to answer: Two adjoining farmers, after keeping up line fences to a certain point for a number of years, they find one had been building a number of rods more fence than the other, would or would not the one building the overplus have a right to claim that amount of fence and move it off for his own benefit?
You had better consult a lawyer in your vacinity; doubtless there is a local law covering your case of which the BLADE has no knowledge.

J. Brandt, Appleton City, Mo.:
1. Is the profession of architecture a crowded one? 2. Of the two professions, architecture and civil engineering, which at the present time offer the greater inducements to a young man? Will you please answer through the BUREAU and oblige.
1 and 2. Neither are over crowded and there is always work for competent men. They are both excellent professions, the former gives you much inside work while the latter gives you much outside work.

Peter Stoner, Colorado:
Did the Indians have horses known as Indian ponies in their possession when America was discovered by Columbus? If not where did they get their ponies.
The first horses landed in any part of North America were carried over to Florida by Cabeca de Vance in 1527; they all perished. The wild horses found on the plains of Texas and the Western prairies are probably descendants of Spanish horses abandoned by De Sota. In 1527 part of the trade of the Dutch West India company was the carrying of horses from Flanders to New York and that year seven horses were safely transported from France to America.

F. N. D., Martinville, Mo.:
1. Will you please give as lengthy an article as space will permit on the "Childrens' Crusade," led by the French boy Stephen and the German peasant lad Nicholas. 2. Is not Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, ex-governor of Massachusetts, a bachelor.
1. The "Childrens' Crusade" was the most remarkable of the numerous expeditions prompted by the fanaticism of the age. In the year 1212, thousands of children, led by a peasant-boy, set out to recover the Holy Sepulchre. But many perished of starvation and fatigue, others were murdered, and large numbers were sold as slaves by rapacious traders to the Saracens in Africa. 2. Ben is a bachelor.

E. F. Sample, Ellery, N. Y.
1. Who first used the expression "A government of the people, by the people and for the people?" 2. What was the Society of Cincinnatus?"
1. Abraham Lincoln. 2. The order of the Cincinnatus was established by the soldiers of the revolutionary army in 1783, "to promote their friendship and to provide a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans who had fallen during the war. Cincinnatus was a roman farmer of great eminence but simple manners, and the name was given to the order on account of the many American patriots who followed his ways. Since then the society has dropped its beneficiary features and become a social society.

I. H., ———.:
1. Please give the pronunciation of the word volapuk. 2. Where can the text books necessary for acquiring the languages be procured? 3. What are the "Pillars of Hercules?"
1. *Vol-a-puck.* 2. At any large bookstore. 3. The pillars of Hercules was the name given by the ancients to the two huge rocks forming the entrance to the Mediterranean at the Straits of Gibraltar. Their erection was ascribed to Hercules by the Greeks. The pillars are not mentioned in Homer, although he speaks of Ulysses's passage out of the Mediterranean, showing an evident knowledge of the Strait. The first author who mentions this is Pindar, who places them at Gades (Cadiz.) The most general opinion, however, identified them with Calpe (now Gibraltar) and Abyla (now Ceuta.)

That Tired Feeling

Afflicts nearly every one in the spring. The system having become accustomed to the bracing air of winter, is weakened by the warm days of the changing season, and readily yields to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It tones and builds up every part of the body, and also expels all impurities from the blood. Try it this season.

Stimulants Between Meals.

Although all persons who indulse alcoholic stimulants well within the margin of actual drunkenness speak of themselves as "moderate drinkers," there are two special classes of them which bear no resemblance to each other, except in the one solitary circumstance that they never at any time take sufficient to intoxicate themselves. The one class is that which only partakes of stimulants while eating; the other indulges in them between meal time. To the latter habit is applied in this country the title of "nipping," while in the East it is spoken of as "pegging." And this is the most pernicious of all forms of drinking, from the fact that stimulants taken without at the same time partaking of food, though only inbibed in small quantities at a time, have most deleterious effects on the internal organs. A man who habitually indulges in a single glass of sherry in the forenoon, a brandy-and-soda in the afternoon, and a glass of whisky-and-water in the course of the evening does far more injury to his constitution that one who partakes of a larger quantity of alchoholic stimulants at meal times.—*Dr. Harley in Popular Science Monthly for June.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Buying in the Cheapest Market.

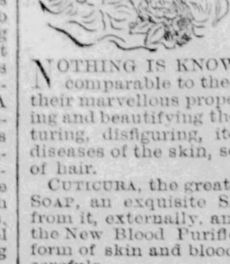
Our secretary of war, William Crowninshield Endicott, awarded a contract for 2,000 army blankets, so Congressman McKinley publically charges, to a foreign manufacturer whose bid, without taking into account the tariff duty, was about 30 cents per blanket lower than the lowest American bid.

Of course, if the foreigner had been compelled to lay down the blankets at the secretary of war's office and pay the tariff duty, he would have been compelled to bid away above the highest American bid. But the considerate secretary of war allowed him in a free and open competition with the American manufacturers, without any regard for the tariff duty. Then the blankets were imported free as property of the United States. On the 2,000 blankets $600 was saved.—*Albany Express.*

Weary and Worn.

When the tired factory operative, the weary out-door laborer, the overtasked bookkeeper or clerk seeks a medical recompense for expenditure of bodily force, where shall he find it? Could the recorded experience of thousands of workers be voiced, the verdict would be that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters renews failing strength, stimulates the jaded mental powers to fresh activity, and relaxes undue nervous tension as nothing else does. Digestion, a regular habit of body, appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and it is an admirable auxiliary in the recovery of health by convalescents. A fastidious stomach is not offended by it, and to persons of both sexes in delicate health who occasionally feel the need of an efficient tonic, the whole range of the pharmacopœa and the catalogue of proprietary medicines does not present a more useful, safer or more decisive one. It is also incomparable for fever and ague, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

Should the request of certain ministers in Allegheny and Pittsburg be acceded to, they will be organized into an Assembly of the Knights of Labor.



NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

The Teacher,

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A TENDER SCENE.

The Little Orphan Had No Mother to Confirm Her with a Blessing.

Never has there been a tenderer scene witnessed in a church than that which reddened the eyes of the congregation Shaare Emeth yesterday during the Shabuoth confirmation of children. It was not from the sensitive heart of women only that tears welled up. In the pews were stern merchants and callous lawyers whose eyes hadn't been wet for many a year, but they all paid the tribute of their tears to the pathos of the occasion. To the Jew there is nothing more sacred than the home, and to him, as to Dickens, children are the "idols of hearts and of households." So the confirmation of the young is always full of interest.

The old custom at the temple has been for the rabbi to spread his hands above the children's heads and thus bestow his blessing. Yesterday Rabbi Sale made a touching change. When the time came for the blessing he spoke to the children of the value of parents' love and the beauty of filial affection. He then told them to go to their parents in the pews and get their blessing. The little ones were nearly all in tears, and as they brushed them from their faces some of the drops fell like dew upon the flowers and ferns which nearly hid them from sight. All the class turned and went toward their parents. All? All but one. She was a little orphan and she had no place to go. So when all the others had gone she stood alone and motherless, her little eyes looking about for some one to give her a blessing. The rabbi realized the situation in a moment and took the child in his arms. In a few eloquent words he called the congregation's attention to her lonely condition, and how she rested upon the fatherhood of God. The child had a face like an angel, sweet and mild, as if chiseled for such a scene. Above her golden hair the rabbi raised his hands, and in silence let them rest in benediction. Then he dismissed her, and as she passed down the aisle to a seat she walked as through an avenue of tear-stained handkerchiefs, that fluttered on every side.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M. Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I noticed a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I thing S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone."

The Heroines of the Blizzard.

The *Omaha Bee* states that nearly $20,000 has been contributed to the funds raised for the brave school teachers and others who risked their lives in the endeavor to save those under their charge. Now that the contributions have practically ceased, the *Bee* publishes the following as the result—Royce fund, $5,883.48; Shattuck fund, $5,026.33; Woebbecke fund, $1,975.16; Freeman fund, $1,059.18; monument fund (for the two Westphalen girls who perished), $110.45, making a total of $14,054.60. Other funds raised in different places and distributed among the teachers amounted to at least $5,000 additional. A large portion of the Royce fund is to be invested by responsible men of Omaha so that it will guarantee to Miss Royce a life annuity.

Slightly Embarrassing.

A young woman rushed in upon a wedding party in Paris before the marriage and presented the bridegroom with a baby, screaming: "Coward, take charge of your offspring." The groom's protests were coldly received, and the bride fainted. But a moment later the intruder said: "I really beg pardon; I made a mistake. This is not the father of my child."

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
Headache, Neuralgia,
Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Prostration,
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.
THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it
CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.
$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
BURLINGTON, VT.

BRIGHT JUNE DAYS.

REVOLUTION IN HATS AND BONNETS

A Glimpse at the New and Novel Styles—Sweet Girl Graduates—The Fashion of Graduating Dresses This Year.

MILLINERY SURPRISES.

A Revolution in Styles—A Few of the June Novelties.

NEW YORK, June 1.—(Special letter.)—June opens the summer season in fashions as well as anything else, and marks a new era in millinery. It brings a revolution in styles of both hats and bonnets. Charming audacity is the genius of the hour. The artist spirit, possessing every true milliner, seems to have at last rebelled against the commonplace, and the result is an abandon to the beautiful and the picturesque. Crowds throng the windows, ladies push and jostle one another in their determination to hold their ground until they have fathomed the mystery of construction or material in this or that really "new" bonnet. Exclamations of admiring wonder are heard and the general verdict is, "How lovely the bonnets are this year! And the flowers—did you ever see anything like the flowers?"

There are crysanthemums and wild asters, so natural that, looking at them, the months speed by and it is autumn instead of spring. By some curious freak of nature, however, some of the asters have blown out in red and yellow. Pansies there are so gigantic that one purple one all but covers the side of a gold lace bonnet. Real old-fashioned damask velvet roses, the rich dark roses holding the dewdrop in its heart and mirroring there the fresh, happy face of the girl who had gathered it from its bush on the newly-cut lawn and is wearing it in to the early country breakfast—if all this is not to be seen it is because the dewdrop has vanished in the dry air of the city; but the rose is there, strange to city eyes as the "jack" is familiar.

Old novel readers will recognize it as the rose that nestles in the dark braids of the Southern beauty and rivals the blush that mantles her olive-tinted cheek—or is it the blush that rivals the rose? The fourteen-year-old school girl who is hiding the novel by Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Holmes or Augusta Evans behind her History or Natural Philosophy will be able to decide—at any rate, 'tis a lovely old rose and dear to many who will welcome it and wear it. And the clover blossoms! Great pink heads, full of honey, and purple ones that have been longer in bloom and will soon be faded. White ones, too, but they will bring a smile to the eyes of the country born man or woman who stops for a look at them. It must have been a propitious season and soil that grew such enormous white clover. The fruit blossoms are so perfect that no country-lover may look at them without a desire to stand under the orchard boughs with the delicate petals drifting down upon him.

One of the most striking of the season's new ideas is the abundant use of green leaves in trimming. Another is the use of flowers and leaves in covering bonnets. In this the leaves are rather more successfully adapted than the flowers, though some of the flower bonnets are exceedingly pretty. A bonnet made of double dark blue violets has a bunch of purple pansies in the front; velvet of the same shade lies under the chin. The blossoms of the pink flowering almond cover another. The dark glossy leaves of the English ivy are combined with white lace. Moss is also used with good effect, both as a trimming and in covering the bonnets. One moss bonnet has tiny lilies of the valley strewn carelessly over the moss, while a cluster of the same flower, in larger size, is fastened in front over folds of moss green velvet, which runs round the edge of the crown; double-faced ribbon, one side green the other white, is tied in small loops among the lilies in front, and also forms the strings.

But flowers, leaves and moss are not the only new materials" New straws and all manner of straw braids are shown, some of them so flexible that they may be bent into any shape. A Tam O'Shanter, made of one variety of this flexible straw, almost white, has the folds around the inside against the face of deep blue velvet; in a mass of the velvet at one side is a full cluster of white ostrich tips, touched with blue. A straw braid of a deep blue color is much used; a low crowned poke of this has the crown loosely covered in crinkled fawn-colored crape, with trimmings of vivid scarlet ribbon.

Crape is the most popular, as it is the most beautiful, material used. Two peculiarly graceful hats owe their beauty to this delicate and daintly fabric. One is a flat, with low crown and broad brim drooping all around; the frame is covered with white, crape fulled on in little tucks, making a surface like uncut velvet. The only trimming is a long white ostrich plume and an embroidered scarf of white crape, the scarf tied in a large, loose bow at one side, over the end of the plume, and falling a yard or more in length at the back.

The other hat has rather a high crown, with a broad, straight brim; over a fawn-colored frame an embroidered crape scarf of the same shade is so arranged that the entire hat is covered with it, the embroidered edge of the scarf falling over the edge of the brim, the fullness gathered in at the crown by a band of ribbon the same color, which crosses directly in front, the two pointed ends just touching the embroidery; the scarf is massed in large bows and loops and folds over the crown, the embroidery being freely shown, and falls like the white one at the back. A bunch of ostrich tips, the color of the scarf, are held at the side by ribbon like the crown band. Two lovelier hats cannot be found in the city.

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.

This is the season of commencements, and the sweet girl graduates are paying more attention to their costumes than to their closing lessons. Here is one of the prettiest dresses for this momentous occasion, for a "bud" of sixteen:

First, a foundation of soft cream silk. This makes a plain skirt and a plain bodice, laced in front and not too high in the throat nor too long in the sleeves. The drapery net makes, first, a straight, full skirt with a four-inch row of fine knife-plaiting about the bottom. It makes, second, an over-dress almost as long as the skirt, falling in natural folds in front, just slightly caught on the sides and undraped behind; also with fine knife-plaiting about the bottom. It makes, third, a dainty over-bodice laid in surplice folds close about the throat and with puffed sleeves ribbon-tied about the wrist. A broad sash of cream ribbon about the waist with big bows and long ends behind, and the gown with all it bravery is complete. The sweet peas in their pale blue and pink tints are done in filoselle and bunches of the natural flowers will bear them out in the hair and at the waist.

Another beauty was of white cashmere and white striped moire. The simple, almost undraped skirt of cashmere had a panel of striped silk on the side front, not inserted as a straight breadth, but laid in slightly diagonal fashion from the belt to the bottom of the gown. The neck was cut in a V, a small letter, not a capital, showing the smallest fraction of throat imaginable, and about the throat and the arms and the hem of the gown ran a thick wreath of crushed roses, cream-white and like enough to nature to be ten minutes out of the garden.

A very dainty dress for a girl of 14, was of pure white silk, with garnishings of pretty laces and picturesque puffs of sleeves.

All the girls of a large convent class graduating near New York shortly will wear gowns of white veiling, which seems to have been made expressly for young girls, trimmed only with a row or two of narrow moire ribbon about the draperies and the bottom of the skirt. These girls will wear no jewelry and few flowers, the rules of the sisterhood prescribing the utmost simplicity possible to be attained and so avoiding any contrasts in the attire of richer and poorer on graduation day.

White, of course, rules in these dresses, as to color. Anything in white, from the simplest mull or veiling to the most elaborate real lace. White surah with a little lace trimming is the choice of many who know what they are about, or surah with white silk ornamental stitching, or gold or silver or white silk braid. White drapery net, either plain or embroidered with floss in colors, is as dressy as anything to be found. Whatever the material, ribbons are in order. Ribbons everywhere. There is nothing so pretty for girls as ribbons. Ribbons on the shoulders, ribbons about the waist, ribbons fastening the draperies, ribbons wherever you can find a spot to fasten them. Where something other than white is wanted, the figured Oriental silks are first choice; a pretty challi, the second. For gloves, tan kids, dressed or undressed, are in order, or white lace gloves, with half long wrists.

PARIS FADS.

Tempting Novelties in Ladies' and Children's Raiment.

The latest ideas from Paris display some novelties. Some of the new tea gowns merit description. One, made in soft surah of a cream tone, has a bag front, with a box pleat in the centre, feather stitched. It has a double jacket in front; the lower is of black velvet, and both are edged with deep trimming; soft silk is used for the front, and for a full undersleeve blow the one of red cashmere. The fullness at the back is arranged in a series of organ pleats.

Soft silk is the particular fashion of the day, and the night dresses are made in many tones, all elaborate, with lace cascades down the front and at the hem, slightly gathered at the waist. The sleeves are nearly all of the pagoda form, which is a most comfortable one for negligee garments, and high collars have appeared in lingerie, and hold their own, as they do for dresses.

Short silk petticoats with pinked flounces stand much hard wear, and are somewhat driving the soft silk embroidered skirts out of the field, for the choice of color is wider. The newest kind is made of tussore embroidered all over in self color and kilted, the kilting being headed by crosscut bands. These skirts are made without a dress improver, and merely three steels, but for wearing under tea gowns they are firmly steeled down to the hem at the back, the steels hidden by flounces. They are also made in twill silk of all colors, and one notable one designed lately was a red watered silk, trimmed with black lace. Another was of plaid silk. White petticoats are but little worn.

Braiding is the most fashionable trimming of the season on cloth dresses, and some are merely braided in fine and broad braid on the bodice, the skirt arranged with pleats and drapery.

Smocking is specially adapted to children's soft-silk frocks, and they are trimmed with torchon lace of the very finest quality. The sleeves are gauged at the wrist and shoulder. The French pinafores, cut square at the neck, without any belt at the waist, made in fine muslin, with lace insertion round the throat, are being adopted in the most fashionable nurseries. Dainty little hats of washing material, in pink, white and blue, with embroidery edging the brim, and large rosettes like full blown flowers on the crown, are most acceptable novelties. They are made in cambric and zephyr.

At present the fashionable real flower of the day is white lilac. It is carried in the hand, worn on bodices, and placed on dinner tables and about drawing-rooms. For posies it is arranged quite loosely and tied with gauze ribbon the shade of the leaves, or with mauve, white or yellow watered ribboned. In vases it is also put loosely, just a few spreading branches; but on dinner tables it is lower and mixed with sprays of maiden-hair. Sprays of it are sometimes scattered over the tables. Marshal Neil roses are already to be seen in profusion, and vie with lilac in popularity.

LATE NOTES.

Blouse waists are again in favor.

Grasshopper green is a popular color.

Gold and silver braids are now used in combination.

All low-necked dresses for children are made over guimpes.

The right side of the corsage now differs from the left as widely as the dressmaker can devise.

Scarfs, fichus, berthas and barbs of lace are again fashionable for neckwear and bodice adorning.

New laces this year are neither white, ecru nor yellow, but just tea-tinted—a soft and becoming tone.

Rich black satin is the material most frequently used for low shoes, made to order for fastidious people.

French flowers are perfumed with the odor of the blossoms they so wonderfully and perfectly imitate.

Stylish white dresses have orange ribbons for garniture. It is the deep shade known as blood orange.

White silk handkerchiefs for gentlemen have three flying storks embroidered in natural colors in one corner.

The corsages of the best tailor-made costumes are pressed and fitted so carefully that they appear almost like seamless bodices.

Gentlemen's colored shirts outdo ladies' dress goods in brilliancy. Most of them are made with the collar all of a piece; nevertheless, white collars and cuffs may be worn with striped shirt fronts or the reverse.

The naval cape is a half-long, sleeveless coat, over which falls a cape deep enough to cover the arms. This garment is superseding tailor jackets for yachting and country wear. It is graceful, becoming and easily put on and off.

Fancy silk parasols are shown in gobelin blue, dark green, mahogany, gray and all the stylish cloth colors of the season. Few parasols are lined outside the ribs. Long handles are the rule and the handsomest are of carved wood and of chased or etched silver.

Look Here, Friend. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

One Bottle of Medicine FREE

Send your address on postal card to-day, as you may not see this notice again.
Address, naming this paper, Prof. HART, 212 E. 9th St., N. Y.

We begin next September our usual heavy fall advertising. Before then we wish to know which papers will pay us best. Therefore we shall, until September 1, send FREE to any one mentioning the paper in which he saw our advertisement, our package 20 samples cloth, from which we cut to order the
FAMOUS PLYMOUTH ROCK
Custom-Made $3 Pants,
and Suits at $13.25. Each package contains guaranteed self-measurement blanks, and a linen tape measure, with full instructions.
PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
18 SUMMER ST., Boston; 285 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Address all mail to Boston Office only.

AGENTS WANTED.

SALESMEN wanted at once. Pay weekly. Outfit free. R. F. Campbell, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

$5 to $8 a DAY. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

LADY AGENTS WANTED for Ladies' and Childrens Wear. Valuable samples free conditionally. Write Mrs. F. C. Farrington, box 648, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED.—Permanent employment and good salary or commission. Address, giving age and references, A. D. Pratt, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WANTED—Good live agents for the Buffalo Mutual Accident Life, Accident and Sick Association. Large inducements. Address Geo. A. Sanborn Sec'y and Gen'l Manager.

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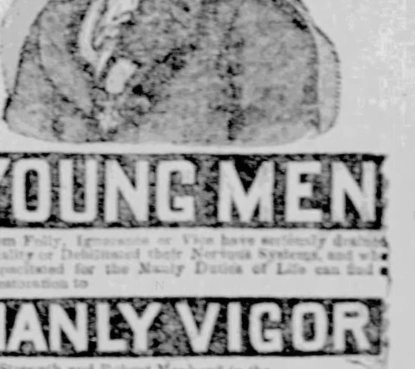

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ATLANTA AS A "WET" CITY.

All remember the jubilation with which the supporters of the Rum Power greeted the overthrow of Prohibition in Atlanta through the unscrupulous use of money with venal voters. But the matter is by no means settled in the Georgian metropolis. Of course the question will come up at the expiration of the two-year limit, and a fierce battle will again be fought to rescue the city from the grasp of Rum. But that time is yet a year and a half in the future, and the citizens are growing restive under the dominion of the Rum Power. The open saloons are especially odious, and the Atlanta *Journal*, in a recent issue, says:

Since the killing of Mr. Gresham the feeling against barrooms has been growing in Atlanta, and the feeling seems about to take practical shape in a movement to abolish the barrooms. There are anti-prohibitionists who opposed prohibition but would heartily join in a movement to abolish the barrooms, provided that settlement of the question will prevent the biennial agitation of the question. There are a good many prohibitionists who are not unfavorable to the idea, and it is thought by well informed men among both the prohibitionists and the high license men, that such a movement would be supported by a large majority of the voters of Fulton county, if, by a local law, the question were submitted to the people.

It seems probable that the incipient movement against the saloons will result in a petition to the legislature of Georgia for a law closing the saloons of Atlanta, but not interfering with the manufacture, and the sale in quantities not less than a gallon. It is worthy of remark that the leaders of the Prohibition movement in the city are willing to join hands in the support of such a plan, if the evil of the open saloon can thus be removed, and the infernal traffic be curbed by the forced abolition of these recruiting-stations for the army of drunkards. Col. T. P. WESTMORELAND, who was the leader in the first Prohibition campaign in Atlanta, thus gave his view to a reporter:

I think high license is a delusion, and that it has proved a failure in Atlanta. I think the prohibition sentiment is as strong in Fulton county as it has ever been, and it is increasing daily. But our people are divided on the question and a great many good men differ with me in my views, and on account of the division I would like to see the people come together on some method which would result in the abolition of the barrooms.

The barroom is doing the city great mischief, I think; and while I am of the opinion that the traffic in liquor ought not to be legalized at all, I would be willing to advocate the abolition of the barrooms and allow wholesaling in the city of Atlanta, with permission to sell in quantities of not less than one gallon, and none of that to be drank on the premises, and with such safeguards, restrictions and penalties as would insure the enforcement of the law.

Judge J. A. ANDERSON declared to the reporter that the friends of Prohibition are daily receiving accessions from the ranks of the opposition, from two classes, viz:

White citizens who are grieved at the total failure of high license and restriction to regulate the traffic, so as to reduce the grand army of drunkards, and its equally signal failure to mature the promised business boom; and the colored people, who claim that they voted "personal liberty" back to the barkeepers and their white patrons, only to be ignominiously treated by them in return for their suffrages.

So it seems that the return of the saloons did not promote legitimate business, as the Rum Power claimed; while the disorder resulting from the saloons is graphically stated by Judge ANDERSON. He says that, though the police do not arrest drunken men who are not disturbing the peace, the arrests are three times as numerous as when the saloons were closed; that "crimes of violence are much more frequent than when we had no barrooms," and that, with the record the saloons are making, they must go when the people come to pass on them again. He also adds:

It is certain that a large majority of our voters are opposed to the kind of thing now going on here in the liquor traffic. And it looks like this majority having a common end in view ought to be able to agree on some means of effecting it without a biennial resort to elections with their great agitation, excitement and expense. The difference heretofore has been as to methods, and it seems to me so the snake is killed the kind of death he dies is immaterial, if only it be speedy enough.

If there were no barrooms and no drinking was permitted in wholesale stores that ought to so far satisfy everybody as to prevent further elections, at least until public sentiment is better educated than now as to the evils consequent upon the use of intoxicants. The barroom is the greatest evil against which we have all along contended, and it must go.

Judge HILLYER was also interviewed, and his remarks are well worth attentive consideration. He declares that the agitation of Prohibition in Atlanta has resulted in very great good; and though apparently defeated in the last campaign, the public mind has been so far educated, and the public sentiment elevated, on the subject, that drinking habits have become very much less common, and indeed have become in a certain sense unfashionable and even disreputable. There are now, he says, by no means as many persons who drink, as before; and points to the fact that though Atlanta has less than half as many saloons as she had before the Prohibition era, it is generally agreed that this smaller number of saloons do not get half the patronage that they attracted when the city was full of them. This can only be explained by the fact the people have have to a certain extent quit drinking. He says that very many of the saloons now open have but little patronage and that a large number of them are actually struggling for existence and will not renew their license in July; so that after that date Atlanta will probably have not more than forty saloons, and it may be a less number even than that. He goes on:

Now, if all further effort on the subject should be abandoned, it would be but a few years before recruits from the youth of the community would fill up the ranks of the frequenters of barrooms, and things would be as bad as they ever were. So that conscientious and earnest men cannot stop and will not give over the effort to make things better than they are now, and even to attain the highest possible exemption from the drink evil.

Here is the testimony of men who stand high in the community as to the effect of the return to saloon rule in Atlanta. Business is not aided; disorder has largely increased, and violence also; while the effect of the short reign of Prohibition was to show a large number of people who were "moderate" drinkers that they were better off without Rum, and they were not so far gone but that they could abstain, even after the saloons came back. Add to this the fact that the number of saloons is less than in any other city of its size in the country, yet the people, having a practical demonstration, in the comparison between Prohibition and open saloons, of the benefit of the former and the evil of the latter, are rapidly growing intolerant of the saloon.

There is no possible permanent settlement of the Rum question save that of Prohibition; but it is a pleasure to see that its friends are unwilling that the Rum traffic should continue its course of ruin until Prohibition can be legally obtained, and are willing to join in any effort to curb it. This is the true line of work. If the Rum devil can not be slain outright, cripple it, chain it, bind it, draw its fangs —do anything rather than let the work of making men its slaves go on unchecked. This is the plain duty of every honest citizen.

The friends of the cause have abundant reason to be cheered at the condition of things in Atlanta. The Prohibition sentiment has not declined, its friends have not lost heart, but on the contrary there is much to encourage them, especially in the growing feeling against the open saloon. The growth of public sentiment is all in one direction; and the day can not be far distant when it will be so powerful as to be able to, utterly and entirely, within the limits of Atlanta.

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN.

The New York *Tribune*, hitherto the leading BLAINE paper of the Union, now stands on neutral ground, and discusses the question of the Republican Presidential nomination from the only proper standpoint, viz: that of availability. Under the heading, "The Figures," it goes into an analysis of the situation which does not differ in any manner from that given some two weeks ago or more in the columns of the BLADE. There are 174 electoral votes which are sure for the Republican ticket; it requires 28 more make to a majority. New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut are the doubtful states. New York alone, with its 36 votes, can enable the Republicans to win; or the carrying of Indiana and either Connecticut and New Jersey, without New York, will have the same result.

Each of the doubtful states has a candidate. New York is for DEPEW, New Jersey for PHELPS, Indiana for HARRISON, and Connecticut may present HAWLEY. The *Tribune* goes on:

Thus, if the convention can be assured that Harrison and Phelps, or Phelps and Harrison, or Harrison and Hawley, would certainly carry Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut with 30 electoral votes, meanwhile risking no Republican state, the problem would be solved. Or if New York alone, with 36 electoral votes, can satisfy the convention that those votes are to be secured by the nomination of Mr. Depew, without risking any Republican state having more than nine electoral votes, the problem will be solved. Also, if the doubtful states are not able to satisfy the convention as to any candidate they present as their first choice, it will not be forgotten that there are strong and worthy candidates from states safely Republican, some whom may be able to carry 27 [28] votes from the doubtful states with reasonable certainty.

All Republicans who do not put personal devotion to a favorite candidate above party success, will agree with the *Tribune* that "the Republican ticket this year ought to be so selected that success in every Northern state can be anticipated with good reason." And as the time for the meeting of the convention draws near, indications multiply that personal preferences will be subordinated to this great end in that body. A majority of the delegates preferred Mr. BLAINE, and now that he is out of the question, will make the point of availability the only test in casting their ballots. There is a marked lessening of the enthusiastic "booming" of favorite sons in the Republican press of the various states, and a growing moderation of tone in discussing the question of candidates, which augurs well for a wise and thoughtful selection.

Among the reasons for confidence in Republican success this year, if no mistake is made in the candidate, the *Tribune* gives the following:

The Republican ticket this year ought to be so selected that success in every Northern state can be anticipated with good reason. For every Northern state either voted for Mr. Blaine against Governor Cleveland, or has repeatedly been carried on the direct issue of protection for home industry against the free-trade theories which Mr. Cleveland represents. On that issue, the three doubtful states of the Atlantic seaboard, and California as well, ought to be safe beyond peradventure with any worthy candidate whose position in that matter is unquestioned. Indiana, with rapidly growing manufactures and with a host of wool growers, ought to be as safe as Ohio. But the convention will wisely seek that nomination which will leave the least room for doubt as to the result. For the industrial future of the whole nation may depend upon the coming election.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

THE annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League at New York, on a recent evening, was notable chiefly for GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS's lame effort to justify continued support of Mr. CLEVELAND by the men pledged to this reform. Mr. CURTIS admits the failure of President CLEVELAND to carry out his pledges on the subject, but goes on to say that "although the President has done much and permitted much that every friend of reform must deplore," yet it seems that one must not treat him too harshly or expect to much of him. This is the substance of the elaborate apology which Mr. CURTIS submits to his fellow reformers for the broken pledges of an administration which they helped to bring into power solely on the ground that it would do great things for the civil service reform. It was odd at first to hear GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS apologizing for Democrats, but of late he has been doing this so often that it would seem strange if he were to speak out the truth. A Republican President who would have done half of what CLEVELAND has done, or permitted to be done, would have been held up to scorn in unmeasured language. Why does not Mr. CURTIS do this? Simply because his pride forbids him to acknowledge that he and his associates made a mistake when they helped to put CLEVELAND in office as a civil service reformer.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer*, though strongly Democratic, is inclined to be quite meditative over the free trade issue that has been forced on its party by the party's lord and master, Mr. CLEVELAND. The *Enquirer* evidently thinks the thing is more serious than the free traders would have the people believe. Hear what it says:

To those who jump at the conclusion that so-called revenue reform is a popular battle cry, statistics and figures should play an important part. The manufacturing interests of this great, growing country, according to the latest compilation, aggregate in invested capital $2,790,223,506. This would pay the national debt, and still leave a handsome remainder. Over two and a half million human souls eke out a livelihood in the warp and woof of the loom and the ramified industries of the products of wool, iron and steel. To these wages amounting to over $947,000,000 are annually paid.

Behind this enormous capital labor is a dependency whose weal or woe is covered up in the general prosperity of the blazing furnace, the busy spindle, and the noisy hum of the workers in iron. To this class the question of production is not a theory, but an established fact which stalks into their daily life and sustenance. Never before in any political campaign has the issue now joined been passed upon by the voting force of the land. No man can anticipate the result. It may be tremendous one way or the other, but whichever way the political theorists will acquire a valuable lesson.

THE Pittsburg *Dispatch* remarks that widow MAGINNIS's pig was apparently successful in getting both feet into the New York custom-house trough.

MR. BLAINE'S ULTIMATUM.

JAMES G. BLAINE, under date of Paris, May 17, writes a letter to WHITELAW REID, which is as emphatic and complete a withdrawal of himself from the Presidential race as it is possible to write. He states that he is prompted to write it because, on his return to Paris from Italy, he found that his Florence letter was not deemed absolutely conclusive by some of his friends in the United States, who fancied that a nomination spontaneously offered by the Republican national convention would be accepted by him. Mr. BLAINE declares, with emphasis, that if he should now, "by speech or by silence, by commission or omission," permit his name, in any event, to come before the convention, he would incur the reproach of being uncandid; and he is not willing to remain in a doubtful attitude, or to allow any Republican to think him capable of double dealing. He declares:

Assuming that the Presidential nomination could by any possible chance be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of these men the impression that I had not been free from indirection; and therefore I could not accept it at all. The misrepresentations of malice have no weight, but the just displeasure of friends I could not patiently endure.

This letter settles the matter, as Mr BLAINE intended it to be settled by his Florence letter, and definitely removes him from the possibility of being a factor in the deliberations of the Chicago convention. That Mr. BLAINE has taken this step will be a source of regret and sorrow to the magnificent body of Republicans who have so long stood steadfast in holding him highest in their esteem among the many great men of the party, and who have never relinquished the hope of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy.

There is no doubt that the Republican nomination this year would have been Mr. BLAINE'S, and that, too, by acclamation, had he desired it, even without his lifting a finger to secure that result. His defeat in 1884 was too much the nature of an accident for any true Republican to feel other than that Mr. BLAINE had the right to try issues again with his former opponent, if he wished. And there is no doubt but that the campaign, under his brilliant leadership, would have been as successful as under any leader who could be named. He does not retire because he fears the result, but for reason's "personal to himself," as he stated in a late interview; and his friends must perforce accept his decision as final and unalterable.

Mr. BLAINE closes his letter with a few words of golden counsel. He warns the party against lack of unity in the party councils or acrimonious contest over a candidate. He rightly declares the great issue of the campaign—protection—to be "incalculably stronger and greater" than any one man, inasmuch as it concerns the prosperity not only of the present generation, but of generations yet to come. And he closes with a statement that contains within itself the gist of the tariff controversy:

Were it possible for every voter of the republic to see for himself the condition and recompense of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage worker between the two oceans. It may not be directly in our power as philanthropists to elevate the European laborer, but it will be a lasting stigma upon our statesmanship if we permit American laborers to be forced down to an European level. And in the end the rewards of labor everywhere will be advanced if we steadily refuse to lower the standard at home.

While it is impossible to predict what changes may result from this final word of Mr. BLAINE'S, in the few days yet intervening before the assembling of the Chicago convention, it does not appear probable that there will be an instant disintegration of the splendid phalanx of tried and true Republicans who have so long looked upon Mr. BLAINE as their ideal leader, and who through long years have worked for his election to the Presidency. It is not in the nature of things that it should be so. Animated by a common desire, standing shoulder to shoulder in many a political battle, the community of interest will not be extinguished by Mr. BLAINE'S withdrawal. It seems to us most probable that the BLAINE men will remain neutral as to candidates, ready to accept the choice of the coming convention, then to enter the campaign with the old vigor and enthusiasm, determined to win success for the Republican cause; for BLAINE still lives, and though he declines to be the leader now, the time may come when, from "First Citizen of the Republic," his admiring fellow-citizens shall call him to the highest official position in their gift.

EVOLUTION AND THE CHURCH.

The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly at Baltimore has been wrestling with Dr. WOODROW'S theory of evolution. Dr. STRICKLER argued that the church accepted the words "God made man from the dust of the earth" as one of her standards, and with no other interpretation than they bore on their face, and that Dr. WOODROW violated the word of God when he attempted any other interpretation. Dr. WOODROW said he had treated of evolution only from a scientific standpoint. The General Assembly had no right to interfere with science. If they did not believe that the body of ADAM was made from inorganic dust, then the assembly must sustain him.

The Assembly, however, voted the other way, and Dr. WOODROW is in the position of GALILEO when the latter closed his formal recantation of his belief that the earth moves with the muttered exclamation, "*epur si muove*." The doctrine of evolution is not dependent upon the dicta of theological assemblies for its adoption or rejection of mankind. If the facts sustain the hypothesis it will be accepted by all intelligent men. The case of evolution is probably a parallel to that of geology. When the geologists showed that the six-day theory of creation was disproved by the records of the rocks, the church was mightily moved, and turned all her guns upon the daring innovators. To-day you will find no educated theologian but accepts the teachings of geology on this point. So it will be with the doctrine of evolution.

WE are amazed to find in certain Republican journals expressions of opposition to persons named as possible candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination, on the ground that they have been mentioned favorably by mugwump newspapers. A makeshift excuse is made in one or two cases that "the mugwumps must not be allowed to dictate the nomination." This is bosh. There is quite a difference between looking with favor upon a man and saying he shall be the nominee. There will be no mugwumps in the Chicago convention, anyhow, so no dictation is possible. When the Republican party adopts the policy of exclusion, of requiring its members to not only believe what the party does, but also not to believe anything else, it will deserve to die.

THE Reformed Presbyterian synod has just discovered that the trouble is that the world is getting into the church and paralyzing its energies for good, instead of the church permeating the world and refining it. Rather late to make that discovery. It has been more or less a fact since CONSTANTINE made Christianity the faith of the Roman Empire.

THE whip and gag are both to be used to rush the Mills free trade bill through the House. At the last caucus of Democratic members, a resolution was adopted binding all Democratic members of the House to vote for the bill as it comes from the Ways and Means committee, and on such amendments as are approved by the Democratic majority of that committee.

THE NEED OF THE MIDDLE NAME.

There is a growing tendency, especially noticeable on this side of the Atlantic, to glorify the middle name. J. ALGERNON SMITH is deemed more stylish than JOHN A. SMITH, and the first word of the double appelative is extinguished that the second may be glorified. There is a popular feeling of ridicule against men who after this fashion "part their names in the middle," to use the slangy but somehow appropriate phrase commonly used to designate the act. Whether this ridicule is really founded in fact, and that this practice is but the outcrop of a stratum of personal vanity in the mental make-up of such persons, we shall not stop to discuss. Any one, by mentally "sizing up" those of their acquaintance who make their middle names prominent can solve the problem satisfactorily, no doubt.

What is the use of a middle name, anyhow, to us of this day and generation? A name primarily is the means of distinguishing one person from his fellows. Originally men had but one name, as we all know. Later, when there arose confusion because of there being many men with the same name, the surname grew into use, and gradually was perpetuated as the family name—the first or Christian name sufficing to distinguish the different members of the same family. Leaving out of the discussion the lumbering names, composed of half a dozen, more or less, which are the rule among titled people in Europe, what reason is there in our own country for more than one Christian name?

Too frequently middle names are given simply because they sound well; are mouth-filling or even eye-pleasing on a card or address. But there should be some better reason than that. The custom might be defended if the middle name should show descent. This might be readily accomplished if in the case of the oldest born son the family name of the mother was given as the middle name. This custom is followed to quite an extent in England, and the same result is reached in a measure by the French custom of giving the mother's given name as the middle name. Thus GEORGE MARY DUVAL is proclaimed by his names to be the son of that MARY whose surname became DUVAL by marriage. English-speaking people have never taken kindly to the custom of adding the mother's given name to that of a son; and there seems to be a strong feeling that it savors of effeminacy.

But in the case of daughters, a middle name should never be bestowed, and for this reason: It is the manifest destiny of every woman to marry. When she bestows herself upon husband, she takes his surname; but she should retain her maiden name as her middle name. Thus to MARY WILSON, who marries Mr. JONES, should, thereafter call herself MARY WILSON JONES, or MARY W. JONES, as she may prefer. We are frank in saying that our prejudice is in favor of the briefer form, in spite of the fact that there is a tendency among women, especially those who are inclined to be "reformers", and all that sort of thing, to use triple names in full.

But, aside from these two cases—where the son takes his mother's family name, and the daughter retains her maiden name as a middle one—there is no reason for a triple name. Nobody uses it in addressing him, nor in speaking of him. Nor does it add one whit to his dignity or importance. GEORGE WASHINGTON would stand no higher in the estimation of his countrymen if his name had been GEORGE H. WASHINGTON; nor could we have a higher appreciation of the hero of Harper's Ferry if he had called himself J. PETER BROWN instead of plain JOHN BROWN.

THE ULTIMATE RESULT OF PROTECTION.

It has long been the contention of all intelligent defenders of a protective policy that it, in connection with the high standard of wages which it admittedly keeps up, will ultimately, if persistently followed, through the superior ability, skill and education of our workmen, enable us to triumph over low wages and ignorance in foreign countries, and give to our people the command of the world's markets, while retaining their own market for themselves. This view is sustained and illustrated in a recent report to the State department from a well-known free trader.

In an introductory letter to his report on technical education in Europe, recently issued, Consul SCHOENHOF furnishes a comparison of the cost of wages in a yard of 64x64 standard cotton cloth in Germany, England and America, wherein it is made to appear that, although the wages in America are much higher per day than n Europe, the amount per yard of cloth is much the lowest. The facts are thus tabulated:

Country.	Daily Wages.	Wages per 100 Yards.
Switzerland and Germany......	$0.44 to $0.48	$0.60
England...........	.65	.55
America...........	.85	.40

The most obvious inferences from these figures are not those which the consul endeavors to draw out, but such as bear directly upon the issue, now so prominently brought forward, of protection to wage earners and manufacturers. It is evident, in the first place, that lower duties on imported cotton goods are not needed to advance American competition in foreign markets, and that in spite of protective duties prices are even lower here than they are abroad. Referring to prints, which are made on the cloths mentioned, the consul says:

In Elberfeld and Mulhouse the work is conducted practically on the same principle as in Lowell, Fall River, Providence, etc., by printing machines, with engraved copper rollers, driven by steam. Yet I was told by owners of extensive print works at both places in Germany that it is useless for them to attempt competition with America in neutral markets; that they had lost the Mexican market, and would run the same risk elsewhere where American cloth, width and quality, have established markets. They cannot compare in price.

In the second place, it is evident that protection works out a double result in favor of home industry and of the people. It secures the home market for home products and at the same time secures low prices through the larger output thus obtained for the factories. Consul Schoenhof explains that European countries have to produce a great variety of articles in relatively small quantities for foreign sale. They have to run their machinery, therefore, much slower and take more time and care, all of which increase the cost of goods and press down the earnings of operatives.

It may not be as yet that all manufactured products in this country will show the same comparisons as here instanced, but the cotton industry is no single exception, and the tendency is all in the same direction. Clearly, then, American manufacturers, operatives and people alike profit by our system of protection to the home market. Mr. SCHOENHOF largely overstates the facts, but the illustration is valuable.

JAY GOULD is oppose to GRESHAM because the latter will not become a mere tool of the railways in his official capacity as Judge. GOULD will probably give even more this year to aid CLEVELAND than he did in 1884.

RUMOR will be busy now in claiming that the BLAINE strength will go to this, that or the other man, but truth will not form the foundation. Look out for some surprises at Chicago.

IT is funny to see the dismay of the Democrats since they have at last been convinced that BLAINE will not be the Republican candidate. They were making ready for a campaign of mud-slinging, and now their ammunition is useless.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A LULL has come in matters in Europe so far as a threatened war is concerned, each nation being apparently busy with its own internal arrangement, whatever may be the schemes for the future. In France is a growing feeling of discontent among the people with the present constitution. The demand for its revision by General BOULANGER a few weeks ago when he was running for election in the Department of the Nord, intensified what had already had its birth and considerable growth, and this has had a final outcome in the action of the Right, which has taken the ground that a revision of the constitution and a dissolution of the Chambers is necessary. It is, however, easier to make this declaration than to decide in what direction the revision shall be made. Criticism is easier than reform, as has been found many times in the past, especially when there are so many vital issues to be considered. Should the danger of war reappear, it would probably put an end to the talk in this direction for the present.

WHATEVER designs Russia may have in regard to precipitating a war in Europe in the near future, she does not mean to leave any projects for future advancement in commercial prosperity or military aggrandizement pass by without carrying them into execution. The Trans-Caspian Railway being completed, another vast scheme has been inaugurated which is to unite the extreme eastern terminus of the Russian railway system with the Siberian coast on the Pacific Ocean. A consultation of the map will show what an undertaking this will be, because of the number of large rivers which it will be necessary to cross. The plan is to build the road in sections wherever it may be deemed immediately advisable, and then complete it when the whole is required. So enthusiastic are the people, however, over the scheme that it is probable it will proceed immediately to a conclusion. Russia is rapidly coming to the front as the most powerful nation on the other side of the ocean.

SHOULD a war be inaugurated in Europe, Austria will occupy the most critical position among all the nations. This comes from the heterogeneous elements of which she is made up, a recent writer putting it justly in this way: "To the Kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia and Dalmatia have been added a scrap of Germany, a scrap of Italy, a scrap of Poland, a scrap of Roumania, a scrap of Servia, a few stray counties and lordships, here a supposed commonwealth, there a purloined haven, and this monstrous conglomeration has been labeled Austria and placed under the House of Hapsburg." The result of this is, not a power upon a national basis, in which the interests of all parts of the realm are unified, but one in which there is an entire lack of sympathy among them, and a disposition to incline towards those countries from which the fragments have been severed. A great war would be very likely to develop this feeling into easy action, and the result would be disintegration. It is for this reason that Austria has more to dread from a struggle in which the great Powers are involved, than any of the others.

THE explanatory letter of the Irish bishops concerning the Papal rescript is regarded as a surrender of the Vatican to the Irish laity, and if to this is added, as it is announced will be, a letter of comfort from the Pope, this view of the matter will be made to appear the correct one. Doubtless the fierce revolt against the rescript was entirely unexpected, and has frightened the Pope into the conviction that he has gone too far. As matters now stand it is a complete victory for the Nationals over the Tory conspiracy to break down the cause of Home Rule through the well-known devotion of the Irish to their religion. That it has failed only shows the real strength of Ireland's determination to be free from English domination.

BY an analysis of the statistics of Great Britain's foreign trade, Mr. GRIFFN, the well known statistician, declares that the apparent decline during the last few years has been due to a fall in prices rather than to a diminishing in volume, and that the average of the four years from 1883 to 1886 inclusive has been larger than at any other period. At the same time, it is learned that a call has been made to British manufacturers to pay greater attention to the Spanish market, or they will inevitably lose the hold they now have in that country. The Germans are fast monopolizing the trade in chemicals, pig iron and machinery, which have hitherto been held by Great Britain. The fact is evident that Germany has entered into competition with other countries, determined to build up the greatest commercial business in the world, and Great Britain will have a hard struggle to hold its own.

A RECENT British consular report says that the year 1887 had been a most prosperous one for the South American republic of Ecuador. There was considerable activity both in the export and import trades. The cocoa crop, though falling rather short of 1886, has been a large one and prices were better. The coffee crop was smaller but the value much higher than previously. The continuance of the sugar industry is noted, and some new factories have been started. Three banks of issue at the port of Guayaquil have declared dividends ranging from 12 to 20 per cent.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

IT is a matter of interest that one of the authors of spiritualism in America, one of the Fox sisters, who startled the civilized world with the "Rochester rappings," should now denounce spiritualism in no unmeasured terms. Writing from England to the New York *Herald*, Mrs. KANE (MARGARET FOX) says:

Spiritualism is a curse. God has set his seal against it! I call it a curse, for it is made use of as a covering for heartless persons like the Diss De Bars, and the vilest miscreants make use of it to cloak their evil doings. * * No matter in what form spiritualism may be presented, it is, has been and always will be a curse and a snare to all who meddle with it. No right-minded man or woman can think otherwise.

IT looks as though the Democrats propose to make a desperate effort to steal Oregon at the state election on June 4. SMITH M. WEED, who is infamous for his complicity in the attempt to buy the Presidency for SAMUEL J. TILDEN, is in the state dispensing boodle, and JOHN P. ST. JOHN is lending all the aid in his power to the Democrats by making desperate efforts to divert Republican votes to the third party.

JUDGE GRESHAM refuses to talk politics, even relating to his own candidacy. He remarked to an enterprising reporter the other day:

My idea is simply this, that as long as I am on the bench it would be manifestly improper to discuss such things. I am leaving politics alone and attending to my duties as judge.

THAT the Republican party will sweep every Northern state on the tariff issue this fall, is the prediction of the Cleveland *Leader*.

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of

FOR THE the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free

CAMPAIGN! trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner

SEND FOR so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so

CAMPAIGN that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have

TERMS. no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

WHO NEXT?

Mr. BLAINE is out of the contest for the Presidential nomination at Chicago, and the question of most interest is, Who next? Whom will the Blaine delegates support? As we have already stated, there does not seem to be any great likelihood of a settlement being reached before the meeting of the convention itself. With regard to the chief candidates in the field, we are inclined to agree with the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which goes over the list as follows:

Sherman can hardly get much of it [the Blaine strength] unless there should be a general break in the Blaine phalanx, which is not likely to occur. The same is perhaps true as to Gresham.

Blaine's individual preference would be Depew. There can be no doubt about that. But both Blaine and Depew know the feeling in the West against corporations would make Depew's election impossible. * *

The Maine statesman is also believed to be favorable to Alger's candidacy, while it was reported two or three months ago that Allison would be the political heir of the Plumed Knight. Rumor will be plentiful for several days to come, but facts will be scarce.

We have for a long time felt that the situation was such that, in case of Mr. BLANE'S entire withdrawal, the chances were strongest that a selection of an entirely new man would be made, and that a representative of the younger element of the Republican party would be made the standard-bearer. There are thousands of Republicans who are tired of the chronic candidates who have aspired for years for the nomination, and who long for a new leader. The Presidential campaign of this year will practically be decided by the young voters. The typical leader should be a man who can arouse a personal enthusiasm like that which constitutes Mr. BLAINE'S hold upon the hearts of his followers; a fearless, talented leader whose crest, like HENRY of Navarre's, will ever be in the forefront of the battle, and who can rally not only the young Republicans to his standard but receive the full support of the elder generation through a flawless personal record and a undoubted ability for the position.

THE Philadelphia *Bulletin* publishes the substance of a letter written by Judge GRESHAM in reply to one from a friend in that city, requesting him to define his opinions upon public questions, especially the tariff. It is a letter which gives one a high opinion of GRESHAM'S judgment and common sense. He wrote that as a judge on the bench he could not afford to be placed in such a position that he would be regarded as seeking the Presidency, and that those who wished to know his opinions could find them in his record as a public man. A Chicago friend of GRESHAM'S, who is so close to him that he may be regarded as speaking by authority, says that if the judge should be nominated he would resign his place on the bench, and that then there would be no hesitation in what he had to say. So far as his tariff opinions are concerned it may be of interest to know that some time ago, before he was talked of for the nomination, in the course of a private letter he said most emphatically that he had no sympathy with the free trade policy as applied to any country, much less to the United States.

CAN any one give a good reason why the sellers of beer and whisky should be given special trade privileges not enjoyed nor demanded by the sellers of dry goods, groceries, hardware, or other commodities? The wholesale and retail merchants, the brokers, and other business men do not complain because they are prohibited from opening their stores and offices and transacting business on Sundays. Why should the saloon-keepers complain? What special claim can they present for favorable discrimination that the ordinary merchant could not put forward with equal plausibility?

THE military grades of Lieutenant General and General were both created expressly to honor GRANT. Afterward SHERMAN was invested with the latter title, and since his retirement it has not been in use. A bill has now passed the Senate to revive it in order to confer it on SHERIDAN, the third of the trio of greatest generals produced by war. It is a matter of justice that it should be done; and then the rank should be discontinued till some future war shall raise up leaders worthy to succeed these three.

REPRESENTATIVE BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky, is an enthusiastic supporter of the Mills bill. That bill puts hemp on the free list. Kentucky farmers raise much hemp. BRECKENRIDGE was defeated as a delegate to the St. Louis convention by the Democratic farmers of his district. There is a neat little object lesson in the above array of facts.

FREE WOOL will bury the Ohio Democracy under a 40,000 Republican majority.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

A Monetary Question.

A correspondent at Ft. Scott, Kansas, says that the (free trade) professor of political economy in a college there claims that there is less money in circulation per capita now than at any time since the war, and that the national debt is larger now than at the close of the war, because it takes more labor to produce a dollar, etc., than it did when the debt was created; and asks the BLADE for its opinion.

This is free trade and greenbackery run mad. The dollar during the war was the paper dollar, depreciated in value; that is, gold was at an exorbitant premium, and as gold is the measuring unit of the world, the paper dollar did not represent the gold dollar, but was far below it in purchasing power. The simple fact is, that the debt (which has always been payable in gold value) is less than it has ever been before.

We have not at hand the circulation per capita since 1875, the close of the war; but it may be of interest to know that within the last three years there has been an expansion of the currency, and the amount per capita in the hands of the people has increased, despite the increase in the treasury surplus. Here are the figures:

Circulation.	July 1, 1885.	May 1, 1888.
Gold coin and bullion.........	$588,697,036	$711,369,409
Silver dollars..	203,884,381	294,249,790
Silver bullion.	4,654,587	10,024,976
Fract'n'l silver	74,939,820	76,299,882
National bank notes	318,576,711	258,372,268
Legal tenders.	346,681,016	346,681,016
Total in U.S.	$1,537,433,550	$1,696,997,341
Of which— In Treasury..	$ 278,488,822	$ 318,477,118
In hands of people......	1,258,944,721	1,378,519,430
Total as above	$1,527,433,550	$1,696,997,341

It will be remembered that Senator Plumb, when he amended the bond purchase bill, said that the "contraction of the currency during the last three years has been five per cent of its volume. This means depreciation of the property of the country $3,000,000,000. Debts have not only increased, but the means to pay them have diminished in proportion as the currency have been contracted." All that sounds very strange in the light of the above table, which shows what the real facts are. Three years ago (July, 1885,) the currency, instead of being more than it now is, was $159,563.791 less, and even the amount in the hands of the people was $119,574,702 less, notwithstanding the large accumulations at present in the Treasury. Clearly, if industrial activity and values could be stimulated by currency inflation, the conditions are ripe for it.

The Balance of Trade.

The same correspondent asks an explanation of the balance of trade. It is the difference between what a country buys and what it sells. He also says:

I am attending college at this place; as a matter of course, the professor is a free trader. In a dispute with him, he said that the balance of trade is and has been against the United States for several years. He says that he has the American Almanac for authority.

The free trade professor is wrong. The American Almanac shows that we sold abroad more than we bought, since the year 1876. Hence we have been growing richer. We give the figures from the above authority for the past four years:

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess.
1883...........	$723,180,914	$823,839,402	$100,658,488
1884...........	667,697,693	740,513,609	72,814,916
1885...........	577,527,329	742,189,755	164,662,426
1886...........	635,436,136	679,524,830	44,088,640

An Unproved Assertion.

The following, from Green, Kansas, is a sample of many similar inquiries:

Free traders here claim that American sewing machine manufacturers sell their machines cheaper in England than they do here. Is this so?

We do not think it is. We have asked for the proof of this and other similar assertions several times, and never has the proof been forthcoming. If it is true, it can be proved, and the person who makes the assertion should bring incontestable proofs of the charge. Until they are forthcoming, we shall not believe it.

We may remark here that, on patented machines, the patent gives, during the time it is in existence (seventeen years), a monopoly of the manufacture of that particular article. Hence competition can not act to reduce the price, as it does on woolen or cotton goods, and the vast variety of unpatented articles. Therefore, even if the statements were true, it would not be an argument against the tariff.

Two Questions Answered.

The same correspondent also asks the two following questions in addition:

1.—They also claim that we can manufacture all articles, except woolen goods, cheaper than England. Is this true?

2.—If we were to have free trade and thus lower the wages of our laboring men, would the prices of the necessaries of life be correspondingly lowered, or would the workingmen get lower wages and yet pay the same price for food and clothing?

3.—Are the railroads taxed? If not, why not tax them to raise the money for the government?

1.—No. The difference in the cost of manufacturing anything in this country and in England is the difference in the cost of labor, and this affects other things the same as it does the cost of manufacturing woolens.

2.—No, the reduction in the price of the articles at present protected would not equal the reduction in wages. Hence rent, fuel, and many articles of food would be as high then as now. The reduction in wages would be nearly one-half, while the total gain for tariff reduction has been estimated to be less than $10 per year for the individual.

3.—Yes. Railroad tracks, right of way, rolling stock, depots, shops, etc., are taxed the same as any other property, by the state in which they are situated; and the bonds and stock are taxed the same as other similar articles are taxed.

Republican Cobdenites.

A correspondent at Neillsville, Wisconsin, asks:

What proportion of the American members of the Cobden club are Republicans?

The BLADE published, a few weeks ago, the complete list of American members, over 140 in all. Less than half a dozen are Republicans, and none of them now support free trade. They were made honorary members, from different causes. The remainder of the list are Democrats and mugwumps.

What Governs the Price?

A letter from Loudensville, West Virginia, asks a question about another free trade falsehood, as follows:

Is it true that the price of wool in the United States is governed by the London (England) market? If so, please explain.

It is not true, of wool or anything else. The price of any product—wool, or cotton, or wheat, or rice, or sugar—is determined by the supply and the demand. If the wool clip of any year is less than will be needed for the demands of manufacturers, the price will go up, and all that England can do can not keep it down; if, on the contrary, the clip is greater than the demand, the price will fall. London no more makes the price of wool than does Philadelphia, or Boston, the two great American wool markets.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE third party seems to be of Gen. HANCOCK'S opinion that the tariff is a "local issue."

CURRENT EVENTS.

A mule with the C. S. A. brand still hauls in Athens, Ga.

The Virginia inlets are alive with boats planting oysters.

A new line of stockings made in Lowell is called "snowblack."

A Scandinavian musical festival is to be given at Minneapolis in June.

A Georgia man has celebrated his golden wedding with his second wife.

Since January, 1887, 331 manufacturing companies have been organized in Japan.

Rider Haggard has gone to Iceland for a holiday. He is a sportsman as well as a penman.

Of the ten children of Junius Brutus Booth but two are now alive, Edwin and Joseph.

England's leading woman doctor is Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who has a practice worth $50,000 a year.

Andrew Carnegie says that the coaching trip which he and Mr. Blaine will take will last at least till July 1.

Greeley county, Kan., has four towns with the suggestive name of Horace, Tribune, Whitelaw and Reid.

Princess Beatrice Battenburg is taking anti-fat to reduce her obesity, which threatens to become abnormal.

A letter addressed to a person at "Salt MrSent ee, Mikeagain" reached the right man at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll will deliver the Decoration Day address in the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York city.

The Chinese government intends erecting a monument to Gen. Gordon on the scene of his victory over the Taiping rebels.

The weighing machines in hotels and other public places in Philadelphia, are said to average a net profit of $25 a month.

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M. Gibson a salary of $10,000 a year to look after the interests of Zion at Washington.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, having been forbidden to take equine exercise for some months, now amuses herself with a tricycle.

When Charles Dickens, jr., reached Portland Oregon, last Tuesday he had made a 27,000-mile lecture tour through the United States.

Gen. Wade Hampton was thrown from his horse in Washington the other day and suffered a compound comminuted fracture of his wooden leg.

As John McMutrie, of Homer, Mich., was filling his pipe a few days ago, he found a diamond in his tobacco. The jewelers say it is worth $150.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, jr., Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, is visiting California, and will closely study the Chinese cheap labor question.

The Niagara Falls park on the Canadian side was thrown open to the public last week. It contains 118 acres, is two and a half miles long and cost about $386,000.

David Dudley Field has been selected to deliver the memorial oration in honor of the late President Mark Hopkins at the next commencement of Williams college.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, has given $1,000 to the One Million Dollar Permanent Fund for Ministerial Relief that is being raised by the Presbyterian Church.

There is talk of the Rev. Dr. Bodine, president of Kenyon college, as the successor of the Rev. Dr. Geisey in the rectorship of the church of the Epiphany, at Washington.

General Boulanger and Mr. Blaine met frequently when the General visited this country to attend the centennial of the surrender of Yorktown. Blaine was then Secretary of State.

Senator Voorhees is said to be writing a poem in which he rhymes boom with doom. This is the most appropriate if it is an autobiographical poem the Tall Sycamore is writing.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, has grown so stout that she has had to have a carriage made with an opening at the back that falls and forms a doorway to allow her to enter. It cost $5,000.

Belva Lockwood, since her nomination for the Presidency, has bought a stunning new bonnet. A cunningly-constructed artificial bee is made to hover among the flowers that adorn its crown.

John Jacob Astor has presented the Astor library a lot of land in Lafayette Place, adjoining that institution, so that it may control its nearest neighbors and be better protected in case of fire.

In a lot of unrecorded marriage licenses discovered the other day in Louisville, was that of George Francis Train, who married there Henrietta W. Davis, George D. Prentice giving the bride away.

The National Civil Service Reform league will hold its annual meeting in New York May 30. George William Curtis will deliver an address on "The Reason and the Result of Civil Service Reform."

Marshal Booth, son of Gen. Booth of England, is conducting the movements of the Salvation Army in Albany, N. Y. He is a tall, thin man, with a long, black beard, long arms, and a long tongue.

Secretary Vilas has the gavel used by him in presiding over the last Democratic National Convention bound with gold and mounted on a square of plush, hanging up in his parlor at Washington.

Harold Brown, a descendant of Nicholas Brown, after whom Brown University was named, and a member of the class of 1886 of the University, has given $100 for Episcopal missionary work.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is the owner of a fine homestead farm, and he plants a tree there for every senator who visits him. Edmunds' is a beech, Jones's a mulberry, and Sherman's a soft basswood.

Alonzo Steele, of Grinnell, Iowa, has given $20,000 to endow the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy of Iowa college, the chair to be called in memory of his daughter, the "Myra Steele" chair.

One of the wealthiest delegates at the Methodist conference in New York is Amos Shinkle, of Covington, Ky. He leads many Cincinnati enterprises, and ardently promotes missionary and Sunday school work.

Henry Villard is looming up again in the financial world and is talked of for his old position at the head of the Oregon Transcontinental company. Mr. Villard began life as a newspaper man and preserves his bounces.

The Rev. Dr. Leonard, lately of Brooklyn and now rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., who has been elected Bishop of Southern Ohio, will be the youngest member of the Episcopacy, being just 40 years old.

Smith M. Weed says that the Republicans would be strongest in New York with Gresham at the head of the ticket. Mr. Weed was Samuel J. Tilden's trusted lieutenant, and is one of the shrewdest politicians in New York.

Donald G. Mitchell, better known as "Ik Marvel," lives quietly on his farm at Edgewood, Conn., and looks like a little old Scotch farmer or gardener. He is now 60, and has a comfortable revenue from his published books.

A number of the street car employes of Indianapolis have petitioned the Chicago syndicate buying the property to remove car No. 145 because it had had nothing but a record of accidents, robberies, and murder since it left the shop.

A Chicago police justice has made a funny legal blunder. He has built a fine house on another man's lot, and the man will neither buy it nor let him remove it. The surveyor got the wrong line, and the owner of the property wasn't saying a word.

A St. Louis minister says the greatest feat of baptism in the history of the Baptist church in modern times, was that performed in July, 1878, by J. C. Clough, a missionary, who, with the assistance of five native preachers, immersed 2,222 converted brethren within six hours.

Empress Victoria has turned inventor. She drew plans from which a writing-desk has been manufactured which enables the Emperor to write whether lying in bed or standing up. It is available in any position, and the mechanism employed is said to be intricate and remarkably effective.

John Boyle O'Reilly writes from the heart of the Dismal Swamp: "This place is wonderful and beautiful. It is a desolate land crying for attention and reclamation. This is the most defamed land on the earth. The Dismal Swamp is the greatest sanitarium on the American continent."

Thomas Mooney, who was the first missionary to visit this country on behalf of Ireland, is dead. For many years he was the London correspondent of the *Irish World* of New York, writing under the nom de plume of "Transatlantic." On April 21 last, when he laid down his pen, he was 90 years old.

The Iowa farmer objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. The latest sharper says: "O, we'll keep the note," and he writes across the face "not transferable." In a short time it is found in the hands of a third party with an "e" added to the "not," which makes it read "note transferable."

Miss Mary Endicott, daughter of the Secretary of War and the reported fiancee of Joseph Chamberlain, is excessively English in appearance and manner. She is also so cold and haughty that she is spoken of as "the hyperborean ice queen, carrying a way-below-zero temperature into the drawing-room."

People who are more or less whimsical may find a certain support and comfort in a report made by a Boston man the other day to a friend who reproached him with being crotchety. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I know it, I like it, I cultivate crotchets as at once the cheapest and the most fruitful source of amusement open to me."

Princess Victoria, the oldest daughter of the Empress, who wanted to mary Alexander of Battenberg, is proving herself a great whip. She recently drove a four-in-hand attached to a light drag a distance of sixty miles, visiting Spandau and Potsdam. Her younger sister, Marguerite, followed with a single team, handling the ribbons herself.

Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), the gifted Tennessee writer of fiction, is thus pen-pictured: A small woman; so lame she can scarcely cross the floor unaided. Slight yet square in figure. A small, white face, with the withered whiteness of one whose health had always been delicate. Pale, neutral brown hair and eyes, and a formal primness of manner like that of a shy, clever woman who has lived much in retirement.

ONE REASON WHY.

To all outward appearances matters in the Democratic camp are serenely peaceful. The clans appear to be animated by one mind, with no opposing element. It is true that the first announcement of THURMAN's willingness to run caused some stirring up and boiling over of the devotees of GRAY and BLACK, but at the nod of the head at Washington that has quieted down, and all moves on as merrily and smoothly as a marriage feast.

This state of things is not unexpected. The matter, so far as CLEVELAND is concerned, has been for months a foregone conclusion. The best informed of both parties have not doubted his nomination for a second term, and without opposition. Strange as it may seem that a great political party should have no better man than the present unwieldy and unsavory occupant of the Presidential chair, who would have a chance for election, it is no less true.

Perhaps one of the strongest, and probably the strongest, elements in the feeling of the Democrats that CLEVELAND is the one man to be the standard-bearer of the party lies in the prestige that attends him because of the series, unbroken anywhere, of triumphs at the polls, crowned at the last Presidential contest by victory when there was no thought that it would be won. Speaking of his history in this respect the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says:

Mr. Cleveland was first nominated as an experiment. The party, between 1860 and 1884, had tried statesmen, soldiers and great partisan leaders. But success came with none of them. Cleveland was neither a statesman nor a soldier, nor yet was he a leader of his party. But he had something which, for the purposes of the Democracy, was far greater and better than great talents and dexterity in any of these fields of endeavor. He had the prestige of an unbroken series of triumphs at the polls; he had never failed in any of his aspirations; he had been lucky enough to gain the nomination of his party for governor at a moment when its opponents were divided and discordant and thus carried the state with a majority unprecedented in political contests of that class, and that state, too, the pivotal state of the Union. This gained him the Presidential nomination in 1884. The fact that his candidacy that year brought victory when the party neither expected nor deserved it, and staid, for the time, the popular tide which had been drifting against the Democracy, gave him a claim upon that organization such as neither Jefferson nor Jackson ever had.

There is no personal enthusiasm for Mr. CLEVELAND. He has never done one thing to bind his party to him because of its own intrinsic worth, but his hold is entirely that coming from past success, a success purely adventitious, and not obtained by any qualities that won for him the confidence of his party. It is a curious state of affairs now existing in St. Louis, one that will undoubtedly result in the hoisting of the Democratic standard for CLEVELAND and THURMAN.

UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRATION.

The people of the United States are by no means alone in complaints against the incoming of hordes of pauper immigrants and low priced laborers, nor is this the only country that is endeavoring to find some means of regulating the matter so as to admit the self supporting and intelligent foreigner and keep out the undesirable ones. France seems to have settled down for a time at least to acquiescence in the prolonged residence within its borders of thousands of foreigners who have not the slightest intention of becoming French citizens, and yet work in competition with the children of the soil. Last year France undertook to regulate the matter and protect Fench labor, but as it was found that to tax foreigners might occasion international complications, the project was abandoned, and has not been taken up since.

In England a select committee of the House of Commons is now investigating undesirable immigration, with the purpose of reporting some measure to check it. At a recent hearing it was stated that the most of the immigrants who came in paupers and bade fair to remain paupers were Russians and Polish Jews, who had been driven from Russia by persecution, and who, aided by friends, were shipped Hamburg or other German ports to be landed penniless in England.

Some of the witnesses examined by this committee told pitiful tales of wrong and suffering, and said they were anxious to leave England for the United States. One wretchedly poor refugee said he had a friend in Philadelphia who held sixty roubles ($33) for him, and he was tarrying in England only long enough to pick up sufficient money to pay his fare to this country. England, of course, is indignant with Russia for persecuting, and more indignant with the continental powers that are believed to forward to English ports those who would be a charge upon their hands.

GRESHAM ON THE TARIFF.

There being doubts cast on the tariff views of Judge GRESHAM, we reprint, by request, the following extract from his speech made in New York city during the campaign of 1884. It shows clearly that he believes in protection to American industries:

In revising our tariff laws and reducing our customs revenues, home interests should not be neglected. [Applause.] Indeed, protection to our manufacturers and laborers can and should be afforded by taxing only such imports as come into real competition, and admitting others free. No one disputes that the Republican party is in favor of thus affording protection to our domestic industries. [Cheers.] Revenue laws should be enacted with reference to our local conditions and wants. We should legislate in the interest of our own people rather than in the interest of mankind at large. Not until we are able to control the markets of the world can we afford to adopt free trade. No intelligent man needs to be told that the weight of opinion in the Democratic party is decidedly opposed to the protective question; but that once in full possession of the government it would refuse to enact or maintain the protective tariff laws.

M'KINLEY AND SOWDEN.

Both of Them Visited with the Democratic President's Petty Revenge.

The mugwump journals should make haste to praise President Cleveland for further evidence of "business methods" and economy in his administration. He has vetoed the bill appropriating $75,000 for a public building at Youngstown, Ohio, on the ground that it in not needed. He has just allowed a bill for a public building at Asheville, N. C., to become a law. The village of Asheville has a population of 2,593. To meet the wants of the small Southern village Mr. Cleveland seems to have thought a public building proper and necessary.

Youngstown has in the city proper a population of 15,435, and in the township outside the city about 6,000 more. Youngstown contains eleven churches, an endowed academy, one daily and four weekly newspapers, a handsome opera house, a court house, four rolling mills, seven blast furnaces, two foundries, a street railway and 30 coal mining companies. For this prosperous Northern city, with its large population and varied industries, Mr. Cleveland thinks that a public building would be a reckless extravagance.

What is the matter with Youngstown? It happens to be in the district of Congressman McKinley, one of the most vigorous opponents of the President's tariff policy. That is all. Allentown, Pa., could not have a public building because its Congressman, Mr. Sowden, opposes the Mills bill. The Washington mouthpiece of the administration has declared that "there is an Allentown for every Sowden." So there appears to be a Youngstown for every McKinley. While the mugwump organs are piping the praises of Mr. Cleveland for his "business methods" and his conception of public office as a public trust, that great minded statesman is using the Executive prerogatives to wreak petty revenges upon men who happen to disagree with him.—*Boston Journal.*

Mrs. leveland Was Out.

Porter Tremaine, aged 5, of Minneapolis, got a good joke on the President to-day without knowing it.

In company with his mother he called on the President and shook hands with the Chief Magistrate. Stopping a moment he looked about the room, then earnestly up into the President's face.

"Where is the government?" said he, eagerly.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the President, laughing, after a moment's delay.

"Well, that's a good one on you," said Senator Beck, smiling.—*Washington Special.*

IMITATING "NASBY."

THE CROP OF WEAK COPYISTS

Who are Endeavoring to Write in the Same Inimitable Vein, But are Making Dismal Failures.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has the following editorial article under the caption, "Imitators of Nasby:"

Some one has said, or should have said, "Though genius may be eccentric, it does not of necessity follow that eccentricity is genius; nor does the outward symbol prove the infallible sign of inward worth." Without the intention to make a disrespectful application of the quotation, we are reminded of it by a score or more letters from as many writers who are desirous to contribute "Nasby" letters to this paper. Not claiming that Mr. Locke was a genius, not disputing that most any clever writer could successfully imitate the "Nasby" letters, we submit the proposition that it is no more possible to revive the old or create a new popularity by a series of "Nasby" letters than it would be possible to supplement the "Yellowplush Papers" from the pen of some writer to-day. The death of Mr. Locke closed the career of Petroleum V. Nasby as effectually as the death of Thackeray stopped the pen of the epistolary Jeems.

We do not institute a comparison between the great English author and the famous American satirist. Indeed, there is nothing common between them beyond the coincidence that each chose an illiterate personage as the proctor of his special views; yet each left a distinctive type of character, not all fictitious, to literature. Now the spelling that distinguished the "Nasby" letters had as little to do with their popularity as the unique orthography of Jeems had to do with the artistic success of the "Yellowplush Papers." Their styles of spelling were adopted, not to serve as a substitute for humor, but to distinguish peculiar types of character taken from the uneducated class. So far as the mere matter of spelling is concerned there was nothing original in the "Nasby" letters. The attempt to give local color to speech by the phonetic system of printing words was made long before Mr. Locke was born, and was familiar in the writings of others before the "Nasby" letters were thought of. It may be concluded, therefore, that the spelling has but incidental relation to the matter, and was employed not so much as an adjunct of humor as it was used to distinguish individuality.

What gave value to the letters was the singularity of the supposititious writer. A rock-rooted Democrat, a Confederate sympathizer, a persistent and even venal office seeker, a cross-roads politician with a complete knowledge of rural politics which led him to present continually the worst phases of Democratic partisanship, was something new under the sun. The caricature was life-like enough to be vastly amusing to Northern Republicans and intensely irritating to Southern Democrats, and therefore struck positively and negatively the popular vein that brought them into universal notoriety. The demand for the letters was extraordinary, not only because they were as funny as they were satirical, but because they were timely.

They came when the divided sentiments between North and South rolled mountain high in opposition. These letters pretending to emanate from a Southern politican, yet inferentially breathing the greatest loyalty to the North, were the best campaign documents of the times, and were eagerly seized from the columns of the paper in which they appeared and transplanted into conspicuous places in every Republican paper of the country. They were laughed over, applauded, quoted, repeated throughout the land, and Petroleum V. Nasby became a positive figure, an actual fact in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people who declared, "This fiction is truer than truth."

During the war, during the settling back into an enforced peace, during the reconstruction period, these letters continued to come to the public with shrewd judgment and estimates of sectional and national affairs, serving a live purpose, and concerned with vital issues. But after a time, when the country was no longer distracted by center-racking dissensions, Mr. Locke wisely perceived that, though there was yet a request for the letters, the mission of "Nasby" was ended. He decided to stop writing letters that were no longer inspired by the notable events that justified them. Besides a new sort of discussion was springing up. A more wide-spread and practical knowledge of the South and its people had been gained, new and stubborn questions had arisen, and he understood as well as any other that the new arena demanded naked swords of tempered steel, not the wooden truncheons of sport. Occasionally to be sure, some phase of political questions came to view that admitted of the old treatment better than of any other, and "Nasby" was called from his retirement. The Cleveland inaugural was rich in opportunities, and they were richly improved, and something of the old interest was revived in the "Nasby" letters. But the interest was due to the fact that they were "Nasby" letters, a veritable reminiscence of the past, not to the possible fact they were important campaign documents or influences. The public welcomed them as it receives an old friend who has retired from active usefulness, but comes forward on some great occasion to show that his old sympathies are as vigorous as ever.

When Mr. Locke died Nasbyism died also. No other than Locke could reanimate it, though another than he might originally have given it life. Letters in that vein now could be regarded only as unrequested imitations in which the public would find no interest. Nasbyism represented something definite that no longer exists; not that the South is any less the South, or the North any less the North, but that a new order has arisen, new lines have been marked out, new objects set in view, and the man who would deal with these as Mr. Locke dealt with the concerns, facts, and issues of his own time must follow his example only to the extent of striking an original vein that will meet the new needs of the people. There is as much to say as ever, but the old flail, that only the accustomed hand could use with skill, will not thrash out the new grain.

A LIGHTNING ROD AGENT'S WORK.

How He Works Upon the Credulous Farmer—An Authority on the Matter Says Lightning Arresters Are a Big Failure.

The old authority on the proper time to plant turnip seed and the best kind of top dressing for pumpkins took an effete chew of tobacco out of his mouth and said to the young man of the Chicago *Mail*, who asked him about lightning-rods:

"There's big money in the lightning-rod business yet. It's been worked pretty close to the bone around Chicago, but in the far-out districts it is still a sure winner. A favorite plan of work is for five or six agents of different styles of rod to go to a small town and get up an excitement on the lightning-rod question, back-capping each other's patent and showing the superiority of their own. They meet as if by chance in some grocery store and get up a loud debate, and before long they have everybody talking about lightning-rods. That sort of thing goes in a country town, you know, and if there's any suckers around they're sure to get hauled in. After awhile they find out that these fellows have all been working in cahoots—been pooling their issues, as it were. Where the lightning-rod agent excels, is in his contract. They are to put up the 'requisite' number of points and a 'sufficient' amount of rodding to protect the building or buildings against the ravages of the electric fluid. Now, 'sufficient' generally means what the traffic will bear. If the farmer has a good deal of money, and is of a credulous nature, it's safe to say that his house will look like the pod of a jimson weed. It'll be so prickly with points that a jaybird can't light on the roof without getting a sore foot, and the very cistern water tastes of verdigris, there's so much copper rod about. Then there's a note of hand in the immediate vicinity of these contracts which leaves a bad taste in the farmer's mouth about six months afterward. But, then, there's a new crop of suckers every year.

"Lots of these foreigners who settle on the farms of nowadays are awfully afraid of the prairie lightning. You see, out west of here the lightning doesn't behave as it does in the East or in the old country. The books all say that it will strike the highest point—a tall house or tree in an open space. But the fiery, untamed lightning of the West had just as lief strike a dugout as a two-story brick, and it ain't particular to choose the roof, either. The broad side of a house is good enough. It ain't at all 'choicy.' Well, now you know that makes these foreigners excited, and they're anxious to get some kind of a constitutional guarantee that they or theirs won't get struck in such an unexpected, irregular way.

"Another argument is worked on the people who have their houses insured. The agents show them that clause in the insurance policy which requires 'due precautions' to be taken. 'Now,' they maintain, 'you ain't taking due precautions when you don't have lightning rods on your house. This is a terrible country for lightning and if your place were to be struck and you not have any rod on it, you couldn't collect any insurance because you've vitiated your policy.' Then they show 'em a colored picture of two houses, one bursting into flames beneath the lightning's angry bolt, and the other one calm and serene, with the electric fluid scooting down the rod in a smooth, even, red streak, making a bee-line for China, stabbing the very vitals of old mother earth. That fetches them when they've got the money or think they'll have it in six months. The farmers are not so good a class to work now as they used to be years ago. There hasn't been any money in the farming business for the last fifteen years, and they can't afford to spend much for anything that isn't a bare necessity of life."

"What are some of the new wrinkles in lightning rods?"

"Well, I don't know what the spring styles are. Haven't seen a fashion plate yet, but I can tell you a little about 'em. You know the old style was an iron rod along up the side of a house with a point beside the chimney. I guess that's as good as any style. They ain't any of them worth much. Well, they have now fancy shaped points at the top to let the electricity on with as little jolt as possible. The points are made of copper tipped with platinum—at least they say it's platinum; may be tin; likely is. They charge $2.50 a point. I guess they make a profit on 'em at that price. Well, the latest agony now is to have the rods made of copper. They have an idea that copper conducts lightning easier than any other metal. I guess the real reason is that it costs a good deal more. Then again, reckoning from the fact that static electricity—that kind that is made by the friction of glass or resin—has a tendency to go to the surface of the conductor, they conclude that the more surface the lightning rod has, the greater the ease with which the electric fluid will slide down it. Hence these twisted copper rods and tubular rods, intended to give as much surface to the amount of metal used as possible.

"It's all conjecture, this business about the comparative efficiency of the different styles of rods. A fellow figures out that lightning prefers one style, and he goes straight and gets a patent on it. Nobody can experiment much with lightning. When he goes and gets an opportunity the world don't derive much benefit from his observations. There's such a suddenness and unexpectedness about lightning that you can't prepare much for experiment. But anyhow, a man with ordinary gumption ought to see that it all nonsense about the electricity keeping to the surface. If it did, why should trees be split when they are struck, or why, indeed, should houses have any lightning rods at all if the electricity traveled over the surface?

"It used to be a great idea to insulate the lightning-rod from the house by glass supporters. The man that invented them made an everlasting fortune out of them. I declare to goodness, I've plumb forgot what his name is, but anyhow he made his money that way. Now look at the other side of the case. There is a man in this town who is independently rich from having got a patent on a rod that was nailed fast to the house. His style was a strip of flat copper from an inch to four inches wide, the cheapest style 25 cents a foot. He had it nailed so snugly to the house that it followed every bevel and ogee in the molding, and was carefully hammered into the corrugations of the weather-boarding until it looked like an elongated copper washboard. It was thrust two feet into the ground, and after it had been up about a year or two it would have corroded in two about two feet from the ground.

"Statistics from the countries of Europe, where every stroke of lightning of any importance is carefully reported, show that the houses with rods are struck just as frequently as those without. It doesn't seem to make much difference. It stands to reason, I think, that a charge of electricity strong enough to set fire to a house would be strong enough to fuse a lightning-rod and set fire to the house in that way just as well. Another thing: The gable of a house when the roof is wet with rain is pointed enough conductor to dissipate almost any charge of electricity. But just the same the people don't think so. The lightning-rod folks are great for reading the newspapers, and whenever a house or barn is reported to have been struck with lightning, the agents flock to the place, and every man in the county is adjured, as he values his home, to lose no time in protecting it with the 'requisite' amount of rods.

"The crowning glory of the lightning-rod man, though, is the invention of a conductor that will sap the destructive spirit of a cyclone, as per handbill. Audacity can't go much farther than that, do you think?"

Ill-Natured, but Bright.

"Why has he such a passion for blonds?"
"Both his wives were brunettes."

Friend (to ugly heiress)—Do you love your husband?
Ugly Heiress—Who else can I love?

Between the acts:
She—Well, Charlie, did you see the friend you sought?
He—Yes.
She—Did he borrow any money of you?
He—Yes, 15 cents.

Octogenarian, but hale and hearty suiter—I love you, Miss Amy; will you be my bride?
Miss Amy—But you are 80 if you're a day.
O. S.—With you, Miss Amy, I will only be four young men of 20.
Miss Amy—Oh, how nice.
She names the day.

A friendly suggestion:
Miss Fullblown (act 36)—Which character do you advise me to take at the Van Gilder's masquerade—"The Virgin Martyr" or "The May Queen?"
De Guyville—I should think some costume of the middle ages would be more appropriate for you.

Miss Tipity Fitchet—Are you sure you have never loved any other woman?
Mr. Goodman—Quite sure.
Miss Tipity Fitchet—And no woman has ever loved you?
Mr. Goodman—Never.
Miss Tipity Fitchet—Then, sir, I must really decline your offer. I can not marry such an inexperienced man.

All the children are sick with diphtheria except Alice, who in wandering over the house chances upon nurse.
Alice—Where's papa?
Nurse (struggling with her tears)—Your d—dear little b—brother is dead, and your papa has taken him t—to Greenwood.
Alice (disapproving and unmoved)—He went to Greenwood yesterday with Mamie. Why doesn't he wait, nurse, till he gets a load.—*Town Topics.*

Origin of Two Famous Hymns.

The story told about the origin of the two hymns, "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus Lover of My Soul," may not be true, but it is quite in keeping with the character of the two authors, Toplady and Charles Wesley. They lived in the same town, the story relates, and were warm friends. One day, however, they quarreled, and for some time they did not even speak. But such earnest Christians could not long remain in this state, and so they began to think of a reconciliation. It so happened that they had spent the same night in meditation and prayer over the matter, and each came to the conclusion that the best way to bring about a reconciliation would be to write a hymn to present to his friend. Towards morning a white dove dashed agaist Toplady's window several times, and the words of his immortal hymn, "Rock of Ages," came to him. During the same night Charles Wesley had also written a hymn which is equally celebrated, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." In the morning, as they could not find messengers to carry their messages of amity, they set out to deliver them in person. And so they met on the street and the unhappy quarrel was healed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The World's Largest Umbrella.

The largest umbrella in the world has been made in Glasgow for a King of East Africa. It can be opened and shut in the usual way, and when open is 21 feet in diameter, the staff is also 21 feet long. It is lined cardinal red and white, has a lot of straw tassels, and a border of crimson satin. The canopy itself is made of Italian staw, and the top terminates in a gilded cone.—*London Standard.*

Beyond the Bounds of Reason.

A ward statesman, whose testimony was needed in an election fraud case, was put on the witness stand. "Raise your right hand," said the court; "do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so——" "Hold up, Judge," interrupted the witness; "can't you mitigate that sentence just a little? You know I've been in politics for a good long while."

A Man to be Avoided.

Lambrequin—There is Brown crossing the street; let us turn down here and get out of his way.
Robinson—What's the matter; do you owe him anything?
Lambrequin—No, but he has just got back from a week's fishing excursion.—*Life.*

DOM PERDO SECOND.

BRAZIL'S SCIENTIFIC MONARCH.

The Trials of State and the Hobbies of a Ruler—The Count d'Eu and His Affiliations—A Man of Virtues and Inconsistencies.

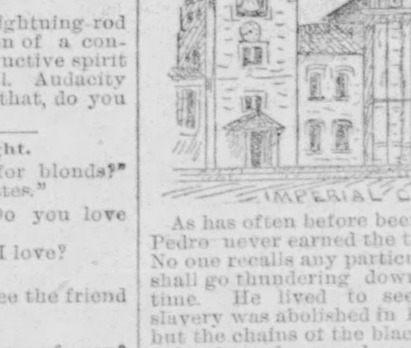
Written for the Blade.

THE reports of the illness of Dom Pedro II, the Emperor of Brazil, have caused speculation and gossip on one side of the equator, and apprehension and uneasiness on the other. While the Northern half of the world gave but a passing thought to the probability of this monarch's early death and conduct of his successor to the throne of Brazil, the people of a great country in the Southern hemisphere awaited the denouement with excuseable anxiety. No one has anticipated that the death of Dom Pedro II at this time would involve the country in any war, as no dissensions of consequence are now disturbing the equanimity of his slow going, lazy people; but such an event would precipitate what many have long dreaded to look in the face, the ascendancy of a Frenchman to power.

It has been expected that when Dom Pedro died, or what has recently seemed almost as probable, exercised the undisputed prerogative of rulers, his own father, for one, and abdicated the throne, the tall, slim Frenchman, known at home as the Compte d'Eu, and in Brazil as the Conde d'Eu, would be elevated in power. As husband to the Crown Princess Donna Isabel, he will, without the title, be the nominal emperor, a contingency not relished by a great many of his adopted subjects, who heretofore have illy concealed their dislike. Frequent cartoons of the Count, appearing in the illustrated journals of Rio, which are not as flattering to His Highness as they are suggestive of his tallness, are but little outbreaks of this national antipathy. The Count is supposed to be aware of this state of affairs, but no one has been able to affirm positively that he is in the least perturbed over it.

Though "Kings are subject to the gods alone," they often become subjects of travelers' stories. Few visitors to Brazil during the past have come away without a pleasant remembrance of the kindly-faced, learned emperor, Dom Pedro, the second of his name, and every report concerning his health or welfare, is to them of more interest than is the fate of monarchs, as a usual thing, to the world in general. To one who passed several months in the empire, principally in the *Corte*, as the capital city is called, the form and face of Dom Pedro, with his retinue of ungainly, various-hued soldiers, his rattle trap state carriage and the mules that drew it clattering over the rough cobblestone pavements, were a familiar sight.

To one whose business brought him in contact and into conversation with His Majesty, the character of Dom Pedro was as easy to read as the page of an open book, and while the talent, learning and kindness of the man commanded admiration, the indecision which has marked his administration, together with his fondness for a feigned regal pomp, prompted other and less complimentary sentiments.

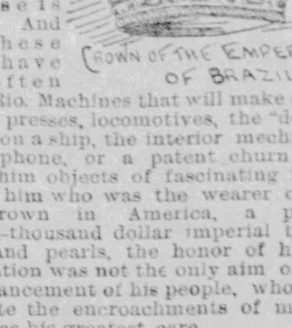


As has often before been remarked, Dom Pedro never earned the title of greatness. No one recalls any particular act of his that shall go thundering down the annals of time. He lived to see the day when slavery was abolished in his vast empire, but the chains of the blacks were shattered only after a long and uncertain struggle, not of arms as in the United States, but of political parties representing Humanity and Oppression. And when the chains did drop at last, with a clash that resounded around the world, he was lying ill in Italy, thousands of miles away. The power of the Emperor of Brazil is not absolute, and he could not perform the act of emancipation as summarily as Alexander II. freed the serfs, but had Dom Pedro the force and the moral courage of a Lincoln, slavery would long ago have ceased to be a blot on the fair name of America.

Travelers, whose powers of perception were not necessarily uncommonly acute, were able to see that Dom Pedro was vastly superior to all around him. In stature he towered head and shoulders above his fellow Brazilians, while in scholarly attainments, moral manhood and honesty he was so far above them that a comparison is an insult to his name.

Fond though he was of show, he did not conceal his contempt for the effete, degenerated religious order of Rio, while he yet was weak enough to comply with the requirements of time-practiced ecclesiastical customs. In the imperial chapel on Dom Pedro I. square, in Rio, where mass has been daily said for the soul of the First Peter, and prayers for the life of the Second, I have seen the present emperor participate in religious rites while plainly showing his lack of devoutness, and actually seemed bored. He was but following the customs that had prevailed during his reign and that of his father before him. To remember the white-bearded ruler of ten millions of people as a scholar and a polished gentleman is a pleasure; and then to recall the fact that annually he was seen to ride, bare-headed and bare-footed, astride a mule in a religious procession through the streets, on the feast day of Corpus Christi, is to rudely shatter the idol.

Matters of state were to him but of secondary importance when he had the opportunity of learning something new in science or examining a new mechanical discovery. To see him, so stately and "every inch a king," dressed in his usual military costume, epaulettes sword and all, alight from the hack that served him as state carriage, at a manufacturing establishment, and enter unannounced, means a complete surprise to the people of the place. But when the foreigner, who is lucky enough to be near, sees His Majesty throw off his dignity and pose in un-king-like positions in order to more thoroughly examine the machinery, the surprise is greater. And yet, these sights have been often seen in Rio. Machines that will make shoes, printing presses, locomotives, the "donkey engine" on a ship, the interior mechanism of a telephone, or a patent churn have been to him objects of fascinating interest. To him who was the wearer of the only crown in America, a pretty, hundred-thousand dollar imperial bauble of gold and pearls, the honor of his exalted station was not the only aim of life. The advancement of his people, who, as a race, hate the encroachments of modern ideas, was his greatest care.



His philanthropy and love of education he has shown in the establishment of various schools which prosper under his imperial protection. His desire for his country's development has been exemplified in the inducements offered for exploration and railroad building in the interior. His concern for his capital city is seen in the encouragement which led to the introduction of the street railways, illuminating gas, the telephone, electric light, a system of sewerage and other municipal improvements, and the manufacturing enterprises which as yet are so unimportant as to scarcely deserve either incidental mention or the high tariff that is enforced for their protection. If he could have advanced his people according to his own ideas of progression the Brazilians would to-day occupy a higher plane in the world's society, and the immense resources of their empire would have been better developed to their own enrichment.

In the *corte* and in the imperial palace at San Christovan, a suburb of Rio, there has of late been much grave apprehension; but in no quarter, probably, was and is more concern felt than among those Americans, Englishmen and other foreigners who have invested millions in Brazil for speculation, under concessions that are of precarious tenure. The government has been liberal heretofore—almost too liberal at times, for the treasury's credit—and a marked progress of the country has been the result. What will be the policy of the emperor's successor toward foreign investors is a matter of uncertainty and doubt. While Dom Pedro occupied the throne he could to some extent, restrain the rapaciousness of the powers behind it, and foreigners suffered the less for his efforts. Whether a new government will be able to do as well remains for time to show.

WM. REGINALD REAM.

IOWA FARMERS FOR PROTECTION

A Lot of Free Trade Falsehoods Refuted Concerning Tariff Sentiment in the West.

OXFORD, Ia., June 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—I see that Eastern papers are making statements from time to time that the farmers of Iowa are leaning towards free trade. Now I want to say that all such statements are without foundation, and that those engaged in circulating such reports are irresponsible flap-doodlers who know nothing of the sentiments of Iowa farmers.

There has been a deluge of free trade "slush" put into the hands of the farmers, and they have been inquiring and investigating, but the almost universal decision is that protection is equally beneficial to the farmer and the manufacturerer; that the consumption of farm produce by those engaged in manufacturing gives us a "home market," and that whatever is detrimental to the manufacturing interests is detrimental to our interests.

We are aware that with the vast area that has been opened up to cultivation in the last five years that there is very great danger of stagnation in the market for the produce of our farms—that production has been over done, and that relief must come from a diversified industry that will make more consumers and fewer producers. That is the gist of the whole matter. And we not only want to see our manufacturers prosper, but we want to see the business extended until it spreads all over our land and utilizes our water power and give us a more specific "home market"—a local market for all the diversified products of our fertile soil.

And this we hope for in the near future, when the free trade craze shall have been buried out of sight by the intelligent action of the great body of laborers who till the soil and manipulate the machinery. We have no desire to purchase cheap goods of foreign manufacture and let our own countrymen go begging.

Another matter calls for a word of explanation. The amount of farm mortgages in Iowa has been commented on and comparisons made that seem to place Iowa farmers in an unenviable position. Now it must be borne in mind that Iowa is a comparatively new country and that many, very many of the farmers have just made a beginning and that they have bought land on time, giving mortgages for delayed payments which are being paid off as fast as they are due.

Further, the last five years have been yet years of short crops and hard times, and the foreclosures have been comparatively few, and there is nothing like a panic among the farmers, but all are buoyant and hopeful. Another thing might be alluded to that will give some light on Iowa farm mortgages. Many farmers since the low prices of grain have gone extensively into cattle, and are just now beginning to reap the benefits of their investments, while their herds represent a large amount of wealth that will be permanently added to the wealth of the state and make a formidable showing in the future.

No, Iowa farmers are neither bankrupt nor are they free traders. FARMER.

THE SKY IN JUNE.

Matters of Interest to the Gazers Into the Starry Vault.

An astronomical event of conspicuous popular interest will occur in June. This is the arrival of the sun at its summer "standing place." For the past six months the great central luminary of the system has been sweeping northward across the firmament. On March 19, half of its journey in that direction being completed, it dashed over the celestial equator, and on the 20th of June the northerly solstice point is reached. The astronomical summer then begins. At that moment, wheeling in its career, the sun retraces its course, and its majestic march to the southward begins, which is to be completed on December 21 next.

The sun will rise about a degree and a half further to the northward on the 20th of June than it will when the month begins. The southerly movement beginning on the following day, the sun will be half a degree further to the south when the month ends than it will be when it reaches the northerly limit of its journey on the 20th. In the latitude of St. Louis the sun will rise at 4:40 on June 1, and set at 7:16. On June 20, and for a few days earlier the rising will take place at 4:38 and the setting at 7:24. The duration of the daylight hours will be 14 hours and 36 minutes at the beginning of the month, and 14 hours and 46 minutes on the 20th, a gain of ten minutes. The daylight period will be shortened three minutes between that day and the end of the month.

The sun will be in the constellation Taurus, which it entered about the 12th of May, until June 17. On that day it crosses over into Gemini. It will remain in this star group until after the middle of July.

The moon entered its last quarter on June 1, and will be new on the 9th. Completing its first quarter on the 17th, it will be full on the 23d, and begin its last quarter on the last day of the month, as it began its preceding last quarter on the 1st of the month.

The conjunctions between the moon and the planetary members of the system during June will be numerous and interesting. On the 7th the moon will be near Neptune. Both orbs, however, will be so near the sun at the time that the spectacle will not be visible. A day later the moon will make a close approach to Venus. The nearness of the sun, though, will also obscure the splendor of this display. The moon and planets will come into view, when these events take place, in the early morning, an hour or two before sunrise. On the 11th, two days after new moon, our satellite will be in conjunction with Mercury, and a day afterward it will pass close to Saturn. At this time the moon and planets will be in the westerly side of the firmament, the spectacle being visible soon after sunset. Mercury, though, will be too near the sun to be readily discovered at that time. At its nearest approach the moon will be less than a degree distant from Saturn, the planet being to the northward. On the 17th the moon will be in conjunction with Mars, and on the 18th with Uranus. When nearest to Mars the planet will be about eight degrees to the southeast. Uranus, when in conjunction, will be about six degrees south of the moon.

The last conjunction of the month occurs on the 21st. On that day the moon passes that portion of the firmament occupied by Jupiter. At this time the moon will be within two days of the completion of its full stage. The spectacle, therefore, will be in the field of view during the whole night. Both orbs will be in the southeasterly portion of the sky when the sun sets. The movement of the moon eastward with respect to the planet may be plainly discovered if both objects are viewed at intervals of two or three hours. When at its nearest approach the moon will be about four degrees north of Jupiter.

Venus and Neptune will be the only morning stars during June. All the other planets will be above the horizon for part or all of the hour of darkness througout the month. Venus is rapidly nearing the sun, and the splendor of its rays will be obscured by the proximity to the solar orb for several weeks to come. Venus and Neptune will be in conjunction on the 1st day of June, as the brightest and most beautiful planetary member of the sun's family passes to the eastward of its dimmest and most distant brother.

At the beginning of June the planets visible in the evening will stand thus in the order of increasing distance eastward from the sun: Mercury, Saturn, Mars, Uranus, Jupiter—Mercury being furthest to the west and Jupiter to the east. These relative positions will be maintained throughout the month save in the case of Mars and Uranus, which change places, Mars being further to the east than Uranus when the month ends.

Turning to the northward the star groups near the pole will be seen to have changed their positions many degrees during the past month. The Dipper is in the northwest, high above the Pole star in the early hours of darkness, but it is nearer the horizon than it was a month ago. Cassiopeia, which is always on the opposite side of Polaris from the Dipper, may now be seen in the northeast. Low down in the northwest, farther to the southward than the Dipper, a bright yellow star will be observed just after sunset about the beginning of the month. This is Capella, the leading luminary in the constellation of the Charioteer. Far to the southwestward, and about half way between Saturn and Mars, is another star of the first magnitude, which is Regulus, the most conspicuous brilliant in Leo, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. Nearly in the zenith, also in the early hours of the night, when the month begins, will be seen Arcturus, of the Cowherd, while over in the northeast, about half way between the horizon and the zenith, is Vega, the most striking and beautiful orb in the constellation of the Lyre.

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Inflammation of the Bladder

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Publishers' Column.

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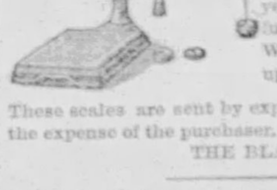

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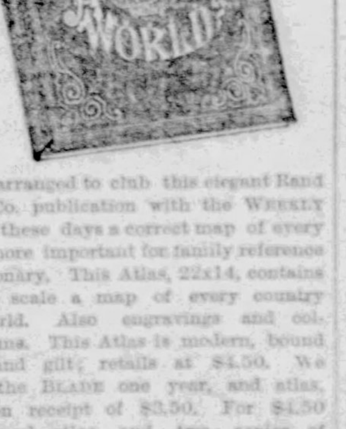

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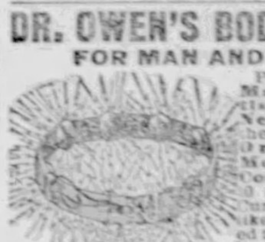

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We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

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The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

"SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE."

This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour through the country just after the war, and comprises some of the best of the "Nasby" letters ever written. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents; or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY."

This book embraces another series of the "Nasby" letters, written during the early period of the war, and contains some of the strongest letters Mr. Locke ever wrote. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents, or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"ABOU BEN ADHEM."

This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, but contains a series of articles by Mr. Locke in another style of humor. A better book than Æsop's Fables; one of the very best books ever writen by Mr. Locke. We will send one of these books, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

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This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomers of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

ANDERSONVILLE:
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This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25; with Weekly BLADE one year, $2.10. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

SOME THINGS ABOUT LETTERS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Recently I have received two letters, both from young girls, the writers of which were from almost the extremes of this broad country. Both contained inquiries in regard to the proprieties connected with a correspondence with men they had never seen, whose real names they did not positively know, and who were, in every sense of the word, strangers.

I want to reply to these letters at one and the same time, for what I should say to the one will be equally true applied to other. First there are no "proprieties" the connected with anything of the kind. There cannot be for it is manifestly improper for you to carry on a familiar correspondence with persons of whose principles you know absolutely nothing, who may possibly be angels of light, but as this world goes, are quite as likely to be princes of darkness, whose innermost thought of you, could you know it, would be an abomination.

It seems a very little thing, I know, to write a letter "just for fun" to somebody, merely to see what they will say in return. There is a spice of daring, too, in thus addressing one of whose mode of thought you are ignorant, and an excitement in wondering what he will say, that does not belong to letters written by persons whom you know well.

Where is the impropriety? Tell me first whether you think it would be exactly the proper thing for you to go upon the street in a crowded city, and selecting any one out of the crowd, walk up to him and without further ceremony invite him into your life, to enter into your thoughts, to go into your home, to absorb your time, and to do this without any possibility of knowing whether he is worthy or unworthy, trusting entirely to chance that he does not prove to be a blackguard and a cheat. Well, that is about the position you place yourself in when you begin a correspondence with a strange man who *may* be a gentleman, by answering the advertisements mentioned.

You would, without doubt, resent being addressed by a stranger upon a public street, and indignantly repudiate the idea that you would invite him into your home without any knowledge of his antecedents and his present character, but that would really be no worse than to write letters to one you know nothing of, placing in his hands your written thoughts for him to use as he pleases, putting him in possession of what, no matter how carefully you word your thoughts, or how reticent you are about your real self, may some day be the cause of bitter mortification.

Let me tell you a story. A gay young girl, bright, pretty and in good standing, but eager for excitement, answered an advertisement in a paper published in a distant city. Shortly a letter came in reply, well written and with a certain picturesque boldness of style that attracted her interest. She wrote again with the same result, and a frequent interchange of letters, that grew more and more friendly, followed, letters in which she came to forget that she was writing to one who was an utter stranger. It is true that at times some reckless expression startled her somewhat, but gradually these produced less and less of an impression upon her, and the correspondence went on until, becoming drawn towards a gentleman she had met at her own home, who was also interested in her, she ceased to write so frequently, and finally dropped it altogether. Not so with her correspondent. His letters came as they had done, and finally she was startled by a request for an explanation of her silence and an announcement that the writer would be near her home within a short time, and should call upon her, closing by saying that he knew she would be glad to see one to whom she had written so many letters.

She could do nothing and he came,—came when her parlor was full of friends, among them the gentleman in whose eyes she desired above all things to stand above reproach. He was a showily dressed, rakish fellow with breath redolent of whisky, a man who had evidently made the worst of himself when he was capable of the best. His manner to her was full of an odious familiarity as if they understood each other, and when he took it upon himself to tell of how he advertised and she answered, and how they had since corresponded, she was almost frantic with shame and mortification.

"I knew she was a high flyer," he said with a leer, which he intended to be mischievous, into her face, "and that I must be very particular how I wrote, but I guess she liked my letters pretty well, judging from her answers."

What was the result? That she had a hard time to make him understand that she wanted nothing to do with him; that he absolutely refused to give up the letters she had written; that the story with embellishments was bandied about town to her discredit, and that the man whose good opinion she so desired turned from her in disgust.

Perhaps some of you can tell me of instances where a correspondence begun between strangers in that way has ended happily. There are such cases, and again others that had a far more direful termination than the one I have mentioned.

No girls, do not do it. No matter how much sport it may promise you, never answer an advertisement for a correspondence. You cannot know to whom you are writing, and even should you sign an assumed name, your identity may be easily traced, and you placed in some equivocal position.

Be chary of your letters to gentlemen any way. An occasional exchange with one whom you know to be worthy of your confidence is by no means objectionable, but indiscriminate letter writing to young men of your acquaintance who may or may not live such lives as entitle them to the friendship of a pure woman is to be regretted. You cannot be too careful in a bestowal of your favors. Without being in any way prudish, you can yet so carry yourselves, that no one will think of cheapening the intrinsic worth of your character.

Another thing. No matter how great your confidence in the character of a masculine friend, never put upon paper what would call the blush of shame to your cheek, should it come under the eye of a third person, or even what you would regret, though it might be within the limits of propriety. You are never quite sure into whose hands your letters may finally fall, no matter how honorable the receiver. Written words often bear a different signification to the reader from what the writer intended, and for these reasons and others, let maidenly reserve characterize your letters under al circumstances. This may seem over-caution, but believe me, you will one day see its real necessity.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

RUSH BANNER.—Get a plain rush or reed banner one yard long and one-half yard wide. Paint a landscape or some pretty scene on it. Then get common rope two inches in circumference, and sew around it, crossing at the corners (a la rustic) and fringing the ends.

HANKERCHIEF CASE.—Get two pretty Japanese mats. Round the corners put two layers of cotton batting on each mat and between cotton sprinkle sachet powder. Over this put satin of some bright color, and finish each one separately. Put the two together, catching the corners together lightly, and from each corner put a chenille ball or tassel.

Many suggestions for home adornment will be found in "Fancy Work and House Decorations," copies of which will be sold awhile longer at 15 cents each, by Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON FABRIC PAINTING—Spray of verbenas on black panel:—This pattern, No. 925, size 10x16 inches, makes a handsome panel or placque decoration. Verbenas are in bloom now, and the natural flower will lend its aid of faultless coloring to the amateur artist.

Stamp the design with white powder. Set it by holding in front of a moderate fire for a short time. Fine sable brushes are the best for working on these placques or panels. Nos. 3, 5 and 7 will be suited to this design. As to colors, rose madder, silver white, permanent blue, light zinnaber green, lemon yellow, terre verte green will be needed. Also a bottle of pale drying oil. Paint the design first in white, mixing just enough of the drying oil with the paint to render it smooth. When this first coat is dry, the natural shades may be laid on. Mix up two shades of pink—one deep and the other a delicate tint. For these tints mix rose madder and white. The madder is a strong color, and very little added to white makes a deep tint. One spray of the verbenas may be painted pink, leaving the eye or center white. Paint the other sprays with a purple tint made by mixing rose madder and permanent blue, adding in a little white for delicate shading. Finish the leaves and stems in ziamaber green, hightening the shade with a little yellow, or darkening it with terre verte. The black color of the placque, or panel, forms its own shadows. Before closing these notes, I wish to make a correction; patterns are not sent to the reader of this department free of charge. A catalogue price list, giving sizes, styles and price of prtterns suited to painting or embroidery is sent on receipt of six cents postage.

Questions are answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

DIAMOND LACE.—I send a copy of lace which is very pretty and very easy, being a solid diamond in the center and two rows of holes each side, every alternate row being plain. It is easier to knit, as you only have to count half the time. I will also write it, I as copy all patterns for my own use, and any one used to knitting can see at a glance what rows are almost alike, and just where and how they differ, and I think one can get "the hang" of a new pattern much easier written in this way. Only the usual abbreviations at the head of this column are used. Cast on 20 stitches and knit across plain; second row and every alternate row plain. O means over twice, but knitted as one stitch. 1st row—k 6—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—k 3. 3d row—k—5—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—k 3. 5th row—k 4—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 7—o—n—k 1—o—k 3. 7th row—k 3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 9—o—n—k 1—o—k 3. Knit 8th, 9th and 10th rows plain. 11th row—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n 5—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 2. 13th row—k 6—o—n—k 1—o—n 3 n—o—k 1—n—o—n—k 2. 15th row—k 7—o—n—k 1—o—n 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—n—k 2. 17th row—k 8—o—n k 1—o—n 3 tog—o—k 1—n—o—n—k 2. 18th, 19th and 20th rows plain. Commence over again.—GRANDMA DAY.

SHELL FOR MITTENS.—In answer to Helen A. Crane in regard to the shell for mittens, there was a mistake, and I will send the directions in full once more: 1st—have 24 stitches on each needle, then n twice—t t o—k 1—k 2—1 t o—k 1—n 4 times—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 2—t t o—k 1—n twice. You are now across one needle. Knit the other needles the same way, then knit alternately one by directions given above, and one plain. Am sorry the mistake occurred. I thought I was very careful. These directions are correct, I know.—MRS. F. J. ERWIN, Demotte, Ind.

PRETTY NARROW LACE.—Ch 4—3 d—2 ch—3 d c in 4 st; this forms a shell—ch 2—turn—sh on sh—ch 5—turn—sh on sh—ch 1—6 d c, with 1 ch between each in 5 ch—ch 1—catch in 1st sh—turn—5 ch in top of each d c—ch 1—sh on sh—ch 2—turn—repeat from 1st turn. I would like very much if members of the HOUSEHOLD would send me full size designs of any stamping patterns they have.—MRS. ROSIE STETTLER, Oregon, Ogle Co., Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESIGNED.—"A woman who can not cheerfully and gracefully accept the thorny crown of motherhood, should not think of becoming a mother:"

I try to learn life's lesson,
But my spirit's far away;
Roaming by the little brooklet
Where I used to romp and play.

Looking at my blooming visage
In its cool and limpid stream,
I thought the world a Paradise,
My life a pleasant dream.

I have parted with my idols,
One by one I gave them up,
Though the very thought was bitter,
There was sweetness in the cup.

So now I bear my burden
With great cheerfulness and song,
Thinking I can learn my lesson,
Though it is so hard and long.

I have set my stakes straightforward,
Roaming neither right nor left,
Passing many a pleasant pasture
Of its sweetness all bereft.

But my way is safe, it leadeth
To that bright and shining shore,
Where I will meet my kindred,
Praising God forevermore!

I think I know my lesson,
I will give my roses up;
I will drink without a murmur
Of that bitter, hateful cup.

I will wear a smiling visage,
Have a heart that ever scorns
To breathe a single breath of fear,
Though I wear a crown of thorns.
—MRS. B. BURGESS.

NEED OF PURE LITERATURE.—I was very thankful to see Dr. Phinney's article in the BLADE of May 10. It is a subject that touches every one closely, but particularly of fathers and mothers. It seems surprising that parents are so indifferent to the many schemes and snares to lead their children astray and the wonder is not that so many fall from virtue, but that any escape. I do not see how the publisher of a paper which they know will be read in thousands of homes, can be guiltless, when they take pay for, and print that class of advertisements which they know are liable to lead young people astray, and that it is the object of the advertisers to ruin boys and girls, soul and body. It seems to me that such money bears a deeper stain than that on Lady Macbeth's "little hand."

Parents, why not refuse utterly to receive into your homes any paper that persists in printing these obscene advertisements? You would resent any attempt on the material life of your children, and what is merely life, if robbed of virtue and morality? Would you put poison into their daily food, saying, *my* children are too good and pure to be harmed, and then bewail the deadly effect when too late to save? Yet every time you put one of these advertisements in their way you are risking the poisoning of mind, soul and body, for there cannot be a healthy body and a diseased soul. Your child may escape, but why take the fearful risk?

I feel so strongly on this subject that I do not know when to stop. I would like to save my boys, but how can I hope to do so when I am working single-handed against the great influence of the press and the thousand ways of temptation (of which, perhaps, I know nothing) that surround them the moment they leave my side. I must refuse, for one, to take into my home any paper that publishes the class of advertisements referred to, and if all parents would join with me publishers would find it to their pecuniary advantage, if no other, to listen to our appeals for a pure literature.—A MOTHER.

WALNUT LINIMENT.—To "Careful Martha:" The liniment is made of black walnuts, and can be made any time between the middle of June to the last of July. Slice very thin, saving the water. Put all in a 1-gallon jar, fill nearly full, pour in coal oil till covered, and cover tight. Let stand six weeks, then strain and add 1 ounce of camphor gum. It will net you one-half gallon of liniment. Shake well and apply two or three times per day, always burning in by fire or hot flannels or irons. I send this recipe out again, because I see it is being incorrectly given, which should not be done. A very little difference in a dose of medicine makes a wide difference in the result. This recipe is genuine. It came of an excellent old doctor of over a century ago, has been tested with good results upwards of a hundred years, and is just what "Invalid Inquirer," of April 12, needs. It is also excellent for ingrowing and false or crumbling toe nails. I have given ample measures for making, because walnuts do not hit every year, and in case of failure it is well to have some on hand, and I like to divide with my neighbors, anyway. This is a whole-souled, free advertisement, and is well worth space in every scrap book. I hope all will preserve it, as I may not live to give it any more.—MRS. JOHN L. EVANS.

OLD MAIDS:—I think that of all persons, the ones not the least deserving of human sympathy, are those single ladies whom the world chooses to call old maids. Yet, they are derided, abused, nicknamed, and sneered at from almost all sides, and from people who ought to have the good sense to know better, or knowing better, should have the fairness to do better. And why all this ill treatment? Is it because no one thinks that they have feelings like other people, and sacred rights that should be respected? Perhaps it is because old maids have no pledged protectors—no one to take up their case and argue their rights to certain privilgees of which the world at large, and *society*, in general, would entirely deprive them.

The world at large does not like to have an injured party plead in his own defence; hence many are defrauded out of their rights and "looked down on," so to speak, when if one would only carefully examine the evidence in the case abundance of cause for complaint may be found for the aggrieved party, and a just and fair decision may be found for the complainant. And if only a patient and fair hearing were given to the case in question society would probably be surprised at the verdict.

And perhaps in regard to single ladies they are such from choice; it may be that Providence so disposed events that no other choice appeared. Perhaps mother died leaving father with several small children, and none but the eldest sister to assume the place made vacant and do to her best ability the duties of a mother; if such be the case how noble in her to choose the path of duty so plainly marked. Or perchance father is dead and mother an invalid; her duty here is plain; and in either case, perhaps, the duty has rested upon her so long that when it is at last removed the snow of age has fallen upon her and she with tired hands and aching heart bows without resistance to the burden of life alone and too often without sympathy. And yet, one who in either of the above cases faces alone the battles of life is more womanly than one who, fearing to be called an "old maid" marries a *booby* because he lives in a—"White House;" and ten thousand times more noble than one who forfeits the respect due to true womanhood by marrying a moral leper because he has the reputation of being President of the United States.

Now if any who may read this ever feel inclined to speak of the ones of whom I have been writing, stop a moment and think what you were about to say—think whether it is worthy of you to say it; think well, and be sure that you say nothing of which you may afterward be ashamed.

I am sorry to say (for I must say it to the discredit of my own sex), that I believe it is more frequently young men who make sport of old maids; shame on the young man who will allow himself to do so; he is unworthy of the name of gentleman; he is not fit for any rank in the society of a civilized people, and society should compel him to stand afar off, and cry, "Unclean, unclean."

And to such a young man I would say, if you have a sister who is a spinster, do not, I pray you, do not call her such names as "Old Maid," or "Old Singleness." Remember, that no matter whether she take it good-naturedly or not, she would rather you would not call her such names. Oh, be kind to such an one, for doubtless she has been kind to you; perhaps she has cared for you as a mother would; maybe your mother was taken from you before you breathed the dear name, mother; and then that sister was obliged to care for you. And then, perhaps the duties that devolved upon that sister forbade her mingling in the society of young people when it would have been agreeable to her; and now she feels as if society had moved on and left her, and she prefers the quiet of the home circle; she has made a sacrifice for you and you should treat her with respect.

She thinks now no more of married life; her dreams of such a life are over, and she faces the realities of the present life with a bravery that was never excelled on the field of battle. She is calm and resigned; she seems to be happy; yet that heart could speak. Perhaps in memory she sees a familiar face; it is the face of one whom she knew in her youth, but knew better as they grew older. Ah, perhaps, words were spoken that made her cheeks glow and her heart beat quick; perhaps she longed for a certain future day to come. They parted and now she sees that face only in memory; for he never returned. Perhaps in some secret place is a little jewel; she looks upon it when no human eye sees her; she looks upon it and weeps. Or, perchance, the one of her choice was borne to the silent grave ere the happy day arrived, and her heart, true to its first love, is now widowed. However it be, her lot is now cast and cannot be changed. She wishes you a happy life; she prays for your happiness, and this is not all, she works for your happiness. She takes care that your clothes look neat and fit you well; that all the buttons are in their proper places. Who knows better than she how well the girls like to see their beaux dress neatly; she knows by experience that such is the case. She helps in many ways to make you appear well in society, and you cannot thank her enough for it. Then speak to her kindly and respectfully, and go with her sometimes to meetings or to such places as she desires; and sometimes take her riding in your new buggy or sleigh, and you will never regret it.—E. R. EVESGUIL.

CORRESPONDENCE CLIPPINGS.

I would like, through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, to thank all the noble Christian people who have responded so generously and promptly to my request for Sabbath school papers. We have received so many that we have more than we can use in our own school, but there are thousands of people here in this new country who are not able to take as many papers as they need, and I shall see that all that have been sent are distributed where they will be appreciated. I know from my own experience that any one feels the need of good reading much more than in an old settled country. It is about all the entertainment we have. I wish all those who contributed the papers could see the happy faces of our little school when they received them, and I trust they will be the means of accomplishing much good. I feel that it is quite as important to have good safe reading for them as it is to have improving associations.—MRS. L. E. OLNEY, Bunksville, Neb.

By your permission, I will give through your columns, Mr. John W. Payne what I remember of the lines he asked for. I committed them to memory about 55 years ago, when I was but 8 years old, and have never seen or heard a word from them since until now. As I am neither poet or grammarian, I hope no one will criticise any mistake I may make.

"Columbus was a sailor brave,
The first that crossed the Atlantic waves.
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
He came far o'er the ocean blue,
Where never a ship had sailed before,
And found a wild and savage shore,
Where naked men in forests prowled,
An bears and panthers roamed and howled.
Then others came to see the wonder,
To gather gold and seek for plunder.
Then Cortez came with sword and flame,
And at a blow proud Mexico
Was humbled in the dust.
Pizzaro, too, with rich Peru,
With bloody heart and cruel art,
A mighty empire crushed.
Ah! many a red man's blood was spilled,
And many a cruel deed was done of guilt,
Far South, beneath the tropic sun.

There was more of it, I believe, but this is all I remember.—R. W. BUDD.

I see one item in the HOUSEHOLD that makes me feel thankful to the editor and also to the lady who was kind enough to give her experience with firms who advertise for ladies to do fancy work. Now I am an invalid and poor, and have been like a good many others, I need to do all I can to help earn a little money, and want some light employment that I can do in bed, for I cannot set up any, and I get tired of being shut in from all society and being confined to my room. I have so much wanted to earn a wheel chair, a regular invalid's reclining chair, and I wrote to several firms that advertised for ladies to do knitting and crotcheting. I received samples of work, and could knit like all of them, but I had to be under their instructions first and had to send $3.00 for an outfit, and then I had no guarantee of getting employment. They wrote in such a way that I was afraid that I would get swindled out of my money. If any of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD have tried "Amateur Photography," will they please to write of their success to the HOUSEHOLD.
A POOR MISSOURIAN.

Anyone who is in doubt about the reliability of such firms write to the "Woman's Industrial and Educational Union," Boston, Mass., and ask for information.—ED.

I would like to say to the laboring men of the East who are thinking of coming to Washington territory that the supply of labor far exceeds the demand. Seattle and Tacama are crowded with men who are unable to find employment, and wages are low. When the boom bursts, as it undoubtedly will soon, there must be a great deal of suffering in that places. That this country has a splendid climate is true, but "climate" alone, as a diet, is very thin. It has lots of timber and mineral lands; also what farming lands it has are very productive. If a person has a few hundred dollars to work on, there are good chances both in Eastern and Western Washington to acquire land of the government by homestead or pre-emptions, and in time be comfortably "well-fixed." But those who intend coming here to work out for wages, they had better remain East. The Northern Pacific trains are crowded with emigrants coming West, and numbers of them are going back.—H. C. CROCKETT, Weston, W. T.

INQUIRIES.

I would like to ask what will keep gooseberries from moulding on the bushes.—NETTIE SMITH.

Will some one please give directions for a crocheted mantel lambrequin? One made of macrame cord and having a ribbon run through it.—RENA.

Can any one tell me where I can get a hank of flax, such as they used to spin.—READER.

Will some one tell how to make a paste to put on wall paper with? (Not flour and water.)—E. E. W.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to bleach ferns?—EMMA CRAMER, Box 23, DeLong, Knox county, Illinois.

Will some one tell me through the HOUSEHOLD how to make a pretty cover for an organ stool and also mats for the lamp stands of the organ?—A SISTER.

Can some of the BLADE readers tell me how to brighten steel beads? I have quite a lot of them and saltpetre got on them and made them rusty. I would like to brighten them again.—A READER.

Can some reader of the BLADE tell me how to color a white straw hat "drab color" or can it be done? Can it be done with Diamond dyes, and how?—A READER.

Would some one living in Washington Territory and Oregon please write and describe the country and climate? Address C. N. N., Box 50, Princeton, Franklin Co., Kas.

My hair, eyebrows and eyelashes are falling out. Eyebrows are dry and harsh. Have never had any disease of the blood. If anyone knows of a cure would be thankful to hear through the BLADE. If anyone troubled with warts will wet them with good strong vinegar and then apply soda, and repeat this as often as possible and persevere, it will take them away leaving no scars. How can I prevent my underclothes from being yellow under the arms, not caused by lack of bathing?—E. M. N.

Will some one tell me where I can dispose of a paper that was published in Ulster county, N. Y., January 4, 1800, by Freere & Son, called *Ulster County Gazette*, and also will our editor tell me what would be the advertising rate to advertise in the BLADE? Answering the above question will be thankfully received.—MRS. J. M. W.

Please tell me what colors are used in the German hunting costume.—"FREE."

Would some of the readers of rhe BLADE, through your paper, give me information in making ink for the Automatic shading pen?—MATT SPRONE.

I have more flower seeds than I wish to plant, of all colors—Petunia, Star of Bethlehem, Asters, etc.—which I will send to any one sending a stamped addressed envelope.—S. L. LEACH, Westminster, Vt.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"C. C.:" If you will try Diamond dye for coloring ostrich tips, any shade, then while wet hold over a hot stove and shake slowly till dry, being careful not to burn them, will be pleased with the result. Tips to be curled and not colored; use a dull knife or scissors and draw each separate feather carefully between knife and thumb till all are curled.

To Mrs. Flo. Shaffer, Ohio: I have seen a pretty wall ornament made by taking two wings and placing them with the outer edges together, tacking to the wall and fastening a bow of bright colored ribbon to the lower part. Think she will be pleased with the effect produced.

If one who wished recipe for canning asparagus will send stamp I will forward it, as it is rather too lengthy to be given here. Will also send directions for several fancy articles to any one wishing them.—CARRIE E. RUTLEDGE, Barnes City, Iowa.

Send the latter to the HOUSEHOLD for the benefit of all.—ED.

A new beginner in authorship writes complaining that when her articles are accepted they are not paid for by the publishers, and she does not understand why, if they are good enough to print, she should not be remunerated.

1. Because, not being known her work has not yet acquired a commercial value, even though it is equally good with that of some one who has a reputation.

2. If she does not want her articles used without remuneration, she should say so in her note, unless sending to such papers or magazine, as accept no free contributions. Others go upon the idea that the opportunity of getting before the public is pay enough for a young writer, and in many cases it is. That, however, is a matter for her own decision.—ED.

Would say to the lady asking a cure for fleas, that chloride of lime sprinkled plentifully around and in the house will exterminate them.—AUNT MARY.

Would you consider it prudent in me to send names of lady acquaintances to "young men wishing to correspond with an Ohio girl," as a compensation for the receipt of a song or any like favor, having no acquaintance with said young men or "bachelors?"—E. R., Bolivar, O.

Most certainly not, without the consent of the young ladies themselves. You have no right to do so.—ED.

To all who so generously responded to my request for wintergreens and "queen of the meadow," I will say, "Thank you," many times, for your kindness and good will. I have sent postage to all who sent plants, except one whose postmark was illegible.—MRS. MARY GALE.

If Mrs. Browning will try this simple remedy for hardness of bottom of feet it will help her: Take yellow beeswax and mutton tallow, equal parts, with enough olive oil to soften it; melt together and mix into a salve and apply. Good also for corns on feet.—MRS. R., Booneville, Mo.

In replying to an "ad" for correspondents is it the duty of the advertiser or respondent to first divulge his or her name.—A. B. C., Toledo, Ohio.

The advertiser should set the example of frankness.—ED.

RECIPES.

ICE CREAM.—1 gallon fresh milk, 1½ pts. white sugar, 2 tablespoonsful gellatine, 1 teaspoonful butter color, 1 tablespoonful lemon extract, 1 tablespoonful vanilla extract. Dissolve the gellatine in about 1 pint of milk by heating on the stove in a small pan. Let the rest of the milk just raise the boil in another vessel; add the gellatine and sugar. Then when it is about cold add coloring and flavoring. Freeze evenly and you will have something fine as well as cheap.

A GOOD CAKE.—1½ cupful of white or light brown sugar, 1 cupful butter well worked and warm, ⅔ cupful sweet milk, yelks of 4 eggs, whites of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful lemon extract and 4 cupsful of flour sifted with 2 teaspoonsful of baking powder. Always use self-judgment in regard to flour. The white of one egg is left out for frosting.—MATTIE JONES.

"MARBLE CAKE."—Light Part. — White sugar, 1½ cupsful; butter, ½ cupful; sweet milk, ½ cupful; soda, ½ teaspoonful; cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful; lard ½ teaspoonful; baking powder, whites of 4 eggs; flour, 2½ cupsfuls; 1 teaspoonful lemon extract. Beat well together. "Dark Part"—Brown sugar, 1 cupful; molasses, ½ cupful; butter, ½ cupful; sour milk, ½ cupful; soda, 1 even teaspoonful; flour, 2½ cupsful; yolks of 4 eggs, cloves, allspice, cinnamon, each 1 teaspoonful. When each part is ready, drop a spoonful of dark, then of light, and so proceed to fill up pans, dropping the light on dark, till all is used. This makes two cakes.—"ST. LOUIS."

ICE CREAM.—1 gall. sweet cream, 1½ pt. sugar, 1 tablespoonful each of vanilla and lemon extract; freeze.

ANOTHER.—Mix 4 teaspoonfuls of corn starch with 1 pt. of milk. Boil 2 qts. of new milk and stir the starch into it. Let this boil until it begins to thicken, then add 2 qts. of cold milk, 2 lbs of white sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon or vanilla extract or both.

BANANA CREAM.—To 2 qts. of any good cream put six large ripe bananas that have been well mashed, and freeze. Peaches, or any kind of ripe fruit or berries can be used in the same way.

LEMON ICE.—Make a very rice lemonade; allow 6 or 8 lemons to each qt. of water; make it very sweet and freeze it. Orange ice is made the same way, using the juice of oranges instead of lemon.

TO MAKE LEMON EXTRACT.—To 1 pt. of alcohol add 2 ozs. of oil of lemon; let stand five or six weeks, shaking occasionally.—MATTIE JONES.

—Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

WAVERLY, ILL.

W. A. Woodmansee, Lena Staton, Mary Rynders, Bessie Lamonte, Anna Jones, Alva Brown, Joshua Brown, Edie Danly, Frank Sturgess, Pearl Lindsey, Mabel Wylie, Willie Turnbull, Mason Woods, James Phelan, James Woods, Roy Scrogins, Iva Morris, Kate Curvin, Lucy Sanbridge, Anna Edwards, Lena Talkiton, Loyd Ashbaugh, Willie Richardson, Sylvester Workman, Lily Staton, Edgar Snow, Phebe Vance.

BOLIVAR, MO.

J. T. Amis.

ST. BERNICE, IND.

Louis Shafer, Otha Green, Howard Nolan, Aretus Nolan, Frank Miller, Frank Green, Oaky Nolan.

REED CITY, MICHIGAN.

H. St. Clair Pace, Millie Russell, Robbie Barber, Albert Berry, Ida Johnson.

Names this week, 89. Total 23,639.

The above embraces all names received up to May 31.

THE DISCONTENTED HOUSEHOLD PETS.

"'Tis a sin and a shame," said the old gray cat,
"I'm just of your mind," squeaked the ancient rat,
"We'll bear it no longer," whined Dick, the pug,
As he shifted himself on his well-worn rug.
"We'll hold a convention of birds and beasts,
And tell what we think of these Christmas feasts.
The question we'll meet with hisses and groans,
Why *men eat the meat and leave us the bones!*"

Then they marched to the barn without more delay,
And called to the poultry-yard on the way.
But to join the convention, they all declined—
The turkeys and geese, they were all of a mind.
The "chicks" would at home with their parents stay;
"For, are we not fed with the best?" said they.
"No wonder," said puss as she marched herself out;
"'Tis your flesh and bones we are grumbling about."

The cattle were sulky; the calves and the lambs
Declined to make speeches, and so did thier dams.

"From sufficient pastures," said they, "we eat;
We never gnaw bones! we never eat meat!"
Said a hazel-eyed cow, as she whisked her tail;
"Don't venture, Miss Puss, near my milking-pail."
Says puss to the dog; "My spirit it grieves,
To think that they take us for common thieves."

"Bow-wow," says the pug. "To the barn we'll go;
Here's Towser and Prince, and the old tame crow;"
"I'm fond of sweet birds," cried Puss, "as you see;
But crows are the lowest of low degree!
He shan't make a speech! Put that as my 'claws.'"
"Hi! hi!" says the crow, "I can show good 'caws,'
I, too, Ma'am, pick bones! Why make such a fuss?"
"I know it; but, then, Sir, you pick after us!"

"Pray stop all this clatter," says Prince. "Pay attention;
You lower the order of this our convention.
Now Christmas is near; a feast is at hand;
And we would fain join it as lords of the land.

But in order to do it with pride (as you're willing),
Much better 'twould be if we did our own killing.

"What a dreadful proposal!" says puss. "I shall faint!"
And she puts on the air of a horrified saint.

So Prince killed a turkey, and Dick killed a hen,
And the rat sacked the nest of a poor little wren;
While puss dissappeared in a dove cote near by,
And folks thought is snowed, the way feathers did fly.

They ate, and they ate, Prince, Towser and Dick;
They munched and they crunched till they made themselves sick,
'Till the gluttons, who meant to have gathered the bones
For their master and mistress, lay dead on the stone.

I'll tell you the sequel, my dears, ere I quit;
The cat and the kitten had fit after fit;
Each stretched herself out in her own little bed,
And the master and mistress declared them both dead.
But "cats have nine lives," and so they revived
From their sad overeating and picked up and thrived.
But from that day to this, dears, so says Master Jones,
They've been more than contented with good marrow bones.
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in *Baldwin's Monthly.*

GRACIE'S LESSON.

BY JULIA D. PECK.

"O mamma, Leslie is the naughtiest boy! I shouldn't s'pose anybody could love him, and I don't ever want to play with him any more."

Mamma Lester looked up from her sewing, and said with a sigh,—

"Gracie, what is the trouble now?"

"It's Leslie, mamma. He wanted to play 'nagerie with his Noah's ark, and I wanted to play we were going on a 'scursion, and take all my dolls for poor city children, and Leslie wouldn't. I think he's just as selfish as he can be; and then he knocked my dollies all on the floor in a heap, and smashed Lilian's head, or something, I s'pose, for I thought I heard it crack"—

"Now we will hear what Gracie did," interrupted her mother.

"Why, I didn't do nothing—much," said Gracie, "'cept I hit his Noah's ark a little speck, and it fell on the floor, and Noah's head came off; and Leslie grabbed 'em up just as quick as he could, and said he shouldn't ever come again, and ran home."

"I am very sorry that my little girl should treat her cousin in that way, and a visitor, too," said Gracie's mother. "It certainly was very unkind."

Grace hung her head, but the naughty look did not leave her face.

"Mamma," she said, "I don't s'pose anybody in all the world could be kind to such a trying boy. I hope he won't come to see me again till I'm a hundred years old; I do, truly."

Mamma took up a pen and some paper, and wrote a note which she handed to Gracie.

"I want to have you remember, Gracie," she said, "that you are not to go to see Leslie or speak to him for a whole week. I have explained to Aunt Dolly in this note, which you may take over to her now."

"Oh, goody!" said Gracie. "I guess Leslie will be sorry enough, and wish he'd tried to please me. Kiss me, mamma, before I go."

She held up her sweet face, but her mamma was bending over her work.

"I haven't any kiss for you now," said she.

The little girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Why haven't you, mamma?" she asked.

"You think it over while you are gone, and perhaps you may find some reason," was the answer.

The little girl went away with a very sober face. She delivered the note to Aunt Dolly, who read it with a queer smile.

"Tell your mamma that her idea is a good one," she said.

When Graie left the house, she saw Leslie sitting under the big elm tree, looking as if all his friends had deserted him.

Grecie glanced at him, then hurried on without a word; but she had only gone a few steps before he called her.

"If you'll bring your dolls over, I'll play anything you want to," he said.

Gracie stopped and turned half way round, but did not answer.

"Betty is making a strawberry turnover, and I'll give you half," he added, as an extra inducement.

The little girl did not wait to hear anything more, but hurried home and went directly to her mother's room.

"Mamma," she began, "I guess—maybe—it was me most as much as 'twas Leslie that was naughty."

Mamma did not look up from her sewing.

Presently Gracie came to her with a very penitent face.

"Mamma," she said, "I'm very sorry I was naughty; 'twas me a great deal more than 'twas Leslie."

Then mamma laid down her work and kissed her little daughter.

"I am glad to hear you say so," she said, "and hope you will try and be gentle and kind to your cousin in the future."

"Can't I please just go and tell Leslie I'm sorry?" asked Gracie, coaxingly.

"Do you remember what I said about it, dear?" asked Mrs. Lester.

"Yes, 'um," said Gracie, "but"—

"Well, Gracie, when I say anything like that, don't you think I mean it?"

"O mamma! I can't never live a whole week 'less I can see Leslie, I don't s'pose. Can't you please shut me up in a dark closet, and make me live on bread and 'lasses, or else send me to bed to stay all day—or something, 'cause don't you see, this will punish Leslie just the same as me, and he's such a darling and wouldn't never quarrel if 'twasn't for me. If you only would, Mamma Lester?"

Mamma smiled behind her work.

"I think you both need a lesson," she said, "I am sure you will love each other better for a week's separation."

Poor Gracie! It was very hard, and it seemed as if she could not bear it. The hours went so slowly she was glad when mamma told her it was bedtime, and she went to sleep thinking that one day had gone. What a long, week that was!

Leslie came over every morning to the gate, and threw her kisses, which she returned with interest. It seemed to Gracie that she could never quarrel with Leslie again, and that she should be perfectly willing that he should have his own way in every thing, if that dreadful week would only come to an end. And it really did at last.

Gracie awoke very early that morning and could hardly eat her breakfast she was so excited. She had just left the table when Leslie rushed in. Papa and mamma laughed over the joyful meeting.

"Mamma said I could stay all the morning," said Leslie, "and you must come over and stay this afternoon with me—can't she Aunt Jessie? Get all your dolls, Gracie, and we'll play they are poor children, and take them out into the country and give them a jolly treat. I've saved up all my money to get some peanuts and candy—mamma said I could. I've got eight cents."

"Hadn't you a little rather play 'nagerie with your Noah's ark, Leslie?" asked Grace, "'cause I should like it ever so much."

"Maybe we'll play that afterwards," said Leslie; "but hurry and get your dolls and hat, 'cause we've got ever so much playing to make up, you know. We'll have just a splendid time."

"I'm so glad we can play together again," said Grace, as she brought out her extensive family. "It seemed most as if you were dead and it was dreadful; but we won't ever lose any more weeks—will we, Leslie?"

And they never did, for the lesson did not have to be repeated.—*Youth's Companion.*

TOY-SHOPS AND TOY-MAKERS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Among the attractions of the Gardens of the Luxembourg, are gay little open toy-shops or stalls, which seem as much a part of the place as its very trees and walks, flowers and fountains. Dear are these shops to the childish heart. I well remember a little boy in Paris in 1880, who was not quite satisfied unless he had a few sous in his pocket to spend in the airy little toy-shops of the Luxembourg, while he was exceeeingly hard to please in the brilliant stores of the Rue de Rivoli or the Palais Royal.

The toy-shops of the Luxembourg are gayly decorated stalls, roofed, but open at the sides. Within, sits the proprietress, casting beaming glances of recognition or encouragement upon the passers-by, extending the most joyful welcome to her little patrons, and treating with the same good humor the child who spends one sou and her who has a franc to put into her till.

It is very amusing to watch some of the transactions which go on between the toy vender and the children. There will be, for instance, a small customer, who grips tightly his piece of money, while the toy-woman displays her wares solemnly and carefully, as though she were dealing with a lord of high degree. The penny toy is held up for inspection, its fine points are displayed, and its advantage to the customer shown with grave deliberation. Slowly, the chubby fist is opened, the little bit of money produced, and the purchase made with a comical air of seriousness.

In the crowded, suburban districts of the gay city, toy-makers may be found in their garrets fashioning the articles which delight little people who frequent the Luxembourg, and away off in a remote village of the Tyrol, nearly all of the very cheapest toys sold in this place, are made. Who, I wonder, was the first child that played with a doll or a horse and cart? Toys are as ancient as history. The old Danish *Toi* signified implement, and toys are certainly the implements of childish pursuits, for they satisfy a desire which is evident in all little people for laying hold of what is real in the grown up world about them. In the toyshops of the Luxembourg, we find the little customers entranced by miniature carts, with the driver in a blue blouse, such as are seen in the streets of Paris; *gendarmes* (police) in their sentry-boxes, wheelbarrows and spades. Among the girl's implements of domestic use are most popular, such as kitchen utensils or articles of furniture, all of which are valued in proportion to their close resemblance to the articles in use in the children's own homes.

An amusing proof of this, came to my notice the other day when a young person of tender years escorted me to her nursery, where her play-house was exhibited with great pride. The doll's house was very like what I remember in my own childhood—a three-story dwelling, with a very convenient front, for, by turning the knob of the front door, three-stories of windows, entrance, and all, opened on hinges, and disclosed the interior of Dolly's family residence. But how different was it from the doll's house I cherished nearly twenty years ago! We felt ourselves luxurious then, with furniture selected from a large tray at our toy-shop for a penny each.

But in my little friend's doll-house, I saw a drawing-room which was an amusing imitation of the one in which I had just been having afternoon tea. The furniture was decorated with odd bits of drapery, and the floors were painted, and carpeted with a capital imitation of rugs. The mistress of this artistic dwelling was seated in the drawing-room near a tea-table, and dressed in a most becoming tea-gown. My little companion and I, sitting comfortably on the floor before the doll's house, regarded her with proper respect, and talked about the kettle-drum she was going to give in about five minutes to the row of paper and china dolls waiting in another corner of the room. My companion told me that the occasion of the tea was Mrs. Cleveland's visit to Philadelphia, and, after a little search, we found the Lady of the White House at a proper distance from the rest of the company. My little friend said that the invitations were for five o'clock, and as soon as the company had assembled Mrs. Cleveland would appear.

In 1682, a number of people in the Grodenthal, in the Tyrol, were occupied in carving little images, crucifixes, and the like, and from this grew an industry still carried on in that lonely and almost inaccessible mountain village. From fashioning small ornaments for churches and household oratories, they began to make certain rude toys, which were sold by those among the community who made periodical visits to the towns and villages in the lower world. Finally, Groden became well-known for the skill of its inhabitants in toy-making.

The central figure of this industry was one Dominick, who, following the customary trade of the village, had learned to make various little "implements" of childhood, and carried them to thriving towns for sale, from whence he would always return with better luck than any other of the toy peddlers. He began early in life to hoard money, and before he was 40 years of age, had proven the truth of the old saying, "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Soon he was recognized as the rich man of the village, but was also considered a miser, since he lived in the poorest, meanest fashion. However, it was well-known, that no needy person was turned from his door.

At the age of 71, Dominick offered his hand to a brisk, good-tempered widow in Groden, who, believing him to be immensely rich, accepted him, and set about preparing an elaborate trousseau. Dominick called upon her one day, when she displayed her purchases in triumph; but imagine her dismay when the old man rose, saying that nothing would tempt him to marry so extravagant a wife, but lest she should consider that he treated her unjustly, he settled a fairly good allowance of money upon her for the remainder of her days, and thenceforward devoted his time and attention exclusively to his toy-making. High up in the mountains lies the little village, and its industry still goes on. Small children are there employed putting the final touches to the wooden dolls which are sold for a sou in the Luxembourg Gardens, and whose rosy cheeks and lips, black eyes, and sleek painted hair, are often the result of these juvenile artists' work, who, curiously enough, care nothing whatever, it is said, for such playthings themselves, but are serious-minded little people who may enjoy the decoration of a Christmas tree, but sigh after none of its delights.—*Harper's Young People.*

HOW TO HAVE SOME FUN.

A writer on parlor tricks tells how boys in England "place water under a hat, and then drink it without touching the hat." The trick is performed as follows: Cover a glass of water over with a hat, placed on a table, and tell the boys present that you will "drink the water without touching the hat." Tell everyone not to touch the hat, then get under the table and pretend to drink the water through the table. After getting up, request some one to remove the hat to see whether or not the water has disappeared. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a boy who does not understand the trick, will be caught, and will lift the hat. Then the performer snatches the glass and drinks the water, and exclaims, "I did not touch the hat!" Of course this trick cannot be practiced where the audience understand how it is done.

The Sunday School

The Great Commission.

LESSON 12—SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it.—Psa. 68:11.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 28:16-20.

16. Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

17. And when they saw Him, they worshipped Him, but some doubted.

18. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

19. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

20. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The eleven disciples went unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them (v. 16.) What a comfort it is to look forward to an appointed interview with a very dear friend! How such an anticipation lightens one's burdens in the dreariest hours that must intervene before its realizing! And with what delight does one hasten to that appointment when its time is at hand. Every believing follower of Jesus can have the comfort and the hope and the delight of an approaching appointment with the Friend of friends. Jesus has named the place of private prayer, and the place of social worship, and the table of holy communion, for his meeting with those who love him. Who would fail of being at such a meeting-place with him, whenever presence there is a possibility? Whoever goes to such a meeting-place with a loving, trustful expectation of finding Jesus there, is sure of not being disappointed.

But some doubted (v. 17.) Of course they did. There are some persons who would doubt a mathematical demonstration, or the testimony of all their five senses. If evidence would convince men of the truths of Christianity, there would be a thousand converts where now there is one. Thomas had somewhat of the spirit of faith in him, or he would not have believed after he had seen. Even such as he "are blessed in contrast with those—and their name is legion—who, having seen, will not believe; but more blessed than all are "they that have not seen, and yet have believed. Heralding the gospel is a great deal more hopeful than trying to prove the gospel. There could not well be anything better in the line of "Christian evidence" than our Lord offered in his visible presence at Galilee; yet that was not sufficient to convince even all those who were its eye-witness. The preacher or teacher who wastes his time trying to improve on that, for the benefit of a few respectable and inveterate skeptics, will be likely to lose good opportunities of reaching some who would believe the truth with all their hearts if he would declare it with all his heart.

Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations (v. 19.) The first word in that commission is "Go." Yet that word is often lost sight of by preachers and by other Christian workers. There are those who imagine this message reads, "Come, ye, therefore, and be made disciples of." Ministers complain that people do not come and hear them preach. Christian workers complain that their godless neighbors are not ready to come and sit under pulpit preaching. Teachers complain that young and old do not come to the Sunday-school to be taught. Well, what if those who need the gospel will not come and seek it? How about this word to you—"Go?" Go and preach to those who will not come to hear. Go and teach those who will not come and learn. Go out after the little ones who never come to Sunday-school. Go and compel, by loving entreaties, those who would be welcome if they came unasked, but who will not come unless you go and bring them!

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you (v. 20). It is those who are already disciples who are to be taught to observe all things that Jesus had commanded. The first thing is to get them into the fold. Then they are to be instructed. Instead of supposing that the chief work of instruction must be done before their ingathering, we ought to realize that only when they are already disciples can the work of real instruction begin to their advantage. Enlistment first; and then instruction and drill. "Just as they are," is the way to take them. Just as they ought to be, is the way to leave them. If your scholars are already believers, understand that your work for them is incomplete until they have been taught to observe all things whatsoever Jesus has commanded them? How long will that take them? If they are not believers, do not waste time trying to instruct them in all these things. Let your whole soul go out for them, and with their Redeemer for their immediate surrender to him. When they are discipled, you can begin a lifetime of training for them. The work of a preacher or a teacher, or a parent, for those committed to his charge, is not chiefly before their discipling, but afterwards.

Lo, I am with you alway. He who believes this assurance of Jesus ought never to have any doubt that all will go well with the Lord's cause. If a soldier were sent out all by himself on a scout, or if he were with a detached battalion in the enemy's country, he might indeed fear disaster from his communications being cut off, or from his being overwhelmed by numbers. But if the commander-in-chief of the entire army accompanied him, with the ability to summon an invincible host to his support at a critical moment, what doubt of success would be his? Only by a disaster which should overthrow the army itself, involving the commander and all his subordinates, would the movement fail in which he had a part. The disciple of Jesus is practically as strong for all the work to which his Master sets him, as the Master himself could be. For all power in heaven and in earth is committed unto Jesus; and Jesus himself is with his disciples in all their work for him, while the world lasts. Of what or of whom, then, need we be afraid?—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

WEST BROOK, NORTH CAROLINA,
Sept. 6th, 1886.

DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir*—The two boxes of Pills you sent me did everything you said they would. My son was the victim of Malaria, deep-set, by living in Florido two years, and the Antidote has done more than five hundred dollars' worth of other medicines could have done for him. I have had one of my neighbors try the medicine, and it cured him immediately. I now recommend it to every one suffering from Malaria.
Respectfully yours, W. W. MONROE.

She Was Searched.

Two smart and good-looking young women met on the dock to-day, where the steamer Suevia was discharging her cabin passengers. One was Miss Hedwig Heule, who had just returned from Hamburg; the other was Miss Belle Lawrence, a customs inspectress. As Miss Heule stepped across the gangway Miss Lawrence tapped her on the shoulder. "This way, please," she said pointing to the seizure room. Miss Heule refused to go, until an official with brass buttons on his coat told her she would be obliged to. In the seizure room Miss Heule was compelled to undress, and it was then discovered that she was wearing a bed quilt underneath her clothing. The quilt was cut open and found to contain twenty yards of silk, fourteen yards of costly lace, three yards of silk plush, and a few other little bits of dry goods. The property was confiscated, and Miss Heule came forth weeping.—*New York Press.*

'Tis unwise, youthful friends,
To disregard teeth
That are running to decay
So with SOZODONT brush
Or they won't be worth a rush
And speedily decompose away.

Political Proverbs.

Some statesmen that air sawlogs at home ain't moren splinters when they get to Congress.

The American eagle is a big bird, but he ain't any too big.

A million dollars goes a long ways toward makin' an ordinary citizen a statesman.

Some kinds of patriotism needs disinfectin'.

Most patriots likes to git dividends on ther love of country.

Woman's speer is bein' the mother of voters.

The ballot-box covers a multitude of sins.

Mighty few Senators and Congressmen air as big as they look.

The Observant Brother.

"Oh, no, really I can't sing," said Sylvia to the guests who were begging for some music.

"Oh, pray do favor us."

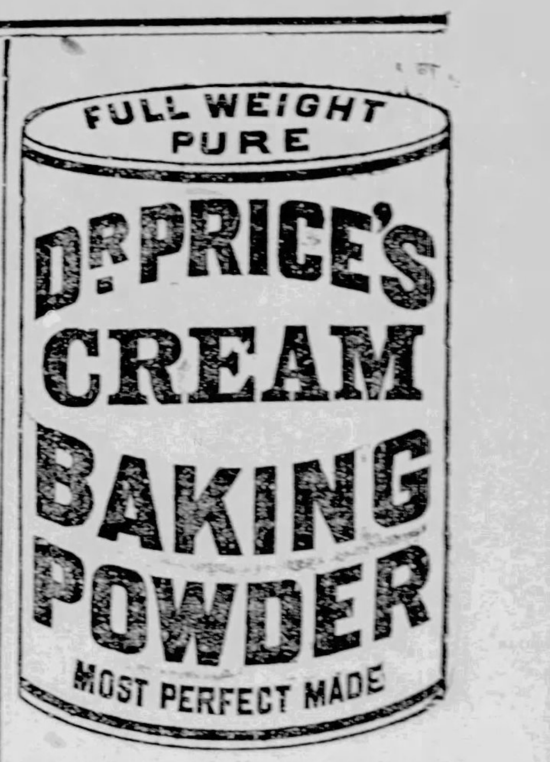
"Indeed I am quite unable to oblige in that particular."

"What has become of your beautiful voice?" asked an old gentleman pleasantly.

"I think I know," said her small brother.

"Well what has become of it Willie?"

"I'll bet two cents that Gus Snipkins swallowed it just before he started for home last night."



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS

SHE MADE A SALE.

The Fair Book Agent's Triumph Over a Poor, Defenseless Man.

She was a pretty woman, and she bowed to me bewitchingly as she came in, says a writer in *Town Topics*. She held up one finger archly, and said, impetuously:

"Now, sir, I want you to stop your writing and look at my book."

Then she blushed charmingly, as if embarrassed at my look of amazement. I said:

"My dear madam, I am busy to-day, and I beg you will excuse me."

She sat down beside me and made herself comfortable at once.

"Now, don't let me hear another word about that; you are going to buy a book, of course."

"But, my dear——"

She took my hands gently but firmly in hers.

"I know you are a busy man—you write all day and are too tired to read—you hardly find time to look at the paper—you—"

"Yes, madam; that's precisely the case."

She chucked me deliberately under the chin.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to refuse me a miserable little dollar for this beautiful book?"

I gasped feebly at my office boy. He was evidently interested. I said:

"You must be a successful book agent; you have the most fetching qualities I have ever seen."

Rash words!

She rose at once, and sitting down upon the arm of my chair, threw one arm around my neck, and, bending down, looked tenderly into my eyes.

"Now, you know, darling, you are going to do just what I say; you are going to buy——"

I heard my office boy chuckle to himself. I protested. I said:

"My dear madam, this is really embarrassing—do you know—I am a married man—that I——"

She replied: "I have nothing to do with that; I am here for business."

I replied: "That statement is unnecessary; the fact is quite apparent. But I am really fond of my wife. You've got hold of the wrong man."

She seemed a trifle hurt at this, but she did not take her arm from my neck. She remained in this compromising attitude apparently lost in thought. I broke into a cold sweat.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, suddenly, bringing her face dangerously near my own: "If you'll take a copy of that book I'll promise not to kiss you before I leave the office!"

I bought the book.

A Young Girl's Grief

at seeing her charms of face and form departing, and her health imperiled by functional irregularities, at her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude after a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave a healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels and other organs, and her return to robust health speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Oddities of Menu.

Parrots are eaten in Mexico.

Spiders are considered a delicacy roasted in the New Caledonians.

Silk worms are looked upon as delicious in China.

Snails, frogs' legs, and geese livers are epicurean dishes in France.

Caterpillars are to Africans like reed bird on toast.

Ants are stewed and served up in both Africa and Brazil.

Birds' nests of the edible sort bring their weight in silver for the tables of rich Chines mandarins.

Bees are eaten regularly by the Singalese.

Skunk is hunted as desirable game by the natives of the Argentine Republic.

A Delicate Mission.

"My dear madam," said the chairman of the committee of the Maine Benevolent fraternity, calling on the Widow Gushington, "allow us to intrude on your great sorrow so far as to say that your lamented husband—"

(Burst of tears from Mrs. Gushington. She has an attack of faintness. One of the committee supports her.)

"That your lamented husband was insured in our association for $2,000, and—"

(Mrs. Gushington exclaims, "Poor, poor Charles," and bursts into tears again. The committee greatly affected.)

"And the money will be promptly paid to you in 60 days."

Mrs. Gushington (in another burst of tears)—"Good gracious, I thought you'd brought it with you!"—*Lewiston Journal.*

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Tropical Bird's Visit Chicago.

Numbers of birds, unknown to Chicago ornithologists, have made their appearance within the past few days in and around the city. They are the size of a canary and somewhat resemble it in shape, but are of brilliant and varied plumage. Some are black, with scarlet breast and wings; others are green and purple, with yellow markings. Birds of the same description have been noticed in several localities in Wisconsin, where they appeared before the storm, having been evidently carried out of their way by the high winds. Boys in Hyde Park have already armed themselves with sticks, stones, cross-bows and dart-slings, and are ready to give the tropical visitor the only kind of a reception a boy knows how to give a bird that deserves better treatment at his hands.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Low Estimate.

"Well gentlemen," said Tompkinson to a couple of friends, "you can talk as much as you please about the inferiority of women, but there are lots of them that can discount most of us for brains. Take my wife for instance. She's got twice as much sense as I have and I ain't ashamed to acknowledge it either."

"But don't you think," said one of his auditors "that you put rather a low estimate on your wife's intellectual powers?"

Clung to Life.

Customer (in restaurant)—I say, waiter, how about that broiled spring chicken? I ordered it half an hour ago.

Waiter—Yes, sah; be here in a minute. Dat spring chicken died wery hard, sah.

A Good Remedy.

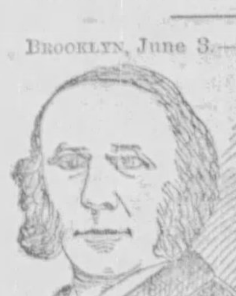
Citizen (carelessly)—Oh, by the way, doctor, what do you give in the case of a cold on the lungs?

Doctor—Advice.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

YOUR JOURNEY TO THE CROSS.

Christ's Burden and How He Bore It on the Way to Calvary—"Whosoever Does Not Bear His Cross and Come After Me Cannot Be My Disciple."



BROOKLYN, June 3.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text the passage: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—Luke xiv, 27. He preached the following sermon:

The cross was a gibbet on which criminals were put to death. It was sometimes made in the shape of the letter T, sometimes in the shape of the letter X, sometimes in the shape of the letter I—a simple upright; sometimes two cross pieces against the perpendicular bar, so that upon the lower cross piece the criminal partially sat. But whatever the style of the cross, it was always disgraceful and always agonizing.

When Darius conquered Babylon he put 200 captives to death on the cross. When Alexander conquered Tyre, he put 2,000 captives to death on the cross. So it was just an ordinary mode of punishment. But in all the forest of crosses on the hills and in the valleys of the earth, there is one cross that attracts more attention than any other. It is not higher than the others, it is not made out of different wood, there is nothing peculiar in the notch at which the two pieces are joined, and as to the scene, they witnessed crucifixions every few weeks; so that I see a reckless man walking about the hill and kicking carelessly aside a skull, and wondering who the villain was that had so flat and misshapen a head; and here is another skull, and there on the hillside is another skull. Indeed, the Bible says it was "a place of skulls." But about the victim on one of these crosses all ages are crying: "Who is he? was he a man? was he a God? was he man and God?"

Through the darkness of that gloomy day I come close up enough to the cross to see who it is. It is Jesus. How did he come there? Had he come up on the top of the hill to look off upon the beautiful landscape or upon a beautiful sunset? No. He came there ill and exhausted. People sometimes wonder why Christ expired so quickly on the cross, in six or seven hours, while other victims have been on the cross for forty eight hours before life was extinct. I will tell you the reason. He was exhausted when he came there. He had been scourged. We are horrified at the cruelties of the whipping post, but those cruelties were mercy compared with the scourging of Jesus Christ.

I saw at Antwerp a picture made by Rubens—Rubens's picture of the scourging of Jesus Christ. It was the most overmastering picture I ever looked at, or ever expect to see. As the long frocked official opened the door that hid the picture, there he was—Christ with back bent and bared. The flagellator stood with the upper teeth clenched over the lower lip, as though to give violence to the blows. There were the swollen shoulders of Christ. There were the black and blue ridges, denied even the relief of bleeding. There was the flesh adhering to the whips as they were lifted. There were the marks where the knots in the whips gouged out the flesh. There stood the persecutor, with his foot on the calf of the leg of the Saviour, balancing himself. O! the furious and hellish look on those faces, grinning vengeance against the Son of God. The picture seized me, it overwhelmed me; it seemed as if it would kill me. I do not think I could have looked at it five minutes and have lived.

But that, my friends, was before Christ had started for Calvary. That was only the whipping. Are you ready for your journey to the cross?

The carpenters have split the timber into two pieces. They are heavy and they are long pieces, for one of them must be fastened deep down in the earth, lest the struggling of the victim upset the structure. They put this timber upon the shoulder of Christ very gradually first, to see whether he can stand it, and after they find he can stand it they put the whole weight upon him. Forward now, to Calvary! The hooting and yelling mob follow on. Under the weight of the cross, Christ being weary and sick, he stumbles and falls, and they jerk at his robe indignant that he should have stumbled and fallen, and they cry: "Get up, get up!" Christ, putting one hand on the ground and the other hand on the cross, rises, looking into the face of Mary, his mother, for sympathy; but they tell her to stand back, it is no place for a woman. "Stand back and stop this crying."

Christ moves on with his burden upon his shoulders, and there is a boy that passes along with him, a boy holding a mallet and a few nails. I wonder what they are for? Christ moves on until the burden is so great he staggers and falls flat into the dust and faints dead away, and a ruffian puts his foot on him and shakes him as he would a dead dog, while another ruffian looks down at him wondering whether he has fainted away, or whether he is only pretending to faint away, and with jeer and contempt indescribable, says: "Fainted, have you? Fainted! Get up! get on!"

Now they have arrived at the foot of the hill. Off with his clothes! Shall that loathsome mob look upon the unrobed body of Christ? Yes. The commanding officers say: "Unfasten the girdle, take off the coat; strip him!" The work is done. But bring back the coat, for here are the gamblers tossing up coin on the ground, saying: "I have it, I have it; it is mine!" He rolls it up and puts it under his arm, or he examines it to see what fabrics it is made of. Then they put the cross upon the ground and they stretch Christ upon it, and four or five men hold him down while they drive the spikes home. At every thump a groan—a groan. Alas! alas! The hour passes on and the time comes when they must crucify him.

Christ has only one garment left now, a cap, a cap of thorns. No danger that it will fall off, for the sharp edges have punctured the temples and it is sure and fast. One ruffian takes hold of one end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian takes hold of the other end of the short beam of the cross, and another ruffian puts his arms around the waist of Christ, and another ruffian takes hold of the end of the long beam of the cross, and altogether they move on until they come to the hole digged in the earth, and with awful plunge it jars down with its burden of woe. It is not the picture of a Christ, it is not the statue of Christ, as you sometimes see in a cathedral; but it is the body of a bleeding, living, dying Christ.

They sometimes say he had five wounds, but they have counted wrong. Two wounds for the hands, two wounds for the feet, one wound for the side, they say; five wounds. No; they have missed the worst and they have missed the most. Did you ever see the bramble out of which that crown of thorns was made? I saw one on a Brooklyn ferryboat, in the hands of a gentleman who had just returned from Palestine; a bramble just like that out of which the crown of thorns was made. O! how cruel and how stubborn were the thorns! And when that cap of thorns was put upon Christ, and it was pressed down upon him, not five wounds, but ten, twenty, thirty—I cannot count them.

There were three or four absences that made that scene worse. First, there was the absence of water. The climate was hot; the fever, the inflamation, the nervous prostration, the gangrene had seized upon him, and he terribly wanted water. His wounds were worse than gunshot fractures, and yet no water. A Turk in the thirteenth century was crucified on the banks of a river so that the sight of the water might tantalize him. And O! how the thirst of Christ must have tantalized as he thought of the Euphrates and the Jordan and the Amazon and all the fountains of earth and heaven poured out of his own hand. They offered him an intoxicating draught made out of wine and myrrh, but he declined it. He wanted to die sober. No water.

Then, my friends, there was the absence of light. Darkness always exasperates trouble. I never shall forget the night in the summer of 1873, in the steamer Greece, mid Atlantic, every moment expecting the steamer to go down. All the lights in the cabin were blown out. The captain came crawling on his hands and knees, for he could not stand upright, so violently was the vessel pitching, and he cried: "Light up, light up!" The steward said: "We can't light up; the candles are gone and the holders are gone." The captain said: "I can't help that; light up!" The storm was awful when the lights were burning; worse when the lights went out.

Then there was the absence of faithful nurses. When you are ill, it is pleasant to have the head bathed and the hands and feet rubbed. Look at the hands and feet of Christ, look at the face of Christ. There were women there who had cared for the sick, but none of them might come up near enough to help. There was Christ's mother, but she might not come up near enough to help. They said: "Stand back, stand back; this is no place for you." The high priests and the soldiers wanted it their own way; they had it their own way.

The hours pass on, and it is 12 o'clock of the Savior's suffering, and it is 1 o'clock, and it is 2 o'clock, and it is almost 3 o'clock. Take the last look at that suffering face; wan and pinched, the purple lips drawn back against the teeth, the eyes red with weeping and sunken as though grief had pushed them back, blackness under the lower lid, the whole body adroop and shivering with the last chill, the breath growing feebler and feebler and feebler and feebler until he gives one long, deep, last sigh. He is dead!

O! my soul, he is dead. Can you tell why? Was he a fanatic dying for a principle that did not amount to anything? Was he a man infatuated? No; to save your soul from sin, and mine, and make eternal life possible he died. There had to be a substitute for sin. Who shall it be? "Let it be me," said Christ, "let it be me." You understand the meaning of that word substitution. You were drafted for the last war; some one took your place, marched your march, suffered your wounds and died at Gettysburg. Christ comes to us while we are fighting our battle with sin and death and hell, and he is our substitute. He marches our march, fights our battle, suffers our wounds and dies our death. Substitution! substitution!

But how are you going to test your love, and test your earnestness? My text gives a test. It says that while Christ carried a cross for you, you must be willing to carry a cross for Christ. "Well," you say, "I never could understand that. There are no crosses to be carried in this land; those persecutions have passed, and in all the land there is no one to be crucified, and yet in the pulpit and in the prayer meetings you all keep talking about carrying a cross. What do you mean, sir? I mean this: That this is a cross which Christ calls you to do, which is unpleasant and hard. "O!" you say, "after hearing the story of this Christ, and all that he has endured for me, I am ready to do anything for him. Just tell me what I have to do and I'll do it. I am ready to carry any cross."

How do you feel in regard to that scene described in the text, and in the region around and about the text? Are your sympathies aroused? Or are you so dead in sin, and so abandoned by reason of your transgressions that you can look upon all that tearless and unmoved? No, no; there are thousands of people here this morning who can say in the depths of their soul: "No, no, no; if Jesus endured that, and all that for me, I ought to love him. I must love him, I will love him, I do love him. Here, Lord, I give myself to thee; 'tis all that I can do."

Suppose I should ask you at the close of religious service to rise up, announcing yourself on the Lord's side—could you do it? "O! no," you say, "I have a shrinking and a sensitive nature, and it would be impossible for me to rise before a large assemblage, announcing myself on the Lord's side." Just as I feared. You cannot stand that cross. The first one that is offered you, you reject. Christ carried a mountain, Christ carried a Himalaya, Christ carried a world for you, and you cannot carry an ounce for him.

But here is a man whose cross will be to announce among his business associates to-morrow morning on exchange that he has begun a new life; that while he wants to be faithful in his worldly duties, he is living for another world, and he ought to advise all those who are his associates, so far as he can influence them, to begin with him the Christian life. Could you do that, my brother? "Oh, no," you say, "not just that. I think religion is religion and business is business, and it would be impossible for me to recommend the Christian religion in places of worldly business." Just as I feared. There is a second cross offered you, and you cannot carry it. Christ lifted a mountain for you; you cannot lift an ounce for him.

There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "Oh!" you say, "not exactly that; I couldn't quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then, after that I should lose my temper, they would scoff at me and say: "You are a pretty Christian!" So you are cowed down, and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ, when, under God, you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you can not lift an ounce for him. I see how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you want to support Christian institutions, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you can not—you can not; and my text, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women here brave enough in other things in life who simply, for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay away from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take thee. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood, here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of my text: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

An officer of a neighboring church told me that he was in a store in New York—just happened in—where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man that arose the other night in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek he replied; "I am. I haven't always done right, and I have been quite bad; but since I arose for prayers I think I am better than I was." It was his only way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

I tell you these things this morning because, my dear friends, I want to show you how light the cross is that we have to carry compared with that which Christ carried for us. You have not had the flesh torn off for Christ's sake in carrying your cross. He fainted dead away under his cross. You have not carried the cross until it fetched the blood. Under his there was a pool of carnage that splashed the horses' fetlocks. You have friends to sympathize with you in carrying the cross. Christ trod the winepress of God's wrath alone, alone! The cross that you and I ought to carry represents only a few days or a few years of trial. The cross that Christ carried for us had compressed into it the agonies of eternity.

There has some one come here to-day whom you have not observed. He did not come through the front door; he did not come down any of these aisles; yet I know he is here. He is from the east, the far east. He comes with blistered foot and with broken heart, and cheeks red not with health, but with blood from the temples. I take hold of his coat and I say: "It does not seem to fit thee." "No," he says, "it is not mine: it is borrowed; it does not belong to me now. For my vesture did they cast lots." And I say to him: "Thine eyes are red as though from loss of sleep." He says: "Yes, the Son of man had not where to lay his head." And I touch the log on his back, and I say: "Why carriest thou this?" "Ah!" he says, "that is a cross I carry for thee and for the sins of the whole world. That is a cross. Fall into line, march on with me in this procession, take your smaller crosses and your lighter burdens, and join me in this march to heaven." And we join that procession with our smaller crosses and our lighter burdens, and Christ looks back and he sees some are halting because they cannot endure the shame or bear the burden, and with a voice which has in it majesty and omnipotence, he cries until all the earth trembles: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

O! my brethren, my sisters—for I do not speak professionally, I speak as a brother would speak to a brother or sister—my brother, can you not bear a cross if at last you can wear a crown? Come, now, let us divide off. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is ready to turn his back upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world?

A Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "You build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all the people, and I will make a great of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work did it magnificently, planned the building, looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the great architect. The Emperor arose amid the plaudits of a vast assembly and said: "We have gathered here to-day to open this coliseum and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put upon the Greek architect. O! we must have a festival to-day. Bring out those Christians and let us have them put to death at the mouth of the lions." The Christians were put into the center of the amphitheater. It was to be a great celebration in their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three-fourths starved, were let out from their dens in the side of the amphitheatre, and they came forth with a mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted, "Huzza! huzza! Long live the emperor!" Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries, and shouted until in the vast assemblage all heard him: "I, too, am a Christian!" and they seized him in their fury and flung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheatre.

Could you have done that for Christ? Could you, in a vast assemblage, all of whom hated Christ, have said: "I am a Christian," or "I want to be a Christian?" Would you have had the ten thousandth part of the enthusiasm and the courage of the Greek architect? Nay, I ask you another question, Would you in an assemblage where they are nearly all Christians—in an assemblage, a vast multitude of whom love Christ and are willing to live, and if need be to die for him—would you dare to say: "I am a Christian," or "I want to be a Christian?" Would you say in the presence of the friends of Christ as much as the Greek architect said in the presence of the enemies of Christ? Oh, are there not multitudes here this morning who are ready to say yes: "Let the world look on, let all the galleries of earth and heaven and hell look on, I take Christ this day. Come applause or abuse, come sickness or health, come life or death. Christ now, Christ forever."

Are you for Christ? Are you against him? The destinies of eternity tremble in the balance. It seems as if the last day had come, and we were gathered for the reckoning. "Behold! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." What I say to one I say to all. What are you doing for Christ? What are you bearing for Christ?

O! Christian man, O! Christian woman! Have you any scars to show in this conflict? When a war is over the heroes have scars to show. One hero rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot fracture, or he pulls down the collar and shows where he was wounded in the neck. Another man says: "I have never had the use of my limb since I was wounded at that great battle." When the last day comes, when all our battles are over, will we have any wounds for Christ? Some have wounds for sin, wounds for the devil, wounds gotten in fighting on the wrong side. Have we wounds that we can show—wounds gotten in the battle for Christ and for the truth? On that reserrection day Christ will have plenty of scars to show. Christ will stand then and show the scars on his brow, the scars on his hands and the scars on his feet and he will put aside the robe of his royalty and show the scar on his side, and all heaven will break down with emotion and gratitude in one great sob, and then in one great hosanna. Will you and I have any scars to show?

There will be Ignatius on that day showing the mark of the paw and teeth of the lion that struck him down in the coliseum. There will be glorious John Huss showing just where on his foot the flames began on that day when his soul took wing of flame and soared up from Constance. There will be Hugh McKail ready to point to the mark on his neck where the ax struck him. There will be McMillan and Campbell and Freeman, the American missionaries, who with their wives and children were put to death in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, showing the place where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. They will be the Waldenses showing where their limbs were broken on the day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. Will you and I have any wounds to show? Have we fought any battles for Christ? Oh, that we might all be enlisted for Christ, that we might all be willing to suffer for Christ, that we might all bear a cross for Christ.

When the Scottish chieftains wanted to raise an army they would make a wooden cross, and then set it on fire and carry it with other crosses they had through the mountains, through the highlands and among the people, and as they waived the cross the people would gather to the standard and fight for Scotland. To-day I come out with the cross of the Son of God. It is a flaming cross—flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with glory. I carry it out among all the people. Who will be on the Lord's side? Who will gather to the standard of Emmanuel? A cross, a cross, a cross! "Whosoever does not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

CHICAGO IRISHMEN.

They Have Been Divided by the Church on the Pope's Recent Rescript — The Meeting To-night.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Daniel Corkery, the Illinois member of the Irish National League executive committee, has been selected in place of Judge Moran to preside at the mass meeting of the Irish Catholics of Chicago to-night, called for the purpose of protesting against the Papal rescript. Archbishop Feehan continues to maintain his non-committal attitude regarding the mass meeting, and was not at home yesterday to the committee opposing the gathering who called to obtain from him an expression of disapproval.

It is understood that the archbishop declines to pre-judge the meeting. He will censure, if at all, only after the participants have given cause, and they have decided from the outset that their action while uncompromising and manly shall be equally dignified and Catholic. Judge Moran's course in withdrawing from the chairmanship is regretted by the promoters of the meeting but has caused no bitterness apparently.

The tart letter of City Collector Onahan, however, in which he declines to act as vice-president, has had an opposite effect. He was savagely denounced at a meeting of the committee on Arrangements, yesterday. It was declared that the invitation was an oversight, and a vote thanking him for absenting himself, passed unanimously.

The Sons of the Emerald Isle do not Propose to be Tossed on the Horns of the Roman Bull.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Undoubtedly, the largest and most enthusiastic meeting of Irish Americans ever held in Chicago, was one which assembled last night at Battery D. Army to protest against the papal rescript condemning boycotting and the plan of the campaign in Ireland.

According to the resolutions adopted, by the Irish American Catholics of Chicago in mass meeting assembled, declare the Irish people have both a natural and moral right to protect themselves by every species of honorable combination and resistance; that as Catholics, true to the spiritual teachings of the Holy See, they refuse to recognize the right of Rome to create expost facto offenses on exparte testimony for the coercion of the Irish people.

Matthew P. Brady, a well-known lawyer, the first speaker, asked passionately, "Has it come to this, that to be a devout Catholic man must be a dog?"

A storm of cheers interrupted him. He went on to say that the holier law of self-defence nullified the decision of the holy office even though approved by the Pope. He declared they would surely resist to the bitter end any encroachments by the Roman court.

John F. Finerty, journalist and ex-Congressman, made the chief speech of the meeting. He eloquently maintained that the plan of the campaign was not for immortality, but for the protection of the most faithful Catholics in the world from their oppressors. For centuries, the Irish people had been tossed from the horns of John Bull to the Roman bull. They had now all they were going to stand of it. [Cheers.[

God was before nations, nations before pope, and God reigns eternally still. They had opened Gladstone's eyes. They must do the same for Leo.

Resolutions were carried amid tremendous enthusiasm, and not a dissenting voice.

ARRESTING AN INDIAN.

A Terrible Encounter With a Band of Enraged Bucks.

DULUTH, Minn., May 30.—Two deputy sheriffs went ten days ago to a Deer Lake Lake Indian camp, in Itasca county, to arrest an Indian, Cut Face, for the murder of Squwman Joe Bonville. Arriving there they learned that he had left, and followed him to Net Lake camp. Enticing him into their canoe, they bound him and started off.

The alarm was given, and sixteen bucks gave chase, soon overtaking them. After a fight in which both sheriffs were badly handled but not seriously injured, Cut Face was released and both white men captured. Through the intercession of an Indian who spoke English, the sheriffs were released, but told that they would not be allowed to take any Indian for killing a white man.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Education on the Farm.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I think the subject named is all-important. I believe that farmers' children should be given a good practical education that will carry them through life and make them intelligent, practical men and women. They should be endowed with sufficient knowledge to enable them to successfully hold any county or state office as well as men and women of other occupations and professions. It is not right, just or consistent, with our institutions, that our public offices should be dealt out to any one class of people, or that our legislators should be chosen altogether from certain professions, who go to Congress or the legislature and make laws in their own behalf, or else they are the well-paid tools of corporations and monopolies. I think it is time that the farmers were taking a hand in public affairs. The way to accomplish this is to give their children a good education and make them mentally fit to bear their share of these positions of trust and honor. It will be then that the farmer will lose the obnoxious title of drudge, and people who are engaged in more ingenious but not higher professions will cease to look upon farming as degrading and knavish. The chief obstacle is that farmers generally are too apathetic, and think that a good education is not an essential in farming. True it is, if a man is going to be a mere machine and work through life as he has been set—in the old grooves—he does not need much of it; but, if he wants to be a man, if he wants to rise in his business, and elevate it and his fellow-man, then he needs a good, practical education. Education is the chief prop and mainstay of this republic. There are a great number of farmer's children who are not capable of reading a paper and understanding its meaning. There are many who go no farther in the district schools than a bare comprehension of the multiplication table, and who have no knowledge of geography or history, and cannot tell whether the Mississippi flows north or south, or whether it was Grant or Lee that surrendered at Appomattox. I say shame on parents who live in this enlightened land of freedom—and yet they exist—who are guilty of such wanton neglect. Such people ought not to have a child to adorn their homes. The idea of neglecting a child's mind—the only thing that lifts man above the brute—for the purpose of swelling a plethoric purse, deserves utter condemnation. Why not educate the children and cultivate their mental faculties, which is far better than golden legacies, and still leave them mental pygmies. Some parents will say: Our children do not like to go to school. They are not inclined to study. That may be true. Very few children like to go to school, but that is nonsense for keeping them home. If their children are dull they must send them all the more regularly, keep them at it and not discourage them by keeping them home. If they are sent to school regularly while young they will gradually work on and enjoy their school days, and when they grow up to be men and women they will look back to their days with pride, and bless their parents for it. The writer alludes generally to the foreign population, and being a foreign born citizen feels at liberty to criticise, and writes as one who has had a limited chance to gain an education.—A SUBSCRIBER, El Paso Ill.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Warts on Colt's Lips.

A. C., Sturgis City, Dakota: For the warts on your colt's lips, rub them twice a day with unsalted lard. Every fourth day make a weak solution of potash and water and with a rag touch the warts after you have rubbed the warts with the lard.

How to Fit a Collar.

J. R. D., Denver, Colorado: Collars should be so made for horses as to throw the chief force on the lower part of the shoulder. Just before putting the collar on the horse for the first time, immerse it in water, letting it remain about a minute, and immediately putting it on the horse, being careful to have the hames so adjusted at the top and bottom so as to fit the shoulder, and then put the horse to work. The collar, by being wet, will adapt itself to the shoulder, and dry on the horse. When taken off, it should be left in the same shape it occupied on the horse, and ever after you will have a snug fitting collar and no wounds.

Gapes in Chickens.

M. G., Van Horne, Ia.—To cure gapes in chickens (caused by parasitic worms) strip a small quill feather to within half an inch of the end, dip it in spirits of turpentine slightly diluted and insert it in the opening to the windpipe at the base of the tongue, turn it around once or twice and remove it. If this does not give relief repeat next day. Give dry shelter and soft food, not thin, for three or four days in which a little black pepper is mixed. The worms in the throat may sometimes be removed by twisting a horsehair into a loop and passing the looped part down the windpipe and giving it a turn.

Onion Sets From Seed—Raising Onions.

T. B., Arrowsmith, Ill.: To produce onion sets from seed, sow the seed in rows 15 inches apart, six pounds to the acre, in poor soil well pulverized, early in the spring. Take up in August. The sets are dried and housed until the next spring, when they are planted out as soon as the weather gets warm. The ground should be thoroughly manured with well rotted barn yard manure. Ashes to the amount of 150 bushels to the acre is a good thing. Pulverize the ground until it is very mellow, and plant the sets in rows 12 to 15 inches apart. As soon as they appear above ground, begin hoeing. Keep the weeds down. They do not require much covering.

Lump on Horse.

A. F. D., Rose, Kansas: The lumps on your horse's leg up to the body, if we read your letter correctly, indicate bud or button farcy. We advise you to call a veterinary, as if we judge correctly, you have a case to deal with but little less dangerous than glanders. In the meantime, give wholesome food, and administer twice a day drachm doses of sulphate of copper combined with one drachm of pulverized gentian root. All the tumors must be touched with a stick of lunar caustic. Along the chords, that are swollen in cases of farcy, rub with red oxide of mercury, one drachm, mixed with an ounce of vaseline. There may be some local cause for the lumps which you may not have named, which might result in a change of opinion on our part. Try, if possible, to get the services of a veterinary.

Hip Lameness.

G. W. K.: We infer from what you say that your horse is not "stifled," as that applies only when the patella bone is dislocated. The animal must have rest for at least two months. Foment the part with hot water until the inflammation is out, then rub in well this liniment over the part affected: Aqua ammonia, 1 ounce; tincture arnica, 1 ounce; oil turpentine, 1 ounce; alcohol, 1 ounce; tincture of opium, 1 ounce. Mix and rub in well twice a day. The above formula is from the "American Farmer's Clyclopedia of Live Stock," and is an excellent thing. If the above fails to cure the next thing will be to rub the part well with red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; vaseline, 7 drachms. This will blister. As a last resort in such cases, the seaton may be used. Take a strip of muslin an inch and a half wide and ten inches long; run it upwards and downwards, about six inches under the skin. Leave it in for about four weeks.

Swellings Above Hoof in Horse.

E. E. C.: The swellings above the coronet in your horse may be the appearance of quittor. This is a formation of pus between the sensitive and insensible laminæ, or inner part of the wall of the hoof, and the pus escapes at the coronet. Examine the foot for corns, caulks and bruises. If any one of them is found it must be removed. The foot should be poulticed, and a probe introduced to point out the direction of the sinues. Then inject once a day with a small syringe, sulphate of zinc and water—a drachm of the former to a pint of the latter. Wash the foot occasionally with warm water and soap. We cannot judge correctly from what you say, whether it is quitter or the forming of a ringbone. If the latter, the part afflicted should be rubbed well with fly blister, keeping up the action for about three weeks.

Wind Broken, Wind Galls, Quarter Crack in Horse.

F. B., Angels, (no state)—There is very little hope for the permanent cure of a wind broken horse. Recent cases may be benefitted and sometimes cured by giving powdered nitre, powdered opium and powdered camphor, of each one drachm, once or twice a day before feeding for about a week, omitting for two weeks and repeating the medicine. Also rub a little mustard paste on the throat. For wind puffs the horse should have a high heeled shoe and the galls should be rubbed with biniodide of mercury one drachm, mixed with unsalted lard. Rub a very little of this on each night until there is a watery discharge. Then bathe the part with warm water. Repeat the application in a week or two. A compress will at times reduce them, although they frequently return. They are not considered an unsoundness. To treat quarter crack, first remove the shoe, and apply poultices and foment the part with hot water to get out the inflammation. Clean the part thoroughly. If you have a veterinary in your vicinity, he will furnish you with an appliance for bringing the crack to-gether. If not, several notches may be cut on one side of the crack and a small horse-shoe nail driven in the wall across the opposite side, where it may be firmly clinched. The edges along the crack should be carefully pared before beginning treatment. Sometimes this will cure: Beeswax, four ounces; yellow resin, two ounces; oil of turpentine, one ounce; tallow, half an ounce. Melt together and fill the crack.

Cultivation of the Peanut.

A. W., Leavenworth, Kan.:—The BLADE has frequently given the mode of raising the peanut. As good a way as any is given by the *Southern Farmer*. It says: The soil best adapted to the ground pea is a moderately rich loam, neither very heavy nor very light. A stiff soil will not admit the stems bearing the fruit to penetrate it with facility, and a sandy soil is too thirsty. Again, if the soil is too rich, the tendency of the plant is to run to vine instead of the formation of fruit. Any soil of the requisite texture, capable of producing five or six barrels of corn to the acre, is well adapted to the growth of the ground pea without the addition of any manure. But should any manure be used at all, it should be in small quantities.

The ground is prepared by laying it off in rows three feet distant, and slightly ridging, as in the culture of cotton. When manure is applied, it should be put in with the drill. Through the entire cultivation, the chief object should be to keep the ground clean of grass and as level as possible. The slight ridge on which the seed is planted will be nearly or quite worked down by the first hoeing. As the vines extend over the surface, it is necessary to keep the ground well stirred with a trowel hoe, or other instrument that does not turn it over. A couple of plowings and an occasional working with the hoe, is regarded a sufficient amount of cultivation—less than what is required for cotton, and not exceeding that of the corn crop.

As soon as the vine is killed by frost, the harvesting should commence. The first operation is to run a colter close to the vines on each side, for the purpose of loosening the earth. The plants are then taken up with a hoe, and laid bottom upward on the ground to dry. There they are to remain for several days until they are cured—the time being longer or shorter, according to the state of the weather. If it rains, it will do the crop no injury. When sufficiently cured, the vines should be packed away in a barn or in any good shelter, where the fruit may be picked at leisure.

A fair crop may be regarded as about 75 bushels per acre, and is frequently as much a 100. Some of the farmers in the lower counties raise as much as 500 or 1,000 bushels. The crop has, to some extent, taken the place of cotton, requiring much less manure, and being more profitable.

A great advantage attending its cultivation consists in the value of the peas remaining in the ground after the crop is gathered. The hogs are turned on the field, where they thrive rapidly. So rich is the nut in nutrition matter, that many farmers think the portion remaining in the ground after digging, is equal in value, as food for hogs, to the entire crop of corn the land would have produced.

The Garden.

Nothing will add more to a market gardener's popularity than the fact that his vegetables are always neat and clean.

Tomatoes trained to stakes give the sweetest fruit and remain in bearing longest though many cultivators, who grow for size and quantity only, believe they have the best results when growing them on the level ground.

Vegetables and fruits, as much as the grain crops, require deep working of the soil. A moderately heavy soil that has been underdrained and subsoiled, and then carefully worked, is capable of producing the heaviest crops.

For growing cucumbers, squashes or other similar plants put old sawdust or rotten wood about them. Those who have never tied cucumbers on strong, bushy stakes like pea sticks will be surprised to note how they enjoy it.

Very many plants are lost by careless transplanting or by not waiting for suitable conditions of weather or growth before taking the plants in the field. It is a common mistake, for instance, to get ready the garden early in May, and then on some fine morning set out all plants together without regard to their nature.

About two days before the plants are to be taken up they should be thoroughly and repeatedly drenched with water, so as to soak down as far as the roots go. This will make the roots start into fresh growth and will prevent the earth from shaking off when transplanting, for if the plant can be taken up with some earth on the roots it will never wilt.

Nearly all plants are better for transplanting. The gain is in being able to take care of the young plants in small space, giving them protection from frost, insects, etc., and in producing a stocky plant with compact roots and vigorous growth. The exceptions are such fine, fibrous-rooted plants are difficult to move unless in pots, or with a large ball of earth, such as cucumbers, melons, mignonette and other fine-rooted plants. They can only be transplanted by lifting with them a ball of earth, unless when they are very small, only a few days over ground.

In lifting most small plants, like cabbages and the like, it is useful to have a small hand fork or trowel; the fork is better to lift the plant without tearing the fibrous roots unnecessarily. With larger plants, like tomatoes the spade is used, and for moving plants with delicate fibrous roots, such as melons and cucumbers, a piece of eight-inch stovepipe six inches long is pressed down into the earth three or four inches, and then a spade is run under the "hill," and it is removed with the iron ring to its distination.

The Flower Bed.

Use fertilizers sparingly on pot plants.

The fumes from an oil stove are not good for plants.

Crushed charcoal is a good ingredient in potting soil.

The calla lily needs plenty of water now, and if quite warm all the better.

If you want bloom, use small pots; if you desire luxuriant foliage, use large ones.

Heliotropes, with water at the roots and sun in the middle of the day, gets blacks specks on the leaves, and soon give over flowering.

Deep planting is considered by many of the carnation growers as the cause of the carnation disease; and that the remedy lies in carefully planting them both in the field, and afterward in the houses, so that the soil is neither above nor below that portion of the stem exposed in the pots or boxes before planting out.

Begonias grow well in a light, sandy loam, with a small addition of leaf mold. They are quite at home in the shade, but require a moist, warm temperature to fully develope the beauty of the foliage. They do tolerably well as room plants, but the dry air robs the colors of their brilliancy; but, nevertheless, they are still handsome and interesting plants in rooms.

Nearly every one can have a few flowers if they wish, even if it is nothing but a few sweet-peas at the back door. We would not advise any one to sow seeds or set out plants for the hens to scratch up. Quite a flower bed can be made of a barrel filled with good soil and kept well watered. If the hens are inclined to use it as a roosting place, a row of small stakes placed about the edge will prevent their getting a foothold. When seeds are sown in the open ground, or plants set out, a good way is to cover the earth quite thickly with brush. Hens like best to scratch where the grou has been newly worked.

Setting Trees.

The following timely hints are selected from the *Country Gentleman*:

Good healthy bracing roots are of more importance than a symetrical top.

The roots should be long and strong enough and the tops made light enough to obviate any staking.

Manure should never be placed in contact with the roots when setting out a tree but used for a mulch or top dressing.

Trees should always be set about as deep as they stood in the nursery, or two or three inches deeper, to allow for the settling of the earth.

Spread out the roots nearly equal on all sides, so as to brace the tree well.

Avoid particularly any small cavity next the roots, but fill compactly against them on all sides with fine, mellow earth.

A small, thrifty tree, with copious roots when set out, will be a good bearing tree sooner than a large one with mutilated roots.

Shriveled trees, before planting, may be made plump by covering for several days compactly with moist, mellow earth.

If newly set trees suffer from drought, mulch the ground around them, and frequently sprinkle or shower the stems and branches.

The amount of manuring or top-dressing must vary with the vigor of the trees; young trees should grow two or three feet yearly, and bearing ones one foot or more.

Keep an eye to the future shape of the tree, and timely remove small, needless, crossing or crooked limbs. This will obviate heavy pruning in after years.

Pruning when dormant tends to impart vigor; but if done when growing, or in leaf, it checks growth; and therefore a feeble tree should never be pruned after growth commences in the spring. But healthy, strong growers may be lightly pruned at either season.

THE METHODISTS.

The New Bishops Elected by the New York Conference Ordained—General Mention.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Additional interest attached to the proceedings of the General Methodist conference yesterday in that bishops-elect Vincent, Fitzgerald, Goodsell, Joyce and Newman and Missionary Bishop Thoburn were to be consecrated. The house was beautifully decorated, and every seat was filled when Bishop Hurst called the conference to order. Rev. A. E. P. Albert led the devotional exercises, after which the question of changing the name Freedman's Aid Society—by adding to it the Southern Educational society, was taken up and caused a heated discussion.

The debate was carried on by Dr. Smart and Dr. Walsh, of Kentucky. The minority report of the committee on Freedman's Aid, which precipitated the debate, advocated the changing of the name Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist church to the Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational society of the Methodist church. The minority opposed the change on the ground that Freedman's Aid meant white and black as originally intended, while Southern Educational meant that the whites were to be cared for at the expense of the black. The opposition claimed that discriminations had already been made in favor of the white people of the South by the establishment of universities at Chattanooga, Athens and other places, and that such favors ought not to be tolerated.

An attempt was made to substitute the minority report for the majority, but on a vote being taken the minority report was tabled by a vote of 186 to 142. It was finally decided to change the name as recommended by the committee.

After a ballot for secretary of the board of education had been taken, Hon. Warner Miller moved that the conference attend in a body the exercises to be held at the tomb of Gen. Grant to-day. The motion was adopted without a dissenting voice. Mrs. Grant, who sat in one of the boxes, was visibly affected by Senator Miller's remarks.

After a brief recess the consecration exercises began. The vast congregation sang the hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking," as the bishops-elect made their way to the platform. Bishop Foster read the collect and was followed by the Rev. Thomas Burch, of the New York East Conference, who read the Epistle, Acts xx., 17-35. The Gospel, John xxi, 15-17, was read by Rev. Dr. Alexander Martin, of the Indiana Conference. Then began the presentation of the bishops-elect. The examination was conducted by Bishop Bowman. Prayers followed by Bishops Morrill, Andrews, Warren and Foss, after which the laying of hands was proceeded to, all the bishops present assisting. A prayer, a hymn and benediction concluded the ceremonies.

At the afternoon session C. H. Payne was elected secretary of the board of education.

NEW YORK, May 30.—When the general Methodist conference was called to order by Bishop Fowler to-day, there was not a quorum present, and when the devotional exercises, led by a colored delegate from Texas named Lee, were over, barely the 312 members necessary for the transaction of business were in their seats.

After the journal was read and adopted, the committee on revisals presented a report referring to the admission of probationers into the church. After a brief debate the report was tabled.

Bishop Andrews then asked the conference to interpret the recently enacted law touching the pastoral term of five years so that it might be made clear for administration during the next quadrennial. To this end Dr. Wheeler, of Erie, presented the following resolution, which was passed. The new rule of pastoral service shall be applied as follows:

At the session of any annual conference next following this general conference a preacher may be appointed to a charge which he has not served for the three years preceding and be continued thereafter in said charge for five years; and a pastor now serving a charge which he has not served for three years preceding his present pastorate may be continued through a full term of five years. In all other cases the rule of five years in ten shall be strictly applied.

A discussion was precipitated by a report from the committee on temporal economy, providing for the better care of superannuated ministers. This report recommended the creation of a board of conference claimants consisting of 12 members and 12 laymen appointed by the general conference with a corresponding secretary nominated by the board of Bishops, who shall travel through the annual conferences and secure pledges and make collections for a permanent and a disbursing fund. Many held that the present plan of caring for the superannuated was sufficient, and others declared that too much could not be done for the men who had made Methodism what it is. It was finally decided to have the matter go over to the next general conference.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

The Northern Assembly Adjourns, Having Finished Their Business.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30.—In the Presbyterian General Assembly yesterday the Judicial commission in the case of the Presbytery of Waterloo against the Synod of Iowa in the case of Rev. A. R. Day, reported in favor of the matter being returned to the Presbytery, their feeling being that the synod erred in dismissing the appeal. Adopted.

Dr. Johnson offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of four ministers and three elders to take into consideration the provision of an agency for the employment of ministers who are without charges. Adopted.

The committee on Synodical Records were then called as the regular order of the day. An incident occurred when the records of the synod of Columbia were reached. The committee found that the Presbytery of Oregon had urged its members to advocate prohibition; this was approved by the synod of Columbia, and the committee excepted to this portion of the record. The general assembly, on a rather close vote, struck out the exception of the committee, and approved the minutes of the synod.

Rev. Dr. Allman, of Atlantic City, offered a resolution in eulogy of the soldiers who died in the late war, as appropriate to the approach of Decoration Day, and followed with a headed speech on the war, which raised much confusion, and it was not allayed when the resolution was voted down. This action was finally reconsidered, and a committee was appointed to prepare a suitable resolution.

Rev. Dr. Johnson reported from the committee appointed to confer with the President of the United States in relation to the management of the Indian schools that Mr. Cleveland had received the committee with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

The President suggested that the committee should take the order complained of, qualify it in the parts considered objectionable, and return it to him; he promised to give it careful attention.

Then the committee on Decoration Day resolution reported a minute of eulogy for the dead Union soldiers and sympathy for their surviving relatives and friends, and it was passed unanimously. Subsequently an amendment declaring that it was not intended, in its adoption, to violate the church constitution forbidding assemblies to meddle in civil affairs.

The afternoon was taken up with odds and ends and then the assembly adjourned sine die.

THE THIRD PARTY.

Woman Suffrage Given a Black Eye at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 1.—At the Prohibition convention the following platform was adopted, after a wordy war on the woman suffrage plank:

THE PLATFORM.

The Prohibition party, in national convention assembled, acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all power in government, do hereby declare:

1. That the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages shall be made public crimes, and punished as such.

2. That such prohibition must be secured through amendment of our national and state constitutions, enforced by adequate laws adequately supported by administrative authority; and to this end the organization of the Prohibition party is imperatively demanded in state and nation.

3. That any form of license taxation or regulation of the liquor traffic is contrary to good government; that any party which supports regulation license or tax enters into an alliance with such traffic and becomes the actual foe of the state's welfare, and that we arraign the Republican and Democratic parties for their persistent attitude in favor of the licensed iniquity, whereby they oppose the demand of the people for prohibition, and through open complicity with the liquor traffic defeat the enforcement of the law.

4. For the immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, whereby our National Government is deriving support from our greatest national vice.

5. That an adequate public revenue being necessary, it may properly be raised by import duties and by an equitable assessment upon the property of the legitimate business of the country; but import duties should be so reduced that no surplus shall be accumulated in the treasury, and that the burdens of taxation shall be removed from foods, clothing and other comforts and necessaries of life, and imposed upon such articles of import as will give protection both to the manufacturer, employer and producing laborer against the competition of the world.

6. The civil service appointments for all civil offices chiefly clerical in their duties should be based upon moral, intellectual and physical qualifications, and not upon party service or party necessity.

7. That the right of suffrage rests on no mere circumstance of race, color, sex or nationality, and that where, from any cause, it has been held from citizens who are of suitable age and mentally and morally qualified for the exercise of an intelligent ballot, it should be restored by the people through the Legislatures of the several states, on such educational basis as they may deem wise.

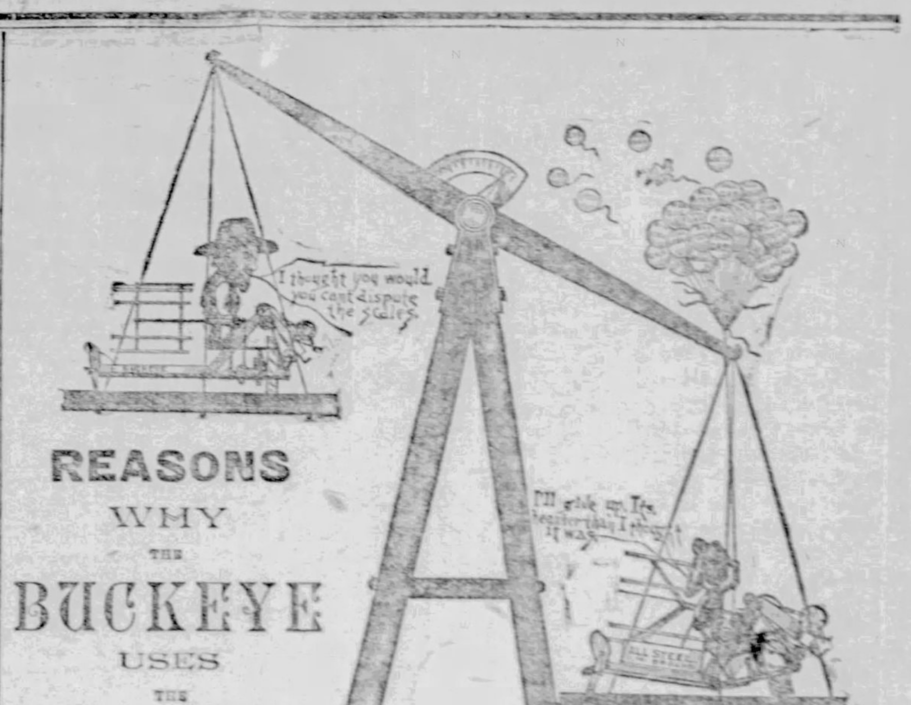
8. For the abolition of polygamy and the establishment of uniform laws governing marriage and divorce.

9. For prohibiting all combinations of capital to control and to increase the cost of products for popular consumption.

10. For the preservation and defense of the Sabbath as a civil institution without oppressing any who religiously observe the same on any other day than the first day of the week. That arbitration is the Christian, wise and economic method of settling national differences, and the same method should, by judicious legislation, be applied to the settlement of disputes between large bodies of employes and employers; that the abolition of the saloon would remove the burdens, moral, physical, pecuniary and social, which now oppress labor and rob it of its earnings, and would prove to be the wise and successful way of promoting labor reform, and we invite labor and capital to unite with us for the accomplishment thereof; that monopoly in land is a wrong to the people, and the public lands should be reserved to actual settlers, and that men and women should receive equal wages for equal work.

11. That our immigration laws should be so enforced as to prevent the introduction into our country of all convicts, inmates of dependent institutions and others physically incapacitated for self support and that no person should have the ballot in any state who is not a citizen of the United States.

Recognizing and declaring that prohibition of the liquor traffic had become the dominant issue in national politics, we invite to full party fellowship all those who, on this one dominant issue, are with us agreed in the full belief that this party can and will remove sectional differences, promote national unity and insure the best welfare of our native land.



WHY? WOOD IS 15 TIMES LIGHTER
In Proportion to Size than STEEL!

A Wood Frame Harvester will not bend out of line when it comes into contact with an irresistible force. Or if it should yield it will at once spring back to its original shape. Steel under like circumstances will bend, and when the steel frame of a Binder is once sprung it remains bent until straightened at the shop, or is replaced by a new one. In order to give the requisite strength to a Steel Frame Machine, the weight of the machine must necessarily be increased over the wood parts. If this is questioned, let the farmer take the parts of steel substituted for wood in the so-called Steel Binders and weigh them. He will find that steel is the heavier. Or if it is not, it will be found to lack the required strength. Then to test the strength, put the wood and steel in a clamp under equal pressure, and there will be no difficulty in the farmer deciding to his own satisfaction without the aid of any smooth-tongued agents.

THE BUCKEYE BINDER has a wood frame, and is manufactured by

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO. AKRON, OHIO.

TRAFFICKING IN CHILDREN.

Belief That There Is an Organized Gang of Kidnappers in Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 31.—A week has elapsed since little Anna Redmond was kidnaped, and the police are still in the dark regarding her whereabouts. The case has been extraordinary on account of the complete lack of any trace of the woman who took the child away. The abduction was in broad daylight and hundreds of people were on the streets, yet no one can be found to give more than a vague description of the dress of the woman.

That such things can occur is a menace to every home in the city. John Redmond still pins his faith to the hope that his little girl is yet in the city and that her unusual brightness will induce her to talk and thus give the people she may meet some clue for the police to work on.

The abduction is similar in many respects to that of Lily Schaeffer on July 5, 1885. Lilly was a flax-haired, blue-eyed child, 1½ years old and was being wheeled up and down the sidewalks in front of her father's home on Wesson street, near Division, by her brother, when a woman wearing a red or wine-colored dress and having so clear a complexion that the boy described her as a red-cheeked woman, lifted the little girl out of the wagon and carried her away, and she has not been seen by her parents to this day. Wm. Schaeffer spent his earnings looking for her, and the police made every effort to get some trace of her, but without avail. In speaking of the abduction of his child, Mr. Schaeffer said yesterday that he believed she was stolen by a professional kidnaper and taken to the country, and that the abduction of Annie Redmond convinced him there was a traffic in children by kidnapers in this city.

NEVER SAW THE LIKE.

Epicurean Mouths Made to Water by an Unusual Sight.

ANSONIA, Conn., May 31.—Before the great dam was built across the Housatonic river at Birmingham, New Milford, epicures used to revel in lamprey eels. The dam prevented their going up the river, and since then New Milford has felt hard toward the owers of the dam. On Sunday a correspondent was standing near the fishway placed just below the dam, and noticed a large moving mass of dark color climbing the sides of the fishway. A close examination showed it to be composed of millions of small lamprey eels that were working their way up into the canal and thence under the lock into the river above.

Their number was beyond computation. They filled the west side of the river, and even climbed up on the banks, wriggling their way toward the fishway like so many snakes. The sight attracted many people, and residents in the vicinity of the dam say they never saw the like before.

DECORATION DAY.

How the Dead Were Honored at Different Places.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Decoration Day opened cloudy and warm and the sky had a threatening appearance the greater part of the day. Business was almost entirely suspended, the banks were closed and the custom house and postoffice were only open for a few hours for the entry and clearance of vessels. The city bore a holiday appearance, the flags flying at half-mast from the public and many private buildings.

All the statues in and about the city were decorated with flowers and flags. The sport-loving patrons attended athletic games, base ball matches, horse races, regattas and other amusements, of which there was an abundance.

The procession was one of the largest and most successful that has ever turned out on a similar occasion, and thousands from all parts of the city thronged the sidewalk on either side of the line of march and the large plazas in Madison and Union Squares through which it passed.

President Cleveland, who reviewed the procession, rose at 7 o'clock this morning and breakfasted with Secretary Whitney and his family at the White Mansion on Fifth avenue, where he spent the night.

At 9:10 o'clock the President, accompanied by J. C. Limbeck, chairman of the G. A. R. Memorial committee, entered an open carriage and were driven to the head of the procession on Fifth avenue. Following in carriages were Secretary Endicott, ex-Mayor Grace, Secretary Fairchild, Secretary Whitney and Private Secretary Lamont.

A Citizens committee under command of Gen. Curtis, and the Old Guard commanded by Maj. McLean, acted as escort to the President and his party. At 9:20 o'clock the procession started down Fifth avenue. The presidential party alighted opposite the reviewing stand on Madison square and took the places reserved for them. As the President appeared on the stand he was greeted by cheers from the throngs of people that filled the square.

The President bowed several times in response. He then shook hands with several reporters and told them he felt well. "I hope to return to Washington to-night," he said to them, "as I have business of importance to look after." The first brigade N. G. S. N. Y., commanded by Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, acted as escort to the Grand Army of Republic, and was next to pass.

The Richmond Greys accompanied the Ninth regiment. As they passed the President every man saluted and their colors were dipped. The President bowed several times in response, and the crowd of spectators cheered the Southeners.

Grand Marshal Loeser, who rode at the head of the G. A. R. posts, was accompanied by W. F. Cody.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The Ceremonies in Honor of the Dead Heroes as Conducted in Various Places in the Land.

NEW YORK, May 31.—At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the smoke from eighty rifles, held by the Richmond Grays, floated over the Hudson from before Gen. Grant's flower-covered tomb. The arch of the sepulcher was covered with immortelles, on which were wrought the words: "His words were few, his actions decisive." Many large and beautiful floral designs stood before the vault. Palms nearly covered it, and inside the iron casket was buried with handsome flowers. The organized military bodies in attendance were the Richmond Grays, U. S. Grant Post, of Brooklyn, W. S. Hancock Post and company E, of the Ninth regiment.

The Methodist conference was represented by Bishops Bowman, Foster and Merrill, Andrews, Warren, Foss, Hurst, Andrews, Waldon, Mallalieu, Fowler, Vincent, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Newman and Goodsell. U. S. Grant, jr., and Col. F. D. Grant, wife and daughter Julia, were the only members of the Grant family present. Chapin's funeral march, which was played three years ago when Gen. Grant's body was being placed in the tomb, was rendered. The Grand Army ritual of Decoration Day was then said, and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford followed with an oration.

He said that Grant had done more than any conqueror in the centuries before, for he had saved a people, saved a constitution, and had blessed the people he had conquered. The orator had been saddened to see the neglect of the graves of the Confederate dead. He thought Congress should mark and care for them. He thought there was no better way to bind the living closer than this. At the close of the oration the Richmond Grays and a detail of the Ninth regiment fired volleys over the tomb, and the several thousand people in attendance dispersed.

AT GETTYSBURG.

Tim Tarsney Talks on the Battle Ground So Famous.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., May 31.—Memorial Day was most appropriately observed here. In the morning the colored school children decorated the graves of the colored soldiers buried here. In the afternoon the procession formed in the center of the town, and at 2 o'clock moved to the National Cemetery. After the arrival at the graves the ceremonies of the G. A. R. were observed and the public school children decorated with flowers the graves of all the soldiers buried there. Hon. T. E. Tarsney, of Michigan, was the orator of the day. His address was both eloquent and forcible and he discussed the results of the battle in a way which held the closest attention of the large crowd.

A PECULIAR CASE.

An Old Soldier Comes Into Possession of a Fortune.

Omaha, Neb., May 30.—Judge Wakely has decided the case of Franklin Robinson, of California, vs. A. D. Jones, of Omaha, in favor of the plaintiff, and he will eventually gain possession of Omaha real estate valued at $200,000. Robinson was a soldier in the Mexican war and was entitled to a government warrant for 160 acres of land. He authorized Jones in 1849 to get the warrant and locate the land for his benefit. He then went to the Pacific coast.

Jones got the warrant, located the land, and held possession of it by virtue of a pretended assignment on the papers from Robinson. In 1878 Jones sold the land to Sydney Dillon for the Union Pacific depot grounds on the Iowa side of the river for $24,000, and invested the proceeds in Omaha property in his own name. Robinson remained in ignorance of all this until 1886, when he brought suit. Jones was held to be simply trustee for Robinson. Jones, who has lived here since 1834, will appeal the case to the Supreme court.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT *rubbed in* saves many a valuable Horse and Mule's limbs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures all ailments of HORSES, MULES and CATTLE. Rub in!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures PILES, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS—all INFLAMMATION.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for MAN and BEAST. Greatest *Curative* discovery ever made.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT should always be kept in HOUSE, STABLE and Factory.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, *Penetrates Muscles* to the *Very Bone!* Wonderful! TRY IT

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, used vigorously is death to Swinney, Wind Galls, Sore Backs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for *Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Stiff Joints.*

STATE OF TRADE.

Dull Business, Cheaper Money and Better Prospects for the Future.

NEW YORK, June 2.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say: The past week broken by a holiday, has brought broken markets. Lower prices for stocks and products, dull trade, cheaper money, and better crop prospects, have been its features.

The exchanges continue to indicate a smaller volume of business than at this time last year, the latest returns showing a decrease of five per cent, in which 20 cities share, including seven of the ten having the largest transactions.

The improvement in crop prospects is decided. While the loss in winter wheat will still be large, a marked increase in the acreage of spring wheat is reported with favoring weather of late, and improvement in many quarters where the winter's injury was not greatest.

The effect upon the markets has been important. Wheat has fallen 4⅛c, corn 3⅛c and oats a fraction, hogs 25c and lard 30c per 100 lbs. and oil 6¼c.

Cotton remains steady and speculation lifted coffee ⅛c, but butter is in large supply and has fallen 6c.

Eggs are lower, and an enormous glut of vegetables has demoralized the market beyond precedent.

Tea is still dull, with no change at auction, and the grocery trade as a whole, lacks the buoyancy usual at this season.

A slight improvement in grain freights to 1⅛d to Liverpool indicates a better export demand since the decline in price.

There is no improvement in the iron market. Indeed, the acceptance of lower prices by some Southern makers in need of money, has strengthened the impression that prices will go still lower. Consumers gain the advantage in recent sales of lake ore, and the market for bar iron has a weaker tone.

The cotton manufacture on the other hand, improves the demand, and higher prices are made for print cloths and some staple goods with an encouraging movement. No recovery is seen in woolens, but the large auction sales of flannels resulted very satisfactorily, though prices averaged 5½ per cent lower than last year's at the first and 7½ per cent at the second sale.

The general range of prices for all commodities is 2 per cent lower than it was May 1, with the apparent tendency toward still lower figures.

Reports from the interior show better business at Omaha, St. Paul and Cleveland but comparative dullness or quiet at nearly all points.

Money is rather close and rather stiff at Detroit, but the markets at other points seem fairly or fully supplied. The money market here has been ever supplied, although the treasury has taken in during the week $2,200,000 more than it has paid out. Bond purchases have almost ceased, the scanty offerings being beyond the secretary's limits.

The slight improvement in exports—2½ per cent for the month from New York—with a decrease of 1 per cent in imports, indicate that the excess of imports over exports in May, over $15,000,000 last year, may prove not more than $13,500,000. Yet the possibility of gold exports in considerable amount has a depressing influence, and the stock market has shown but little strength, though returns of railroad earnings continue generally satisfactory.

During the past week the average price of stocks has declined about 70 cents per share. In the absen e of any general movement to rea ize by foreign holders of securities, the market continues quiet in the hands of local speculators.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States, 183; Canada, 19; total, 205, as compared with 225 last week, and 150 for the corresponding week of last year.

THEY IGNORED HIM.

Grand Army Men Who Show No Favor to the Soldier-Hating President.

NEW YORK, June 2.—At the reviewing stand in New York, on Decoration day, the sun, although it did not shine brightly, was in President Cleveland's eyes, and gave his face a constantly puckered-up expression. He wore a close-fitting Prince Albert coat, and the heat forced him constantly to use his handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration. While the veterans were passing him, he wore a smile, but it made little difference as far as they were concerned, for few of them looked at him. Still, the regulations were carried out to the letter. The commanding officers saluted with their swords and the colors were dipped in front of the reviewing stand.

By a mistake regarding signals the Brooklyn review, to which he went next, did not begin until after 1 p. m. Then Grand Marshal Bell, followed by his staff, rode by, saluting, and the President got up and began to take off and put on his hat in recognition of the various organizations. Of the Grand Army men in the column, a few saluted who were not required to do so by the regulations, some post commanders forgot to salute and many color and guidon bearers neglected to dip their flags. With nearly every post were carriages containing men disabled by wounds or age and unable to march with their comrades.

As showing the actual feeling toward Mr. Cleveland it may be said that one-tenth of these war-scarred veterans lifted their hats or gave the semblance of a salute as they passed.

When the President entered his carriage to start for home another effort was made to give him "three cheers," but the success was small. The spirit manifested throughout the day on both sides of the East river was that of curiosity and not enthusiasm. The other members of the party quickly followed their chief, and were driven over to Jersey City, where the "Congressional train" for Washington was waiting. Col. Lamont did not go to Brooklyn.

SOUTHERN IRON.

The Cause of the Cut—Letters from Large Producers—The Decline Will Stop in July.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 31.—The *Tradesman* of to-morrow will contain letters from prominent Southern iron masters, in reference to the recent cut in the prices made by the Thomas iron company of New York, and the Lehigh Valley on No. 1 anthracite. The letters are from producers whose furnace yield is at the rate of 300,000 tons per year, and from brokers who handle five-sixths of the entire Southern product.

They agree that the effect on Southern iron will not be serious as the cut merely brings anthracite to the price at which Southern No. 1 has been selling in New York. All agree that the cut was made to meet the views of Eastern consumers and not to squeeze out Southern iron from the Eastern market. One Southern master says Southern No. 1 can be sold at a profit in Philadelphia and New York at $14.50 freight added, which would bring the gross price at those points to $17 and $17.50, $1 to $1.50 below the cut quotation of anthracite. One of the largest dealers attributes most of the demoralization to the multitude of agents engaged in pushing sales upon consumers, and several consider the depression in iron due to the tariff debate. All express the belief that prices are weak, but think the bottom will be touched in June, and that prices will revive sharply in July.

United Presbyterians.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., May 30.—The United Presbyterian assembly voted to appropriate $110,000 for foreign mission work. The committees on the report of the Board of Education reported recommending the church to attend institutions. This was adopted and $8,000 was appropriated for the work of the coming year. The question of the use of the organ in churches was taken up at the afternoon session and then thoroughly discussed. It was voted to enjoin Presbyterians to abstain from division courses and uncharitable conduct in this matter.

Cut Worms in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 30.—The state entomologist, Prof. S. A. Forbes, has written to Secretary Mills, of the agricultural board, that he finds cut worms of various species more numerous this year throughout central and southern Illinois than he has ever known them before. The fact is due doubtless to the dry weather of the last three years. The root web worm is also especially abundant and likely to join with the cutworm in doing serious mischief when corn is planted after grass. The same circumstances which have promoted the development of the cut worm are also favorable to the increase of the army worm.

Reformed Presbyterians.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—At this morning's session of the Reformed Presbyterian synod of the United States, a resolution was adopted deprecating the publication of Sunday newspapers and instructing the Presbyteries to prosecute, by proper discipline, all members who advertise in the same. The committee appointed at the last synod to secure legislation against Sunday postal service reported that a bill was pending in Congress to that end.

Will Come to Ohio.

COLUMBUS, June 2.—Gen. W. T. Sherman has written a letter accepting the invitation of the commissioners of the Ohio centennial at Columbus to be present September 10 and 11.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Hosts Assemble in St. Louis to Renominate Grover Cleveland for the Presidency—Report of the Proceedings.

SUNDAY IN ST. LOUIS.

Hard on Thirsty Bourbons—The Steady Stream of Arriving Delegates.

ST. LOUIS, June 4.—(Special to the BLADE.)—There is nothing which so strongly marks the rapid growth of public sentiment hostile to the domination of the saloons than the fact that the Democratic party, the dominant one in Missouri, was compelled to enact legislation closing the saloons, not only of St. Louis, but of every town in the state. on Sunday.

The Democratic delegates from other portions of the Union were astonished at finding that this is not a mere fiction of law, evaded by having the side doors open to the thirsty, but a genuine close-up.

It is possible that if a man wants a drink badly enough to search an hour or two, he might find some obscure beer saloon where he could quench his thirst; but in the business portion of the city there was no possible chance, save that of ordinary liquors served with dinner—which, so far as the writer's observation extended, was done to a large extent by the Bourbon guests.

The Thurman boom for the Vice Presidency has its real strength on the Pacific slope, and many supporters from other sections. But the wire-workers, the jobbers, the men of the same stamp as the Ohio crowd that knifed Thurman in 1884, are against him.

There is a numerous element who protest against it on grounds of party policy. They say: "Thurman can't give us Ohio, and all this gush about carrying the Pacific states is wind. He is a good man, but he can't help us to a single electoral vote. We must have a man who can carry Indiana for us, or one who can rake in Michigan."

"TOTAL WRECK" BLACK.

The Illinoisans are somewhat broken up. A part of them are booming Pension Commissioner Black, the man who, because he was alleged to be a "total wreck" physically, was given $100 a month pension, which he still enjoys, though his health is such that he can attend to all the duties of his office, especially drawing the fat salary thereof.

His advocates say that he will "divide the soldier vote," but there are not many of the delegates who can swallow that story, remembering Cleveland's previous veto record. Some few Illinois men are for "Horizontal Bill" Morrison, but there is no enthusiasm for the man who was so soundly thrashed by Jehu Baker.

There is some talk of Postmaster General Dickinson, on the ground that he can carry Michigan; but there is a feeling expressed by a good many that "Dickinson can't give us Michigan any more than Thurman can give us Ohio—and you know we can't get that with a lineal descendant of the Nazarene!"

SCOTT REPUDIATES THE MILLS BILL.

Congressman Scott says that the platform can not endorse the Mills bill, because that don't mean anything in particular since the House began tearing it up the back and patching it with protection patches. He says the tariff plank will be a general endorsement of the views expressed in Cleveland's message to Congress. Scott is recognized as Cleveland's right-hand man, and what he says "goes" with the average Democrat.

There are some of the New England delegates who, it is said, will make an earnest fight for a glittering generality like the tariff plank of 1884, on the ground that it must be made so that the question can be straddled in Connecticut, or there will be no hopes for the Democrats in that state. The men who advance this idea are pointed to the Pennsylvania Democrats who adopted a straight-out endorsement of the Mills bill.

But they reply that there is no chance of the Democratic party carrying Pennsylvania until the period arrives when Hades is turned into a skating rink; and that an endorsement of the Mills bill, in its amended condition, don't mean much of anything.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The Pacific Slope men declare that there must be something done to placate the silver interests, and that there must be a plank in the platform declaring in favor of free coinage of silver, or there will be a row.

Aside from these exceptions, everybody is for free trade, and don't care a rap whether the platform has anything else in it or not. So that really there isn't much to fight about except the Vice Presidency, and Grover has only to crack the whip to stop the snarling over that bone. Happy Democracy! It has found its master at last. The average Democrat isn't comfortable until he is in political slavery to somebody.

RANDALL FRIENDS ARE THERE.

Samuel J. Randall may be read out of the Democratic party; he may have had both the major and minor forms of excommunication thundered at him, but the Democrats of the nation in convention assembling are not aware of it, after all. For, from the second story of the Laclede hotel projects a huge transparency of muslin, bearing on each side in crimson letters the legend, "Samuel J. Randall Association Headquarters."

Their big blue banner, with Randall's portrait in oil, stands in the lobby. They are here to protest, as far as they can, against committing the party to the free trade issue, and in defiance of Tom Scott's dictatorship in Pennsylvania.

It will do no good, however. The ukase has gone forth from Czar Cleveland, and free trade it has to be.

Following are the votes each State and Territory will have in the Convention:

Alabama	20	New Jersey	18
Arkansas	14	New York	72
California	16	North Carolina	22
Colorado	6	Ohio	46
Connecticut	12	Oregon	6
Delaware	6	Pennsylvania	60
Florida	8	Rhode Island	8
Georgia	24	South Carolina	18
Illinois	24	Tennessee	24
Indiana	30	Texas	26
Iowa	26	Vermont	8
Kansas	18	Virginia	24
Kentucky	26	West Virginia	12
Louisiana	16	Wisconsin	42
Maine	12	Arizona	2
Maryland	16	Dakota	2
Massachusetts	28	Dist. of Columbia	2
Michigan	26	Montana	2
Minnesota	14	New Mexico	2
Mississippi	18	Utah	2
Missouri	32	Washington Ter.	2
Nebraska	10	Wyoming	2
Nevada	6	Idaho	2
New Hampshire	8		

Total number of delegates, 820; necessary to a choice, 547.

Aside from the vice presidency the talk is about construction of the platform in reference to the tariff issue. In this matter conservative counsel is likely to prevail. It is probable that there will be no specific mention of the Mills bill, in view of the fact that it is being amended every day, and that there is no telling how much further it may be changed.

Besides, on a full view of the situation it is not thought advisable to give offense to Randall and his following in the North and Webb and Maj. Burke and their friends of protective proclivities in the South. The purpose now is to re-write the tariff resolution in the platform of 1884, coupling with it a more specific demand for the reduction of war taxes.

Ex-Senator Davis, of Maryland, and Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, are to be on the committee on Platform, and Senator Gorman, who is a revenue reform, but not at all aggressive against protection is named for chairman.

William L. Scott is said to have given in the programme, which provides that no mention of the Mills bill shall be made.

SCENES ON THE STREETS.

St. Louis Conspires to Bleed the Delegates General Mention.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 5.—(Special.)—The convention is badly managed. St. Louis people look upon the delegates as their legitimate prey, and at the hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, saloons, theaters and cigar stores, prices are run up "as high as the tariff will bear," as the railway men say. That, is, the scale of prices is a flexible one and the style of dress or general appearance of the visitor is taken into consideration in fixing the prices charged as near as may be.

There never was seen such a crazy-quilt assortment of badges since national conventions began. Every state, every club, has a different one—each as gaudy as its designer could make it. Medals and pins, and buttons of all kinds are sold on the streets. Last night a band of street peddlers drove a roaring trade in artificial roosters about the size of an English sparrow, with real feathers, exaggerated tail, red flannel comb and a pin in the feet to fasten to the top of the hat.

A marching club with tall white hats, surmounted by the dunghill king made a sight worth seeing.

Olive street was illuminated last night and the sight was indescribably beautiful, and at every intersecting street is erected a huge double gas pipe arch bearing some 200 banners in colored glass globes; while the lamp posts are surmounted with huge clusters of the same.

The street was thronged with sight-seers till a late hour.

WATTERSON AT WORK.

He Sees the Cunning Work of Randall and Seeks to Head It Off.

ST. LOUIS, June 5.—As stated in these dispatches last night, there is a plan, and one backed by very influential party leaders, to simply reaffirm the tariff plank of 1884 and omit all reference to the President's message. Henry Watterson, who is a member of the committee on Resolutions, said of the scheme: "The old enemy of revenue reform, in a new disguise, is on the ground as tireless and sleepless and expert as ever in his purpose to confuse Democratic councils and play into the hands of protectionism.

"At Chicago the party was taken by surprise because the work of packing the platform committee had proceeded in darkness. It was then only partially successful. I hope that at St. Louis the rule of 'forewarned is forearmed' will hold good and beat the present movement to betray the party in the interest of protection will not succeed at all."

"How do you think the true and the false on this question can be distinguished?"

"When you hear a man talking about the re-adoption of the tariff plank of 1884, set him down at once as an enemy of revenue reform. That plank was adopted after two days and nights of wrangling to meet an emergency which the revenue reformers fully realized. They knew that the nomination of Blaine had changed the issue of the campaign from one of doctrine to one of character, and they entered the platform committee prepared to make every needed pacific concession short of principle itself.

"They met there a body of select men who had been artfully picked for a single purpose and fed on profuse promises of one sort or another. That single purpose was the construction of a tariff plank which they could claim as a victory for protection and a defeat for revenue reform; and with the aid of Ben Butler they did compel the construction of a plank which the country accepted as a straddle."

"They could ask nothing better at this time than the readoption of this straddle. But its readoption would not only fly in the face of the President's message and make the withdrawal of the Mills bill a necessity, abandoning all the ground we have gained the last four years, and particularly the last six months, but it would send every true revenue reformer home sick at heart, delight the Republicans and disgust all honest men.

"It is the tricky device of a mere corporal's guard composed of men largely and personally interested in high tariff taxes who are making their last struggle to obstruct reform."

READY FOR ACTION.

The Band Plays Dixie and the Democratic Heart is Made Glad Once More.

CONVENTION HALL 12 a. m.—Though the doors of Exposition building were opened at 10 o'clock the delegates and visitors are slow in arriving. Last night was largely devoted by the majority to "Painting Er Red," with the result of a late rising and a generally "rocky" feeling.

The convention hall is beautiful, but conveys to the beholder the general impression of a large-sized railway tunnel, or of the Cincinnati arcade draped in flags.

The choice of Thurman is a foregone conclusion, and unless an earthquake happens or Cleveland dies, the programme will be Cleveland, Thurman, and free trade.

There is a tameness observable about the entire affair. There is nothing to get interested or excited about, and the delegates have very largely turned the occasion into a merry-making. This lack of interest made itself conspicuous in the extreme slowness with which they arrived on the scene of action.

The galleries were packed with spectators nearly an hour before noon, which was the time for opening proceedings, yet Chairman Barnum gazed over numberless empty seats among the delegates as his eye roved over thh hall.

St. Louis is going to keep up its reputation as the hottest city on the continent. Last night was delightfully cool but to-day is hot, with a muggy atmosphere and at the opening of the convention the temperature was at least 90 degrees and steadily rising.

CHAIRMAN WHITE.

Chairman Barnum, after a few brief remarks, introduced Temporary Chairman S. M. White, of California. He was greatly applauded:

THE TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN.

Why California Was Given the Honor—A Sketch of Mr. White.

Lieut-Gov. Stephen Mallory White, of California, who was made temporary chairman of the National Democratic convention, is a native Californian, born in 1853. He is named after Steven Mallory, the confederate secretary of the Navy, to whom he is related through his mother. He is a lawyer by prosession, and now has an extensive practice at Los Angelos, Cal. He has represented Los Angelos county in the Legislature and as president of the Senate succeeded to the lieutenant-governorship on the death of Governor Bartlett. He presided over the state conventions at Stockton and at San Francisco, and has a reputation as a presiding officer of considerable executive ability. He has a strong, clear voice which will serve him in a hall of the dimensions of the north nave of Exposition building. The Californians are jubilant over their success. Of course California had to be complimented for her enthusiastic booming of Thurman, and hence White's selection.

ROUTINE WORK.

The Speech Fired Off and the Wrangle Commences.

ST. LOUIS, June 5.—(Special.)—After Chairman White had finished his speech, there was great cheering, F. O. Prince, of Massachusetts, was made temporary secretary.

Although Mr. White had requested, by way of preface, that during the delivery of his speech the convention should preserve silence, he was frequently interrupted by applause, and once or twice was compelled to stop until the applause had died away.

He spoke with distinction and could be heard all over the hall. When he mentioned the name of President Cleveland the convention arose to its feet and with waving hats and fluttering handerchiefs cheered for several seconds.

The mention of the tariff reform was also cheered and at the close of the address the speaker was furiously applauded.

At the conclusion of Mr. White's speech, George W. Green, of New Jersey, offered a resolution adopting the rules of the preceding convention as the rules of the present, subject to the following modification: That in voting for candidates for President and Vice-President no state shall be allowed to change its vote until roll call of states has been made and every state cast its vote.

The resolution was adopted after a point of order by Mr. Scheewalter, of Missouri, that it was not in order until a report had been made by the committee on Credentials, had been overruled by the chair.

Then Thomas M. Patterson, of Missouri, rose, and craving the indulgence of the convention, in behalf of the state of Colorado, presented to the convention a gavel manufactured of Colorado silver, richly chased and burnished.

It was, he said, a modest offering from a younger member of the federal union to that party which had restored silver to that high plane from which it had been degraded by the Congressional consistory of 1873, and which had ever since remained its champion.

The chairman received this handsome present which was handed up in a blue plush case. In receiving it he said:

"This present shall be deemed to be accepted unles their is objection. There is none.

It is accepted. And now that we have agreed to this, I beg to announce to the convention that so far as this gavel can do it, the body will be ruled by silver.

The chair recognized Senator Gorman, of Maryland, who presented a resolution providing that the roll of states be called, and that each name as a member of the committee on Credentials, a member of the committee on Permanent Organization and a member of the committee on Resolutions, and that all resolutions relating to the platform be referred to the committee on Resolutions without debate.

Mr. Raines, of New York, suggested it would be in order first to call the roll of the convention so the list could be passed over to the credential committee.

The chair said the convention adopting Senator Gorman's resolution would be proceeding in the usual way and the list of delegates would be handed to the committee in proper time.

After the committees were announced the convention took a recess until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

HOW THEY STAND.

The Position of the State Delegations, As Far As Ascertained, on Ticket and Platform.

Ohio favors a plank endorsing the Mills bills; divided on Vice President, but will give Thurman the solid vote, at least on first ballot.

Illinois heartily endorses the Mills bill and Cleveland's message; is divided on Vice President, in favor of Black, Gray and Stevenson.

Iowa endorses Mills's bill and the message, Thurman is first choice of a majority, Black second choice

Colorado indorses Mills's bill. Black first choice for Vice President.

New Hampshire is solid on the Mills's bill and the message sentiment; favors Thurman.

Vermont sends all tariff reform men, "without compromise." Gray first choice, Black second.

Kentucky roars for tariff reform. For Vice-President, Thurman.

North Carolina favors absolute tariff reform; divided between Thurman and Gray.

Alabama is slightly divided on the tariff, the Birmingham delegates desiring the "infant industries" protected. No expressed choice on Vice-President.

Wisconsin is solid for tariff reform. Sentiment favors Thurman; object to his age.

Massachusetts endorses Cleveland's administrations, "despite the mugwumps." Is solid for tariff reform. Thurman first choice, Stevenson second.

Louisiana is not all arrived; is divided on Vice-President and will favor the tariff plank of the platform of 1884.

Virginia endorses pronounced tariff reform; is divided on vice-president; sentiment for Thurman.

Connecticut will probably favor Thurman; solid for Cleveland and the Mills bill.

Texas favors Thurman for vice-president.

The Tennessee delegation did not determine on whom to support for vice-president but the majority is for Thurman.

POLITICAL.

A LETTER FROM BLAINE.

He Makes His Declination So Pronounced That None Can Misunderstand It.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The *Tribune* publishes the following letter from Mr. Blaine:

PARIS, May 17, 1888.

Whitelaw Reid, Esq., Editor New York Tribune:

MY DEAR SIR:—Since my return to Paris from Southern Italy on the 8th instant, I have learned (what I did not before believe) that my name may yet be presented to the National convention as a candidate for the presidential nomination of the Republican party. A single phrase of my letter of January 25 from Florence (which was decisive of everything I had the personal power to decide) has been treated by many of my most valued friends as not absolutely conclusive in ultimate and possible contingencies.

On the other hand, friends equally devoted and disinterested have construed my letter (as it should be construed) to be an unconditional withholding of my name from the National convention. They have in consequence given their support to eminent gentlemen who are candidates for the Chicago nomination—some of whom would not, I am sure, have consented to assume that position if I had desired to represent the party in the Presidential contest of 1888.

If I should now, by speech or by silence, by commission or omission, permit my name, in any event, to come before the convention I should incur the reproach of being uncandid with those who have always been candid with me.

I speak, therefore, becouse I am not willing to remain in a doubtful attitude. I am not willing to be the cause of misleading a single man among the millions who have given me their suffrages and their confidence. I am not willing that even one of my faithful supporters in the past should think me capable of paltering in a double sense with my words. Assuming that the Presidential nomination could by any possible chance be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of these men the impression that I had not been free from indirection, and, therefor, I could not accept it at all. The misrepresentations of malice have no weigh, but the just displeasure of friends I could not patiently endure.

Republican victory, the prospects of which grow brighter every day, can be imperilled only by lack of unity in council or by acriminous contest over men.

The issue of protection is incalculably stronger and greater than any man, for it concerns the prosperity of the present and of generations yet to come. Were it possible for every voter of the republic to see for himself the condition and recompense of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage worker between the two oceans. It may not be directly in your power as philanthropists to elevate the European laborer, but it will be a lasting stigma upon our statesmanship if we permit the American laborer to be forced down to the European level. And in the end the rewards of labor everywhere will be advanced if we steadily refuse to lower the standard at home.

Yours, very sincerely,

(Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE.

Mr. Depew's View of the Blaine Letter—His Own Candidacy.

NEW YORK, June 2.—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was interviewed last evening regarding Mr. Blaine's declination. Mr. Depew preserved his customary equanimity of mind. He said: "Mr. Blaine's letter removes the last doubt that the most skeptical can have entertained of the sincerity of his withdrawal. He would have been nominated had he not withdrawn, for he had 406 delegates—more than a majority of the convention. Of course, I cannot talk about my own candidacy. But I will say this: I would not take the nomination were it unanimously tendered me, should I be of the opinion that any considerable number of voters would leave the party because I am president of a railroad. I believe the Republican party can nominate the candidate who can be elected. It my nomination would cost the party votes which another candidate would receive I would not take it. I am for the Republican party and not for myself. I need hardly add that whoever is nominated will receive my hearty support and all the aid I can give him."

GOING TO PIECES.

The Knights of Labor Being Rapidly Disintegrated in Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 2.—The *Times* says: The disintegration of the Knights of Labor in this vicinity is going on at a rapid rate. Ever since the great rebellion was started after the annual convention last October the desertions have been many. The "rebels" have not succeeded, however, in getting a great many Knights to join the new provisional organization. The whole number of persons now paying taxes to the provisional organization is about 30,000. It is a pretty large number, but nothing as compared to the number of those who have been induced, by the rebellion more than by anything else, to leave the Knights of labor altogether, and either give up labor organizations or join a trades union, and then the American Federation of Labor.

District assemblies based simply on geographical location are collapsing. District No. 57 of Chicago is going to pieces, most of its members having joined the new trades district of packing-house employes. District No. 24 has fallen from 24,000 in 1886 to about 6,000, who remain members nominally, but very few of the locals are able to keep up the regular meetings.

Meanwhile the trades unions are booming. The Knights of Labor shoemakers are about to join a trade district. The painters have withdrawn. So have what few remained of the carpenters except two locals with less that 100 members. The iron and steel workers are forming a trade district. Besides this shifting process there is a large annual loss, which can hardly be calculated.

MOB RULE IN THE SOUTH.

Blacks and Whites Have a Set-to with Guns—Further Trouble Feared.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 2.—A special from Bramwell, Mercer county, to the *Daily Gazette* says: All the miners in the Bluestone district went out on a strike yesterday for two weeks' pay, and to add to the excitement, a negro was arrested for disorderly conduct.

After the arrest it was rumored that the whites would take him from the guards and lynch him. At 10 o'clock last night the town was thrown into a violent state of disturbance by about 100 negro miners marching to Bluestone Inn, where the prisoner was under guard, and demanded his release.

The guards did not surrender him, and the mob began firing on the building with pistols, and a general riot ensued. Several men were shot among the rioters by members of the mob the whites had organized. At a late hour, the mob had dispersed after several were arrested. More trouble is expected.

Southern Presbyterians.

BALTIMORE, May 30.—The general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church met at 9:30 a. m. yesterday. Rev. John F. Cowan, of Missouri, of the special committee, presented a report that the amendment proposed to the constitution that two-thirds instead of three-fourths of the Presbyteries shall be required to effect organic union with other bodies had not been sustained by the Presbyteries. Made the order for the afternoon. The consideration of the committee on Resolutions and Overtures, relating to co-operative work and organization with the Northern church was resumed, and after some discussion the report of the committee was adopted. Ayes 87, nays 40.

A QUESTION OF HEALTH.

Bread, biscuit and cake, now generally made by the aid of baking powder, enter so largely into our daily food that their debasement by the introduction of any injurious or deteriorating substance is a matter of serious concern to the public health. What baking powder shall we use to avoid the lime and alum now found in so many leavening agents, and to insure pure, sweet and wholesome bread, is a question, therefore, of direct importance to every individual.

The "Royal" has been determined by the Government chemists and the most prominent food analysts to be the only baking powder made that is entirely free from lime, alum and other impurities, and absolutely pure. It is made from cream of tartar refined for its exclusive use by patent processes by which the tartrate of lime is totally eliminated. No other baking powder manufacturer uses chemically pure cream of tartar, and hence the adulteration of other brands. The "Royal" is, accordingly, the only baking powder that will produce perfectly pure bread, biscuit, cake, pastry, etc.; and these articles are now pronounced more wholesome when raised by the Royal Baking Powder than when leavened by any other agent.

It is particularly a question of health, therefore, what baking powder we shall use; and those who appreciate the miseries of dyspepsia and other ailments that follow the use of impure food will not hesitate to select the "Royal."

WASHINGTON NEWS.

ALLEN G. THURMAN.

There Is a Longing in the East and the West for Him.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—There seems to be good reason for believing now that Allen G. Thurman has about given his consent to accept the Democratic nomination for Vice President if it is offered to him. The Old Roman has said that he feels he is almost to the brink of the river Styx, and that the only seat he wants is a seat in heaven, when he has finished this life.

But Eastern men are strongly inclined to him, and the wires bring information that the Pacific Coast delegation to the St. Louis convention will bring a carefully nutured boom with them. The San Francisco *Examiner* is making a canvas to test the sentiment of the Democrats on the question.

THE LABOR BILL PASSED.

The House Considering the Tariff by Selection for Amendments.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—(Special.)—Mr. O'Neill, of Missouri, presented the conference report on his bill to create a department of labor which was accepted and the bill passed in substantially the same shape as it came from the Senate.

The House proceeded to consider the report of the committee of the Whole on the legislative appropriation bill. The first amendment upon which a devision was demanded was that increasing the clerical force.

The House, after much debate, went into committee of the Whole, and is considering the tariff bill by sections for amendment under the five-minute rule.

A COMPLICATED CASE.

Democrats Make a Republican District and Object to the Republican.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—One of the most anxious and industrious figures of the lobbies and floor of the House of Representatives these days is the Hon. Robert Smalls, ex-Congressman of the Seventh district of South Carolina, and now a contestant for the seat occupied by William Elliott, who was defeated by Smalls, according to the latter, in the campaign of the Forty-ninth Congress. Elliott claims to be elected by about 400 majority. In 1886 he was defeated by Smalls by nearly 4,000 majority. Smalls is a half-blood negro, short and stout, his hair, mustache and little tufts of side whiskers tinged with gray.

He is called "General," but was really given only the rank of captain for gallant service in the Union army. The committee on Elections has heard the testimony on both sides of his case, but seem to be in no haste to consider it, as to-day they take up the case of Sullivan, Democrat, against Felton, Republican, of California.

Smalls is improving his time buttonholing Democrats, as he has the Republicans solid, but the Southern brigadiers show him no favor. The general claims, however, several influential Democrats have promised him their voice and vote if his case comes before Congress previous to March 4, 1889.

It will afford a deal of interesting and amusing matter touching the methods by which Elliot figured out his majority. One amusing feature of the case is that Smalls' district was made for him by the Democrats. The old district seemed to be invulnerably Republican, and therefore the Legislature, when redistricting the State, apparently endeavored to take in the entire negro population as far as possible. Let any one take a county and township map of South Carolina and run the line of the Seventh district according to the following description, and he will see what labor was expended to get a great negro population into it that they might not disturb the politics of other districts.

Beaufort, Georgetown, Berkley and Sumter counties, excepting the towns of Mt. Pleasant and Summerville, and so much of the parish of St. James, Gosse Creek, as lies between the western track of the South Carolina railway and the Ashley river below the county of Colleton, the lower township of Richland county; the townships of Collins, Adams Run, Glover, Frazer, Lowddes and Brake, in the county of Colleton; the townships of Amelia, Goodbyes, Lyons, Pine Grove, Poplar, Providence and Vances, in the county of Orangeburg; the townships of Anderson, Hope, Indian, Kings, excepting the town of Kingstree, Laws, Mingo, Pennsylvania Ridge, Sutton and Turkey, in the county of Williamsburg, and that portion of Charleston county composed of James Island, Foally Island, Morris Island and the islands lying between them. The lower harbor of Charleston harbor and the ocean coast line from and below high water mark.

This is one of the most remarkable districts in the United States, which is not only a "shoe string," but in which towns having a preponderance of white Democratic voters are excepted and reserved to make safe Democratic majorities in other districts far away from them. Yet in this gerrymandered black district, with almost a solid colored population, Smalls is assumed to have been beaten. It is expected that the contest in the House over this case will be the most interesting heard for years, not only on account of the legal aspects, but because its termination involves the retention or disappearance of the last black man who has even a claim upon a seat in that body.

TINKERING IT UP.

The Tariff Bill Amended by the Democratic Caucus.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The following is an official statement of the amendments made by the Democratic House caucus to the tariff bill during its last three meetings: Changes in the free list—bags of jute for grain added. Glue, gelatine and all similar preparations; fish glue or isinglass and licorice juice stricken out. Paris green and nitrate of soda added. Bone black, ivory drop black and bone-char; China clay or kaoline dropped. German looking-glass plates added. Plums, prunes, figs, hatters' furs, not on the skin, marble of all kinds, in block, rough or squared; plaster of paris, when ground or calcined; paintings and statuary, stricken out.

The duty on licorice paste or rolls is raised from four (in the bill) to five cents per pound; and licorice juice, which is taken from the free list, is put at thirty-five per cent. ad valorem. Kaoline crude, $1 per ton; China clay or koaline wrought, $2 per ton. The above were taken from the free list. The duty on green and colored glass bottles, vials, demijohns, pickle or preserve jars and other plain, molded or pressed, green or colored bottle glass, not cut or painted, is raised from three-fourths of one cent to one cent per pound.

The duty on unpolished cylinder crown and common window glass larger than 16 x24 inches is increased from one and one-half to two cents per pound. The old duty of $17 per ton is restored on slabs and billets of steel. A duty of four-tenths of a cent per pound is placed on iron or steel with longitudinal ribs for the manufacture of fences. The old duty is restored upon wood screws. New type is reduced to 15 per cent. ad valorem.

Rye flour and rye meal is reduced from 20 to 15 per cent. ad valorem. The duty on bags and bagging for cotton composed of flax, hemp, jute, gunny cloth, is changed from 15 per cent. ad valorem (as in the bill) to three-eighths of a cent per pound. The duty on carpets is increased from 30 per cent. (as in the bill) to 40 per cent ad valorem. Card clothing is increased from 15 to 20 cents per square yard. The duty on India rubber fabrics, India rubber boots and shoes is restored to the present rate. The duty on marble of all kinds, in block, rough or squared, is placed at 40 cents per cubic foot.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The Statement for May Shows a Decrease of $1,618,695.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to day:

Interest Bearing Debt.	
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$223,027,150
Bonds at 4 per cent	719,271,400
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	138,800,000
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	1,021,060,862
Interest	10,566,248
Total	$1,031,617,110
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$2,555,645
Interest	169,162
Total	$2,724,807
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,953
Certificates of deposit	13,230,000
Gold certificates	109,581,730
Silver certificates	196,645,405
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,923,406
Principal	$672,118,495
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,695,735,002
Interest	10,725,411
Total	$1,706,465,413
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	331,739,637
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	431,739,637
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,274,720,776
Net cash in the treasury	94,706,617
Debt les cash in the treasury June 1, 1888	1,180,014,159
Debt less cash in the treasury May 1, 1888	$1,181,632,855
Decrease of debt during month	$1,618,695
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1887	99,414,577
Cash in Treasury Availabe for the Reduction of the Pubic Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$109,581,730
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	196,645,405
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	12,230,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	13,281,056
Fractional currency	1,445
Total available for reduction of the debt	$331,739,637
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$25,875,872
Minor coin	143,389
Total	$26,092,261
Certificates held as cash	54,502,533
Net cash balance on hand	94,706,617
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	606,971,049

PASSED BY THE HOUSE.

The Bill to Make Sheridan General of the Army Is Through Both Branches.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—(Special.)—The House has passed the Senate bill to revive the rank of General of the Army for the benefit of Gen. Sheridan.

The Senate bill to revive the grade of general of the army has been signed by the speaker of the House and the presiding officer of the Senate, and has now been sent to the President.

HE IS GENERAL.

The President has signed the bill to revive the rank of general in the army, and has sent the nomination of Philip Sheridan to the Senate for that position.

The Senate immediately confirmed the nomination.

Accepts the Honor.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Yesterday Gen. Sheridan signed the following formal acceptance of his commission as general of he army:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, June 1, 1888.

The Hon. Secretary of War:

SIR—I have the honor to accept the receipt of my commission as General of the Army, to which position the President has to-day appointed me. I hereby accept the same.

P. H. SHERIDAN, General.

The signature was written with a pencil in a large and perfectly legible hand. Gen. Sheridan's first official order as general of the army was as follows:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 3.
HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1, 1888.

1. The following named officers are appointed aides-de-camp on the staff of the General of the army with the rank of Colonel, to date from this day: Maj. Michael V. Sheridan, Assistant Adjutant-General; Capt. Standford C. Kellogg, Fifty-fourth Cavalry; Capt. Stanhope E. Blunt, Ordnance Department.

2. In addition to his duties as aide-de-camp, Col. Blunt will continue to perform the duty of Inspector of Rifle practice, at the headquarters of the army.

By command of Gen. Sheridan.

R. C. DRUM, Adjutant-General.

Official, J. C. KELTON, Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Sheridan's Condition—Latel Bulletin's from the Bedside of the Dying Man.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—At 9:45 a. m. it was stated that the General had had another hemorrhage from the lungs but that it was a very slight one, and appeared to relieve, rather than depress his condition.

At 11 o'clock the attendants on Gen. Sheridan report his condition unchanged. Everything appears quiet in the house and there are no visible signs of further unfavorable symptoms.

Congress.

May 29.—Senate—The President returned without his approval the bill providing for a public building at Youngstown. Bills passed: To revive the grade of general. Senator Frye addressed the Senate in opposition to the fisheries treaty.

House—The day was spent discussing the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

May 30—Both Houses observed Decoration day.

May 31—Senate—A number of bills were reported from committees and placed on the calendar. The conference report on the bill to establish a department of Labor was presented and agreed to. Bills passed: To quiet the titles of certain settlers; authorizing the construction of bridges over the Tennessee river at Guntersville, Ala., and Chattanooga, Tenn.

House—The day was devoted to the discussion of the Mills tariff bill, for amendment under the five-minute rule, but no progress was made.

June 1.—Senate—Bill passed: Making appropriations for the support of Indians.

House—Bill passed: Reviving the grade of general of the army; making appropriations for legislative purposes.

June 2.—Senate not in session.

House—Considered appropriation bills.

June 4.—Senate—Bills passed: To authorize the Paris, Choctaw & Little Rock railroad company to construct and operate a railway, telegraph and telephone lines through the Indian territory; appropriating $35,000 for an equestrian statue of ex-President Zacharia Taylor in the city of Washington; appropriating $15,000 for a public building at Sedalia, Mo., and $75,000 for a public building in Monroe, La.; creating an additional retired list of the army for eighty officers now on the active list but incapacitated for active service; authorizing the President to appoint and retire Alfred Pleasanton with the rank and grade of colonel, with an amendment reducing the grade to that of major; to authorize the construction of bridges across Trail creek in Michigan City, Ind., and across the Mississippi river at Hickman, Ky., with amendments; appropriating $75,000 for a public building in Altoona, Pa.; to establish a land office at Folsom, N. M.; to increase the endowment (by a grant of 25,000 acres of public land in Louisiana) of Louisiana State University and Agricultural college; to protect lands belonging to Indians from unlawful grazing, with amendments; authorizing the President to place on the retired list with the grade of major, Major General William W. Averill; appropriating $25,000 for public building at Virginia, City, Nev., and $60,000 for one at Reno, Nev.; to promote agriculture (requiring American consuls abroad to make monthly reports on agricultural and horticultural subjects.)

WIRE IT TO GROVER.

The Election Yesterday Made the Illinois Supreme Court Republican for the First Time in Its History.

CHICAGO, June 5.—Elections were held throughout Illinois yesterday for judges of the Supreme court. The returns, which are nearly all in, show that the Republican candidates—David J. Baker, Jacob W. Wilkin, Joseph M. Bailey and Bejamin D. Magruder—were elected in the First, Third, Sixth and Seventh districts, and John M. Scholfield, Democrat, the present incumbent in the Second district. This makes the Supreme bench of Illinois for the first time in its history.

MAXWELL MUST HANG.

Arthur Preller's Murderer to be Executed July 13.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., June 5.—At the session of the Supreme court this morning, Chief Justice Norton fixed the day for the execution of Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, the murderer of C. Arthur Preller at the Southern Hotel, for the 13th of July. At this time last year, the execution was fixed for the 23d of last August, but the case was carried to the United States Supreme court.

There is no fur appeal for the case, and executive clemency is all that can be hoped or by the doomed man's friends. Popular eel ing is much opposed to executive clemency.

OFF FOR EUROPE.

Robert T. Lincoln Sailed From New York This Morning.

NEW YORK, June 2.—Robert T. Lincoln sailed for Europe to-day on the steamer Aurania. Among the passengers on the steamer LaChampagne was the Hon. Lionel Sackville West, Minister of England at Washington.

Counterfeiters Captured.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 4.—The United States officers have succeeded in capturing Fred Fowler and William Ferguson, two members of a band of counterfeiters who have been working this section for over two months. It is estimated that there is upward of $15,000 in counterfeit coin now in circulation besides a large number of $5 silver certificates. It is believed the whole gang of counterfeiters will be apprehended within the next ten days.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, June 6, 1888.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—increase	$2,578,875
Loans—increase	318,400
Specie—increase	4,095,600
Legal tenders—increase	835,100
Deposits—increase	2,726,500
Circulation—decrease	212,800

The banks now hold $25,915,625 in excess of he 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	June 5.	May 29.
4's coupons	126⅝	127⅞
4's registered	126⅝	127⅞
Pacific 6's of '95	119	121

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange, to-day, cash wheat was dull but firm; No. 2 soft red, 89¼@89½c, latter to close, no change; No. 3 soft red, 88c, Lake Shore.

For future delivery trade was dull. Prices closed firm. June wheat neglected. July, 88¾c, and to close, 89c, ⅜c improved; August, 88¼c, 88¾c, 88⅜c and finally 88½c, ⅜c advance; December, 91¾c, dropped to 91⅜c, and closed at 91½c, ⅜c up.

Corn was fairly active and closed easy; No. 2, 56½c, rose to 56¾ and closed at 56½c; No. 2 June 56½. Oats quiet; No. 2, 35½; August, 28⅝. Clover seed, no sales, nominally unchanged.

CLOSE—Wheat, cash, 89¾c; June, 89¾c; July, 89⅝c; August, 89c asked. Corn—Cash and June, 56c; July, 56½c. Oats—cash, 35½c. Clover seed—cash, $4 25; October, $4 55.

TRADE.

During the week just closed the general trade of the country has been fair. Collections are satisfactory.

THE MARKETS.

Markets a Little Higher.

At primary points to-day the wheat markets opened firm, advanced a little, weakened a fraction and finally closed with a better tone. July wheat is up ⅜c and August ⅜c. There have been hints for several days that a movement is on foot to corner July wheat at Chicago, but there is nothing in the situation to indicate anything of the kind, although such a thing may happen. Exports were good. Liverpool cables steady. Indian wheat freely offered. Demand moderate.

Prices of June and July wheat at leading points to-day.

June.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	89½
*Chicago	84¼	84½	84⅛	84¼
New York	90½	90⅝	90⅜	90¼
St. Louis	89	89½	88⅞	88⅞

July.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Clos.
Toledo	88¾	89¼	88⅞	89
Chicago	84¼	84⅞	84¼	84¾
New York	91⅝	91¾	91⅛	91¼
St. Louis	84⅜	84⅞	84⅜	84¾

Corn was active with a little less firmness at the close. Oats quiet. Clover seed dull, nominally unchanged.

The Produce Market.

The market to-day was fairly active. Vegetables are in fair supply, with a weakening tendency. Butter, best, 15@18c. Eggs, 13c. Cheese, new, 10c. Poultry—chickens, 10@—c. Salt, in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Fruits—oranges, $4 25@4 50; lemons, $3 50; bananas, $1 00@3 00 per bunch; strawberries, 12½@15c; cherries, $2 25@2 50 per drawer. Vegetables—Onions, new, per dozen bunches, 20c; spinach, per b, 25@30c; peas, green, $2 75@2 50 per case; cabbages, $4 25 per case, or —@—c retail; lettuce, per pound, 8c; radishes, 25@30c per dozen; cucumbers, per dozen, 50@—c; asparagus, 8@—c per pound; tomatoes, $3 00 per box; green beans, per box, $1 00; wax, $1 75; old beans, $2 25@2 75; potatoes, 90@95c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $16 00; short mess, $16 50; long clear mess, $17 00; short clear, $17 00; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $16 00; clear bean, $14 50; clear neck, $15 00; lard, kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9c; 50-lb. tins, 9c; refined in tierces, 8½c; in 50-lb. tins, 9c; hams, sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 11c; 15 lbs., 11¼c; 12 lbs., 11½c; sugar cured shoulders, 8c; breakfast bacon, 10½@11c; dried beef, 11c. clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. hay—timothy, $16. Flour, straights, $5 00; patents, $5 25; bakers, $4 75. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3c; cured, 6c; calf, green 6c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 20c. Wool, washed 26c; unwashed, 12c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 6¾@7c; light steers, 6½c; cows, 5c; calves, 6½c; sheep, 9c; lambs, 10c; dressed hogs, 7c. Sheep are scarce.

NEW YORK, June 5.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1@1½ per cent. Bar silver, 91¼c.

The stock market after 11 o'clock remained quiet to dull, but soon developed a drooping tendency and a majority of the list were retired below the opening. There was more activity late in the hour and the decline became more pronounced. At noon the market was very dull and steady to firm, generally at slight fractions below opening figures.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 48⅜; D. & H., 108¾; D., L. & W., 128; Erie, 24½; J. C., —; K. T., 12¼; Lake Shore, 90½; L. & N., 52⅛; M. C., 78⅜; Mo. P. 70; N. C., 36⅞; N. Y. C., 105; N. W., 108⅜; O. T. 23⅞; P. M., 33; Reading, 59¾; St. Paul, 64¾; U. P., 54⅜; W. U., 75½; C. B. & Q., 113.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, June 5.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat, June, 84½@84⅜c; July, 84⅞@85c; August, 84⅝c. Corn—June, 53⅜c; July, 54⅜c. Pork—July, $14 20.

NEW YORK, June 5.—Wheat ½@⅝c higher and strong; sales, 16,000 bu; No. 2 red June, 90½@90 9-16c; 440,000 bu. July, 91⅜@91⅝c; 248,000 bu. August, 92½@92⅝c; 48,000 bu. September, 92½@92⅜c; 492,000 bu. December, 93¾@95 9-16c; 128,000 bu. May, 99½@$1 00c; receipts 223,600. Corn dull and rather weak; mixed western, spot, 62½@63½c; futures, 62@62¾c; receipts, 29,350 bu; sales, 504,000 bu. Oats dull and heavy; western, 39½@47; receipts, 93,800 bu; sales, 40,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork steady; new mess, $15 25@15 50; old mess, $14 00@14 50. Lard higher and stronger; steam rendered, $8 90@92½. Butter quiet but firm; western, 12@19c. Elgin creamery, 18@19c. Cheese firm; 1@8½ including new, fancy white and colored, 8¼c; Ohio flat, 7@8c. Sugar firm; crushed, 8c; powdered, 7c; granulated, 6¾@6 13-16c. Molasses steady; 50 test, 19¾c. Coffee, spot firm; fair rio at 16½c; afterward 5@10 points higher; Spirits of turpentine dull at 36½c. Eggs—Western, 15½@16c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, June 4.—Hogs—Steady; common and light, $4 00@5 45; packing and butchers, $5 30@5 75.

KANSAS CITY, June 4.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,528 head; shipments, 1,050 head; corn fed active; grassers not wanted; good to choice, $4 50@4 90; common to medium, $3 25@4 20; stockers, $2 25@2 90; feeding steers, $3 00@3 60; cows, $2 00@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 2,304 head; shipments, 1,073; market is steady to strong; good to choice, $5 35@5 45; common to medium, $5 10@5 25; skips and pigs, $2 50@5 00. Sheep—Receipts, none; shipments, none; market steady for good to choice at $4 00@4 50; commonto medium quiet at $2 00@3 75.

BUFFALO, June 4.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,100 head through; 2,000 head sale; good stock active, 10@25c higher; shipping steers, 1,300 and upwards, $4 80@5 25; good, 1,000 to 1,300 lbs, $4 60@5 00; good butchers', 900 to 1,100, $4 40@4 50; Texas strong, 10c higher; fed, 950 to 1,000 lbs, 4 00@4 25; common and half fat, dull; bulls 10@15c lower; fat to extra, $2 75@3 50; stockers and feeders 10@20c lower; light demand; Michigan, $3 00@3 25; Canadas, $2 75@3 10; milch cows, strong for choice, dull for common, $25@40 for good to extra; $2@25 for common; veals active and steady; good to choice, $3 50@5 00; extra, $5 00@5 25. Sheep—Receipts, 2,300 head through; 4,800 sale, with 1,000 held over from last week; market active and higher; choice, 80 to 100 lbs, $4 00@4 85; few yearlings here, $5 00@5 50; spring lambs dull, $6 00@7 50. Hogs—Receipts, 10,920 head through; 8,160 sale; market fairly active; mediums weak, 5c off; light and rough unchanged; mediums, $5 65@5 70; Yorkers, $5 50@5 65; light mixed, $5 35@5 50.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 78c; highest, 79⅝c; lowest, 77⅞c; closed at 79⅝c; puts, 78⅛c; calls, 81⅜.

Market a little firm. New well reported at Bakerstown.

Boston Wool Market.

The market is still unsettled, and prices favor the buyer. Sales can only be made at low figures. Ohio, 28@29½c; Michigan and Wisconsin, 26@26½c; Texas, 15@18c; combing, 29@35c; unwashed, 22@26c; pulled, 28½@36½c; scoured, 47½c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, June 4.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade says: The values of native wheats are in favor of buyers. The sales of English wheat during the past week were 45,875 quarters at 32s, against 38,856 quarters at 35s during the corresponding week last year. Flour is depressed. The best Essex sells at 21s per sack of 280 lbs, about the lowest quotation ever known. Foreign wheat is weak. At Liverpool prices are down 1d per cental. Corn, under increased supplies, declined 4d per cental. There were two arrivals of wheat cargoes. Four were sold and one remains. At to-day's markets wheats were sick. The best kinds were down 6d and Russian 1s. Flour was 6d cheaper. Corn was 3d @1s lower. Oats were 3@6d lower. Beans, peas and linseed were unchanged.

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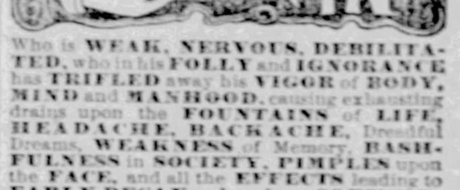

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